



MARCVS ANNÆVS
LVCANVS

Ætatis Suae 27

J. Croft sculpit



MARCVS ANNÆVS
LVCANVS

Ætatis Suae 27

J. Croft sculpit

L U C A N S

P H A R S A L I A :

O R

The CIVIL-WARS of
R O M E,

Between P O M P E Y the great,
and J U L I U S C Æ S A R.

The whole ten Books, Engliſhed by
T H O M A S M A Y
Eſquire.

The fourth Edition, corrected, and the
Annotations enlarged by the Author.



L O N D O N,


Printed by *William Bentley*, for
William Shears at the Bible near the
little North-door of S. Pauls
Church London. 1654.



TO THE
Right Honourable

WILLIAM, Earl of Devonshire, &c.

MY LORD,

 He great subject of this stately *Poem*, together with the worth of the noble *Author*, have emboldened me to present the Translation (how meanly soever I have performed it) to your Honourable hand. I cannot but presume that the high, and rich conceits of *Lucan*, from your deep judgement, shall find their proper and due approbation, and my defects, from your noble *candor*, an easie and gentle censure. The

THE EPISTLE

matter of this Work is a true History adorned and heightened with *Poetical raptures*, which do not adulterate, nor corrupt the truth, but give it a more sweet and pleasant relish. The History of it, is the greatest of Histories, the affairs of *Rome*, whose transcendent greatness will admit no comparison with other *States* either before, or after it; *Rome* was then at that great height, in which *S. Augustin* wished to have seen it, which after Ages almost with adoration have admired, and do rather conjecture than fully comprehend. The bloud of her valiant citizens, and the conquests, and triumphs of so many Ages had raised her now to that unhappy height, in which she could neither retain her freedom without
great

D E D I C A T O R I E.

great troubles, nor fall into a *Monarchy* but most heavy and distastful. In one the greatness of private Citizens excluded moderation : in the other the vast strength, and forces of the Prince gave him too absolute and undetermined a power. The vices of *Rome* did at this time not onely grow up to their power, but overthrow it. *Luxury* and *Pride*, the wicked daughters of so noble a Mother as the *Roman Virtue*, began to consume that which brought them forth. These were the seeds of that faction, which rent the State, and brought in violently a change of government. The two heads of this great division (if we may term *Pompey* the head of a faction, & not rather the true servant of the publike State)

THE EPISTLE, &c.

were *Pompey* the great, and *Julius Caesar*, men of greater eminence than the former Ages had seen any, whose prosperous atchivements in forreign wars had too far enabled them to ruin that state, which before they served. The Author of it was a noble Roman, rich in his mind as his large fortunes; of whose happy conceits, and high raptures I forbear to dispute, or any way anticipate your Lordships judgement. To whose noble censure I refer both the Author, and my poor endeavours, and shall ever rest.

Your Lordships to command,

THO. MAY.

The

The Life of

MARCUS ANNAEUS
LUCANUS,



MARCUS Annaeus Lucanus was by nation a Spaniard, and born at Corduba. His fathers name was *Marcus Annaeus Mela*, son to *Lucius Annaeus Seneca* the oratour, and brother to *Julius Gallio*, and *Lucius Seneca* the Philosopher, Nero's Tutor. The two elder brothers employed at Rome in state affairs (especially *Seneca*) arrived at the height both of dignity, and renown. They were both Senatours; and by their worthy endeavours deserved not onely to be powerful in their own times, but famous to all posterity. *Marcus Mela*, if the youngest brother, content with that title which his birth gave him, a Roman knight, and preferring the sweetness of a countrey life before the glorious trouble of a court employment, lived at home at his native Corduba; he married *Caija Acilia* the daughter of *Acilius Lucanus* the Orator, on whom he begat *Marcus Annaeus Lucanus* surnamed of his
A 5 grand-

The life of L U C A N.

grand-father by the mothers side. *Amicus Mela*, though but a Roman Knight, was (saith *Tacitus*) a great man, and he begat *Lucan*, no small addition to his greatness; a great testimony of *Lucan's* worth from so judicious an Author as *Cornelius Tacitus*. He was born at Corduba, the third of the Nones of November in the second Consulship of *Caius Caesar Germanicus* with *Lucius Cassianus*. When he was eight moneths old, his father brought him to Rome, to season his infancy (so soon as it might be capable) with the choicest education in learning, and manners. At which time (if we may credit fame, and as was before reported of *Plato*) Eees swarmed about the childs cradle, and pressed in clusters toward his mouth. A happy presage (as the learned interpreted it) of his future wit, and admired eloquence. His Tutors, and School-masters were the most eminent, and famous men of those times, *Rhemnius Palemon* the Grammarian, and *Flavius Virginius* the Rhetorician. By whose carefull instructions, as by his own diligence, and admirable facility of natural wit, he arrived in a short time to an high perfection as well in the Greek, as Roman language. Of all his school-fellows he most used the friendship of *Saleius Bassus*, & *Aulus Persius* the Satyrift; He married *Polla Argentaria* the daughter of *Pollus Argentarius*, a Noble, Rich, and learned Lady. Brought to the Court

The life of L U C A N.

Court by his Uncle *Seveca*, he grew suddainly into great favour with *Nero* the Emperour. He was made Questor before the usual time, and admitted into the Colledge of *Augurs*. But what virtue could long be safe in such a Court? the jealous tyrant being not able to brook another mans praises; who amongst all his other cruelties, was most severe in depressing the fame of deserving Men. *Nero* therefore envying the Wit, and excellent Poetry of *Lucan*, suppress his works, and forbad him any more to recite Verses. Which indignity of all other most hard to be endured (as witty *Martiall*,

Qui velit ingenio cedere rarus erit.)

Discontenting *Lucan*, drew him into *Piso*s conspiracy. The conspiracy detected, *Lucan* by *Nero* was commanded to die, but liberty given him to choose his death. Who after a full feast, bad the Physitians cut his veines; and when he perceived through losse of bloud, his hands and feet to wax cold, and the vital spirits forsaking the outward parts of his body, with a mind and look undaunted, he recited these Verses of his own in the third book of his *Pharsalia*.

*Scinditur avulsus, nec sicut vulnere sanguis
Emicuit lentus, ruptis cadit undique venis;
Discursusque animæ diversa in membra meantis
Inter*

The life of LUCAN.

*Interceptus aquis ; nullius vita perempti
Est tanta dimissa via.*

But others say he did not repeat these Verses,
but those in the ninth Book.

*Sanguis erant lachrymæ : quæcunque forami-
na norit*

*Humor , ab his largus manat cruor : ora redun-
dant,*

*Et patulæ naves : sudor rubet : omnia plenis
Membra flumit venis : totum est pro vulnere
corpus.*

These were his last words. He dyed the day
before the Calends of May , in the seven and
twentieth year of his age, *Nerva Syllanus*, and
Vestinius Atticus being Consuls. He was bu-
ried at Rome, in his own most fair and sump-
tuous Gardens.



To my chosen Friend,
The learned Translator of LUCAN,
T H O M A S . M A Y ,
Esquire.

WHen, Rome I read thee in thy mighty pair,
And see both climbing up the slippery stair
Of Fortunes wheel by Lucan driv'n about,
And the world in it, I begin to doubt,
At every line some pin thereof should slack
At least, if not the general Engine crack.
But when again I view the parts so peiz'd,
And those in number so, and measure rais'd,
As neither Pompey's popularity,
Caesar's ambition, Cato's liberty,
Cain Brutus tenor start, but all along
Keep due proportion in the ample song,
It makes me ravish'd with just wonder, cry
What Muse, or rather God of harmony
Taught Lucan these true moodes ! replies my sense
What gods but those of arts, and eloquence ?
Phœbus, and Hermes ? They whose tongue, or pen
Are still th' interpreters twixt gods, and men !
But who hath them interpreted, and brought
Lucans whole frame unto me, and so wrought,
As not the smallest joynt, or gentlest word
In the great masse, or machine : there is stirr'd ?
The self same Genius ! so the work will say.
The Sun translated, or the Son of May.

Your true friend in Judgement
and Choise

BEN. JONSON.

*Upon this unequall'd work,
and the Author.*

Rome had been still my wonder: I had known
Lucan, in no expression but his own:
And had as yet conceiv'd it, a wrong,
To have prais'd Cæsar in another tongue.
To bring forth One, that could but understand,
I thought a pride too great, for any Land,
Yea, for Romes self. Who would be pos'd to tell
How great she was, when she could write so well?
Till truth was nearer brought by thee: till I
Found Lucan Language'd, like my infancy.
Till Rome was met in England in that State
That was, at once, her greatnesse, and her fate;
So all to us discover'd, that naught's hid
Which either she could speak, or Cæsar did.
Beyond which, nothing can be done by thee,
Though thou hadst more of Lucan, than we see
Reveal'd in this: wherein there is so much
Of miracle, that I, durst doubt him, such
As thou hast rendred him. But that I know
'Tis crosse to be thy friend, and Lucans foe,
Whom thou hast made so much thy self, that we
May almost strive about his Pedegree,
Since Rome hath nothing left, to prove him hers
But the foul instance of his Murtherers.
So neatly hast thou rob'd her of his name,
That she can onely rescue 't with a shame,
Which may she do; whilst Nations reckon thee,
Lucan in all, except Romes infamie.

J. VAUGHAN.



L U C A N ' S

P H A R S A L I A.

The First Book.

The Argument of the first Book.

*The fatal causes of this war are shown,
Enraged Cæsar passes Rubicon,
Invades Arim'num, where to him from Rome
Curio, and both the banish'd Tribunes come
With new incitements to these civil Wars.
Cæsar's Oration to his Souldiers,
Sold Lælius protestation, which by all
The rest confirmed makes the General
Draw out from every part of France at once
His new dispers'd, and wintring Legions,
Rome's fear, great Pompey with the Senate, flies ;
Heaven, ayr, and earth are fill'd with prodigies.
The Prophets thence, and learned Augures show
The wrath of Heaven, and Rome's ensuing wo.*

WARS more than civil on Æmathian
plains

We sing : rage licens'd ; where great
Rome distains

In her own bowels her victorious swords ;

Where kindred hosts encounter, all accords

OF

Of Empire broke : where arm'd to impious war
The strength of all the shaken world from far
Is met ; known Ensigns Ensigns do defie,
Piles (a) against Piles, 'gainst Eagles Eagles fly.

What fury, Countrey-men, what madnesse cou'd
Move you to feast your foes with Roman blood ?
And choose such wars, as could no triumphs yield,
Whilst yet proud Babylon unconquer'd held
The boasting trophies of a Roman host,
And unrevenge'd wander'd *Cressus* (b) Ghost?
Alas, what Seas, what Lands might you have tane,
With that bloods loss, which civil hands have drawn?
Yours had been *Titans* rising, yours his set,
The Kingdoms scorched in Meridian heat,
And those, where winter, which no spring can ease,
With lasting cold doth glaze the Scythian seas ;
The *Seres* yours, the wild *Araxis* too,
And those that see Niles spring, if any do.
Then 'gainst thy self, if war so wicked, Rome,
Thou love, when all the world is overcome,
Turn back thy hand : thou didst not want a Foe.

But now that walls of half fall'n houses so
Hang in Italian Towns, vast stones we see
Of ruin'd walls, whole houses empty be,
And ancient Towns are not inhabited ;
That untill'd Italy's with weeds orespread,
And the neglected Plows want labouring hands,
Not thou fierce *Pyrrhus*, nor the Punick Bands
This wast have made ; no sword could reach so far,
Deep pierce the wounds receiv'd in civil war.

But if no other way to *Neroes* reign
The fates could find, if gods their Crowns obtain
At such dear rates, and Heaven could not obey
Her love, but after the stern Giants fray ;
Now we complain not, gods, mischief and war
Pleasing to us, since so rewarded, are ;
Let dire *Pharsalia* groan with armed Hosts,
And glut with blood the Carthaginian Ghosts :
With these let *Munda's* (c) fatal Battlego,
Mutina's (d) Siedge, *Perusia* (e) famine too :

To these add *Albani* (f) bloody Naval fight,
 And near *Sicilia* (g) *Sextus* slavish Fleet.
 Yet much o'vs Rome: to civil enmity
 For making thee our Prince; when thou the sky
 Though late, shalt clime, & change thine earthly reign
 Heaven, as mu h grac'd, with joy shall entertain,
 And welcome thee, whether thou wouldst put on
Joves Crown, or ride in *Phæbus* burning Throne,
 (Earth will not fear the change) then remainst thou
 Down on thy World; to thee all powr divine (thine
 Will yield, and Nature to thy choise will give
 What god to be, or where in Heaven to live.
 But near the Northern Bear oh do not reign,
 Nor cross the point of the Meridian,
 From whence obliquely thou shouldst Rome behold,
 If all thy weight one part of Heaven should hold,
 The Honour'd load would bow heavens Axletrees;
 Hold thou the middle of the poyted Sky:
 Let all the ayr between transparent be,
 And no dark cloud twixt us, and *Cæsar* fly.
 Then let Mankind forget all war and strife,
 And every Nation love a peaceful life.
 Let peace through all the world in this blest state
 Once more shut war like *Janus* Iron gate.
 Oh be my god: If thou this breast inspire;
Phæbus from *Girrhæes* shades I'll not desire,
 Nor *Nysa's Bacchus*; *Cæsar* can infuse
 Virtue enough into a Roman muse.

The cause of these great actions Ile declare,
 And ope a mighty work, what drew to war
 Our furious People and the World beside;
 Fates envious course, continuance still deny'd:
 To mighty States, who greatest falls still fear,
 And Rome not able her own weight to bear,
 So when the knot of Nature is dissolv'd,
 And the worlds Ages in one hour involu'd
 In their old Chaos, Seas with Skys shall joyn,
 And Stars with Stars confounded loose their shine:
 The Earth no longer shall extend her shore
 To keep the Ocean out: the Moon no more

Follow

Follow the Sun, but scorning her old way
Cross him, and claim the guidance of the day.
The falling worlds now jarring frame no peace,
No league shal hold; great things themselves oppress,
The gods this bound to groning states have set;
But to no Forreign arms would Fortune yet
Lend her own envy o're great Rome, that awes
Both Land and Sea; shee's her own ruins cause
Subiected joyntly to three (*b*) Lords; how ill
Prove shar'd rules accords, and fatal, still?
Ambition-blinded Lords, what's th' happiness
To mixe your powers, and joyntly th' earth possess?
Whilest Land the Sea, and Air the Land shall bound,
Whilest labouring Titan runs his glorious round,
And through twelve heauey signs night follows day,
No faith keep those, that kingdoms joyntly sway;
Rule brooks no sharers; do not this believe
In forreign states, Rome can examples give.
A brothers blood did our first walls distain;
Nor was the spacious earth and watry main
This mischiefs price: a refuge for thieves fled.
A little house this brothers hatred bred.

This jarring concord lasted for a space
Dissembled twixt the two: for *Crassus* was
The wars sole let; like that small neck of land,
That in the midst of two great Seas do stand,
And will not let them joyn; that tane away,
Straight the Ionian meets th' *Ægean* Sea:
So when war parting *Crassus* sadly slain
With Roman blood did Asian Charan stain,
That Parthian losse to homebred rage gave reins;
More than you think you did fierce Parthians
That day: our civil war your conquest wrought,
And now Romes Empire by the sword is sought:
That State, that mistress ore the world did reign,
Rul'd Land and Sea, yet could not two contain.
For *Julia's* (*c*) death, whom cruel Fates before
Had slain, the pledge of their alliance bore
Down to her grave, if Fate had spar'd her life,
Her furious husband, and stern fathers strife

She

She had compos'd, and made their armed hands
Let fall their swords, and joyn in friendships bands:
As once the Sabin women interpos'd,
Their tires and husbands bloody jars compos'd.

Thy death, fair *Julia*, breaks off all accords,
And gives them leave again to draw their swords:
On both sides powerful emulation bears
On their ambitious spirits: great *Pompey* fears
That his piratick Laurel should give place
To conquer'd France, and *Cæsar's* deeds deface
His ancient triumphs; fortunes constant grace
Makes him impatient of a second place;
Nor now can *Cæsar* a superior brook,
Nor *Pompey* brook a peer; who justlier took
Up arms, great Judges differ, heaven approves
The conquering cause; the conquer'd *Cato* loves.
Nor were they equal, one in years was grown,
And long accustomed to a peaceful gown
Had now forgot the Souldier: Fame he bought
By bounty to the people: and much sought
For popular praise: his Theaters loud shout
Was his delight; new strength he sought not out,
Relying on his ancient fortunes fame,
And stood the shadow of a glorious name.
As an old lusty Oak, that heretofore
Great Conquerours spoils, and sacred Trophies bore,
Stands firm by his own weight, his root now dead,
And through the air his naked boughs does spread,
And with his trunk, not leaves, a shadow makes:
He, though each blast of Eastern winds him shake,
And round about well rooted trees do grow,
Is onely honour'd; but in *Cæsar* now
Remains not onely a great Generals name,
But restless valour, and in war a shame
Not to be Conquerour; fierce, not curb'd at all,
Ready to fight, where hope, or anger call,
His forward Sword, confident of success,
And bold the favour of the gods to preis:
Orethrowing all that his ambition stay,
And loves that ruin should enforce his way;

As lightning by the wind forc'd from a cloud
Breaks through the wounded air with thunder loud,
Disturbs the Day, the people terrifies,
And by a light oblique dazels our eyes,
Not *Joves* own Temple spares it; when no force,
No bar can hinder his prevailing course,
Great waste, as forth it sallies and retires,
It makes and gathers his dispersed fires.

These causes mov'd the Chiefs, and such as are
In mighty states the common seeds of war,
For since our Chests the conquer'd world hath fill'd
Too full, and virtue did to riches yield,
Since spoils, and warlike rapine taught us rior,
Exels in Plate, in buildings reigns; the dyet
Of former times we scorn; that soft attire.
That women were asham'd of, men desire,
Strength breeding poverty is tied, and nought
But wealth from all the spoiled world is sought,
The bane of States; those Lands increas'd they hold
In th' hands of unknown Tenants, which of old
Camilli plow-share wounded, and the hands
Of th' ancient *Curii* til'd; the state now stands,
Not as of old, when men from avarice free
Could live in peace, and wish't but liberty.
Hence quarrels grow; what poverty esteem'd
A vile offence: now's greatest honour deem'd,
By sword our Countreys power in curb to hold:
Might measures right: laws and decrees are sold,
Consuls and Tribunes, jars all right suppress,
Fasces are bought, the peoples suffrages
Corruptly sought, and given; hence bloody jars
Oft stain elections in the field of *Mars*:
So griping Usury grows, so faith is lost,
And civil war, as gainful, sought by most.

By this time *Cæsar* the cold Alps orepass,
In his great thoughts the future war had cast,
And now to Rubicon's small current come,
He dreams the Image of affrighted Rome
With countenance sad through dusky night appears:
On her tow'r-bearing head her hoary hairs,

Hung

Hung down all torn, her arms were nak'd when she
Thus sighing speaks ; oh whither carry ye,
My Ensigns Souldiers ? If you come as friends ,
As Roman Citizens, your march here ends. (k)
A sudden fear straight chills the general veins,
His hair's with horror rais'd, faintness detains
His steps upon the bank; then thus he prays :
Thou, *Jove*, whose eye these City walls surveys
From thy Tarpeian hill : You Deities
Of Troy, and *Romulus* hid mysteries ,
Thou Latian *Jove* worship't on th' Alban mount,
You Vestal fires, and Rome, whom I account
My greatest God, bleis this attempt ; not thee ,
Do I invade : Conquerour by land and sea
Thy *Cesar* comes, thy Souldier still : Be he,
He in the fault, that caus'd this enmitie.
Then brooking no delay, the stream show'r-swel'd
He marches ore ; so in a Lybian field
A Lion viewing his stern foe at hand ,
Till he collect his ire doth doubtful stand :
But straight whē his Tails swindge has made him hot,
And rais'd his shaggy Mane, from his wide throat
He roars ; then if a Mauritanian Spear ,
Or Shaft have pierc'd his side, void of all fear,
Regardless of that wound he rushes on.

Gently along flows ruddy Rubicon
From a small Spring, when Summer's in her pride,
And gliding through the valley does divide
Gallia from Italie, now Winter lent
Him strength, and *Cynthia* her full horns had spent
In showrs to raise his flood, and melted snow
The moist East-wind made down the Alps to flow.
The horie-men first are plac'd against the stream ,
To take the waters fury : under them
The foot-men shelter'd found a passage ore
More calm, the current being broke before,
But now when *Cesar* had o'come the flood,
And Italie's forbidden ground had trod ,
Here Peace, and broken Laws I leave, quoth he,
Forewell all Leagues : Fortune I'll follow thee.

No more wee'l trust : War shall determine all :
This said, by Night the active General
Swifter than Parthian back-shot shaft, or stone
From Balearick Slinger, marches on
T'invade Ariminum ; when every star
Fled from th'approaching Sun but Lucifer , (see,
And that day dawn'd , that first these broils should
Either the moist Southwinds , or Heavens decree
With pitchy clouds darkned the fatal day ;
When now the Souldiers by command made
I'th Market place, shrill trumpets flourish
And the hoarse Horns wicked alarm
With this sad noise the peoples rest
The young men rose, and from the
Their arms, now such as a long peace
And their old bucklers now of less use
Their blunted Piles not of a long date
And swords with th'eatings of blood
The Romane colours, and known
And *Cæsar* in the midst high mounted
The townsmens trembling joynts
And to themselves they make this tale
Oh ill built City too too near the Gate
Oh sadly situated place ; when all
The world have peace, we are the spoil of
And first that are invaded : happier far
Might we have liv'd in farthest North, or East,
Or wandring tents of Scythia, then possess
The edge of Italie. This town of ours
First felt the furious Gauls, and Cymbrian powers,
Hither the Libyans first, and Germans come,
This is wars way, when Fortune threatens Rome.
Thus silently they mourn, and durst not lead
Their grief a word, nor tears in publick spend.
As Birds by winters raging cold are stil'd,
And the mid-ocean dooes no murmur yield
But when bright day dissolv'd the damps of night,
The Fates new fire-brands bring, and stir to night
Cæsars yet doubting mind, leaving no pause
To shame, but fortune finds him out a cause

us, and labours to make just his war.
 ctious Tribunes by the Senate are
 t their sacred priviledge exil'd,
 y the *Gracchi's* (l) factious names revil'd.
 now to *Cæsar* came, and brought along
 them bold *Curio's* (m) mercenary tongue:
 ongue, that once the Peoples, boldly stood
 : armed great ones for the publick good.
 en he saw the General muling, said,
 this my voice, *Cæsar*, thy cause could aid,
 d prorogue, though 'gainst the Senates will,
 vernment, while Oratories skill
 turn the wavering Peoples hearts to thee,
 ee by wars rough hand Laws silenc'd be;
 exil'd, and gladly it sustain,
 indeniz'd by thy Sword again,
 heir yet strengthleis side is onely scar'd,
 elay: delay hurts men prepar'd,
 r price on equal danger here
 n Gallia's war alone ten year,
 ist consum'd: but here, one field well fought,
 as the world to thy subjection brought,
 y return from France with victory
 pous triumph waits: no Bayes for thee,
 ck the Capitol; base envy's hands
 ck thy due: conquest of warlike Lands,
 a crime in thee, and *Pompey's* pride
 : thy rule: nor canst thou now divide
 ld: the world thou maist possess alone.
 ch gave fire to *Cæsar* too too prone
 : war; so peoples showts raise more
 Olimpick Steed striving before
 : the Lifts, and break th'opposing bars,
 to the Standard all his Souldiers;
 slembling midst their murmuring noise,
 nds a silence with his hand and voice,
 ws in Arms, that have endur'd with me,
 asand storms in ten years victorie,
 our spent blouds in northern Climes deserv'd
 all our wounds, so many winters serv'd

Under

No more wee'l trust : War shall determine all :
This said, by Night the active General
Swifter than Parthian back-shot shaft, or stone
From Balearick Slinger, marches on
T'invade Ariminum ; when every star
Fled from th'approaching Sun but Lucifer ,
And that day dawn'd , that first these broils shew
Either the moist Southwinds , or Heavens decree
With pitchy clouds darkned the fatal day ;
When now the Souldiers by command made stay
T' th Market place, shrill trumpets flourish'd round
And the hoarse Horns wick'd alarums sound.
With this sad noise the peoples rest was broke,
The young men rose, and from the temples took
Their arms, now such as a long peace had mar'd.
And their old bucklers now of leather's bar'd :
Their blunted Piles not of a long time us'd,
And swords with th'eatings of black rust abus'd.

The Romane colours, and known Eagles then
And *Cæsar* in the midst high mounted seen ,
The townsmens trembling joynts for horrour f
And to themselves they make this sad complaint
Oh ill built City too too near the Gaul ,
Oh sadly situated place ; when all
The world have peace, we are the spoil of war ,
And first that are invaded : happier far
Might we have liv'd in farthest North, or East,
Or wandering tents of Scythia, then possesst
The edge of Italie. This town of ours
First felt the furious Gauls, and Cynbrian pow
Hither the Libyans first, and Germans come,
This is wars way, when Fortune threatens Rome
Thus silently they mourn, and durst not lead
Their grief a word, nor tears in publick spend.
As Birds by winters raging cold are stil'd,
And the mid-ocean does no murmur yield
But when bright day dissolv'd the damps of night,
The Fates new fire-brands bring, and stir to fight
Cæsars yet doubting mind, leaving no pause
To shame, but fortune findshim out a cause

Of arms, and labours to make just his war.
The factious Tribunes by the Senate are
Against their sacred priviledge exil'd,
And by the *Gracchi's* (1) factious names revil'd.
These now to *Cæsar* came, and brought along
With them bold *Curio's* (m) mercenary tongue:
That tongue, that once the Peoples, boldly stood
Gainst armed great ones for the publick good.
He when he saw the General muling, said,
While this my voice, *Cæsar*, thy cause could aid,
We did prorogue, though gainst the Senates will,
Thy government, while Oratories skill
Could turn the wavering Peoples hearts to thee,
But since by wars rough hand Laws silenc'd be;
We are exil'd, and gladly it sustain,
To be endeniz'd by thy Sword again,
Whilst their yet strengthleis tide is onely fear'd,
Use no delay: delay hurts men prepar'd,
A greater price on equal danger here
Is set; in Gallia's war alone ten year,
Thou hast consum'd: but here, one field well fought,
Rome has the world to thy subjection brought,
Now thy return from France with victory
No pompous triumph waits: no Bayes for thee,
Shall deck the Capitol; base envy's hands
Keep back thy due: conquest of warlike Lands,
Is made a crime in thee, and *Pompey's* pride
Excludes thy rule: nor canst thou now divide
The world: the world thou must possess alone.
This speech gave fire to *Cæsar* too too prone
Before to war; so peoples showts raise more
A fierce Olimpik Steed striving before
To force the Lists, and break th'opposing bars,
Straight to the Standard all his Souldiers;
Cæsar assembling midst their murmuring noise,
Commands a silence with his hand and voice,
Fellows in Arms, that have endur'd with me,
A thousand storms in ten years victorie,
Have our spent blouds in northern Climes deserv'd
This, all our wounds, so many winters serv'd

Under

Under the Alps ? not more provilion Rome
 Would make for war, if *Hannibal* had come
 Over the Alps : Cohorts they reinforce,
 Forrests are fell'd for shipping ; all the force
 Of Land and Sea is arm'd 'gainst *Cæsar* now.
 What more (had we been vanquisht) would they do?
 If the fierce Gauls our flying backs pursu'd,
 That dare now wrong us; when our wars conclude
 Successefully, and friendly Gods us call?
 Let the long peace-infeebled General
 His gowns, and new rais'd Souldiers bring along;
 Vain names the *Catoes*, and *Marcellus* tongue.
 Must he with Forreign, and bought clients be
 Glutted with still continuing sovereignty?
 Can he triumphant Charriots mount before
 The Year's appointed, (n) and let go no more
 Honours (o) usurp'd? why should I now complain
 Of the laws breach, and famin (p) made for gain?
 Th' affrighted *forum* (q) with arm'd men belet,
 Drawn swords environing the Judgement-seat,
 When 'gainst all law, *Milo* for murther tri'd
Pompey's proud Colours clos'd on every side?
 Now lest his age, though tir'd, a private state
 Should end, by impious civil war his hate
 He seeks to glut, (corning but to excel
 His Master *Sylla's* guilt: as Tigers fell,
 Whom their fierce Dam with slaughter'd cattels bloud
 Was wont to nourish in th' Hyrcanian wood,
 Ne're loose their fury: so thou *Pompey* us'd
 To lick the bloud that *Sylla's* swords erus'd
 Retain'st thy former thirst; never again
 Grow those laws pure, that bloud did once distain.
 When wilt thou end thy too long tyranny,
 Where bound thy (r) guilt? in this at least to thee
 A pattern let thy Master *Sylla* be
 To leave off such usurped sovereignty.
 After the Pirates, and tir'd Pontick King,
 Whose war to end scarce Poisons (s) help could bring
 Must *Cæsars* fall *Pompey's* last triumph make,
 Because commanded I did not forsake

My conquering Army ? but if I be bar'd
 My labours meed, let these have the reward
 Of their long service ; let these Souldiers all
 Triumph, though under any General.
 Where shall their bloudless age after the War
 Find rest? what lands shall my old Souldiers share?
 Where shall they plow? where shall their City stand?
 Are Pirates, (*t*) Pompey, worthier of Land?
 March on victorious colours, march away,
 The strength that we have made, we must employ.
 He gives the strongest all things, that denies
 His due; nor want we aiding Deities.
 Nor spoil those arms do seek, nor Sovereignty:
 But to free Rome, though bent to slavery.

Thus spake he: the yet-doubting Souldiers
 Uncertain murmurs raise: though fierce with wars
 Long use, their household gods their minds gan move,
 And piety: but straight the swords dire love
 And fear of *Cæsar* turn'd them back again.
Lælius the first Files leading did obtain:
 For saving of a Roman Souldier
 Oak-crown'd, and freed from duties of the war.

If I may speak, Romes greatest General,
 Thy Souldiers thoughts, quoth he; it grieves us all
 That such long patience kept thee from so just
 A war: or did thou not thine army trust?
 While bloud of life these breathing bodies warms,
 While brandisht Darts flie from these agile arms,
 Wilt thou weak gowns, and Senates reign endure?
 In Civil war is Conquest so impure?
 Lead us through Libyas gulfs, cold Scythian land,
 Lead us o're thirsty Affricks scorched land.
 This arm the conquer'd world behind to leave
 Has plow'd the Brittish Oceans curled wave,
 And broke the Rhines in its current; thy command
 To do, my will's as ready as my hand.
 He's not my friend, 'gainst whom thy trumpets sound;
 By these thy colours, which ten *Guns* have sound
 Ever victorious, *Cæsar*, here I swear,
 And by thy triumphs, ore what foe to e're,

If thou command me spill my brothers life,
Kill my old Father, or my pregnant wife,
I'll do, 't though with a most unwilling hand;
Fire Temples, rob the gods at thy command.
Great *Juno's* Temple in our flames shall sink:
If to encamp on Tuscan Tybers brink,
I'll boldly pitch in Italie thy tent.
If to dismantle towns be thy intent,
These arms of mine the battering Ram shall place,
Although the city thou wouldst quite deface,
Were 't Rome it self. The Souldiers all agree,
And promise him their lifted hands on high
To any war. Their shout not that can pass,
Which the loud blast of Thracian *Boreas*
On pinie Ossa makes, and bows amain
The ratling wood, or lets it rise again.

Cesar perceiving that the Fates gave way
To war, and his Men prone, fearing delay,
His Troops through France dispers'd straight calling
With flying colours marches on to Rome. (home
They leave their tents pitcht by *Lemanus* (v) Lake,
And those on *Vogesus* high Rocks forsake,
Which aw'd the painted *Lingones* so strong.
Isaras Fords they leave, that run so long
Alone; but in a River of more fame
Falling to th' Ocean bears another name.
The yellow *Ruthens* eas'd of their long fear:
Mild *Atax* joyes no Roman ships to bear:
And *Varus* *Italies* encreased bound.
That haven *Alcides* consecrated ground
With Cliffs ore-looks the Sea; no North-west wind,
Nor West blow there: *Circus* their proper wind
Reigns there, where safe *Alcides* fort does stand,
And that still doubtful coast, that Sea and Land
Challenge by turns: firm land it is when low
The Ocean ebs, but sea at every flow.
Whither the wind strong blowing from the Pole,
And then retiring, to and fro do rowl
The Sea: or that the Moon his course do guide:
Or burning *Titan* moist food to provide

Attracting

Attracting lift the Ocean to the skie,
Seek you that labour for such skill : for me
What ere thou be that cause this eb and flow,
Be still conceal'd ; since heaven will have it so.
They march away that *Nemossus* did hold,
And Adors bank, where Tarbe does enfold
In her crookt shore the sea that gently flows.
The Santoni rejoyce now free'd from foes :
Leuci and Rhemi, Archers good ; with these
Bituriges, and Spear-arm'd Sueffons ;
The dwellers neer Sepurana skilful riders ;
The Belgæ hook-arm'd Chariots expert guiders ;
Sprung from the Trojan bloud the Hedui,
That durst claim brother-hood of Italy ;
Rebellious Nervians (x) stain'd with Cotta's fate ;
And they that in loose Mantles imitate
Sarmatia ; fierce Batavians whom to war
Crookt trumpets call ; those that near Cinga are ;
Where Araris with Rhodanus now met
Runs join'd into the Sea ; the men whose seat
Is on Gebenna mount cover'd with snow.
The Pictons now free their fields can plow.
The fickle Turons are not now restrain'd
By garrison ; the Andiau now disdain'd
To pine in Medua's thick fogs : but goes
For pleasure, where delightful Liger flows.
Fair Genabos is freed from garrison ;
Trevier is glad the war from thence is gone :
The Liguers now shorn, once, like the rest,
Long hair'd, of all the un-worn Gauls the best :
And where with offerings layn'd in humane bloud
Hermè and *Mars* their cruel Altars stood,
And *Jove's* that vile as Scythian *Dian's* are.
Then you that valiant souls, and slain in war
Do celebrate with praise, that never dies,
You Bards securely sung your Elegies.
You Druides now freed from war maintain
Your Barbarous rites, and Sacrifice again.
You what heaven is, and gods alone can tell,
Or else alone are ignorant ; you dwell

In vast, and desert woods : you teach no spirit
Platoes pale kingdom can by death inherit:
They in another world inform again.
The midst twixt long lives (if you truth maintain)
Is death. But those wild people happy are,
In this their error, whom fear greatest far
Of all fears injures not, the fear of death ;
Thence are they prone to war : nor loss of breath
Esteem : nor spare a life that comes again.
They that the hair'd *Cayci* did contain
In their obedience, marching now to Rome,
From Rhines rude banks, & new found country come.

When *Cæsars* now collected strength had bred
More lofty hopes, through Italie he spread
His troops, and all the neighbouring Cities seiz'd,
Then idle rumours their true fears increas'd,
And pierc'd the peoples hearts; swift fame gan show
The wars approach, and their ensuing woe.
Then every tongue a false alarum yields :
Some dare report that on the pasture fields
Of fair Mevania is the war begun,
And bloody *Cæsars* barbarous Cohorts run
Where Umbrian Nar does into Tyber flow :
That all his Eagles, and joyn'd Standards now
With a vast strength make furious approach :
Nor do they now suppose him to be such,
As once they saw him : fiercer far then so
They think, and savadge as his conquer'd foe :
That all th' inhabitants twixt th' Alps and Rhine
Drawn from their countries and cold northern clime
Follow ; and Rome (a Roman looking on)
By barbarous hands shall fall : thus every one
By fear gives strength to Fame : no author known,
They fear what they suppose : but not alone
The people does this vain surmise deceive :
The Senate shakes : th' affrighted Fathers leave
Their seats; and flying to the Consuls give
Directions for the war: Where safe to live,
What place to avoid they know not : whither ere
Their sudden winds directs their steps, they bear
Th' amazed

Th' amazed people forth in troops, whom nought
So long had stir'd: a man would then have thought
The city fir'd, ore th' houses sudden fall
By earth-quake threatned, the mad people all
With hasty steps so unadvised run,
As if no way at all were left to shun
Their imminent, and fear'd destruction,
But to forsake their habitation:
As when rough Seas by stormy *Auster* blown
From Libyas Sands have broke the main-mast down,
Master and Marriners their Ship forsake
Not torn as yet, leap into th' Sea, and make
Themselves a ship-wrack: so from th' City they
Flie into war: no Sire his son can stay,
No weeping wife her husband can periwade:
No nor their household gods, till they have made
Vows for their safety; none an eye dares cast
Back on lov'd Rome, although perhaps his last.
Irrevocably do the people flie.

You gods that easily give prosperity,
But not maintain it, that great city fill'd
With native souls, and conquer'd; that would yield
Mankind a dwelling, is abandon'd now
An easie prey to *Cæsar*: when a foe
Begirts our Souldiers in a forreign Land,
One little trench nights danger can withstand;
A sudden work rais'd out of earth endures
The foes assault; th' encamp'd's sleep secures.
Thou Rome, a war but nois'd, art left by all,
Not one nights safety trusted to thy wall.
But pardon their amaze; when *Pompey* flies,
'Tis time to fear. Then lest their hearts should rise
With hope of future good, sad augury bodes
A worie ensuing fate: the threatning gods
Fill heaven and earth, and sea with prodigies.
Unheard of Stars by night possess the skies:
Heaven seems to flame, and through the Welkin fire
Obliquely flies: states-changing comets dire
Display to us their blood portending hair:
Deceitful lightnings flash in clearest air.

Strange formed Meteors the thick ayr had bred
 Like Javelins long, like lamps more broadly spread.
 Lightning without one crack of thunder brings
 From the cold North his winged fires, and flings
 Them 'gainst our Capitol: small stars, that uie
 Onely by night their lustre to diffuse,
 Now shine in midst of day: *Cynthia* bright
 In her full orb, like *Phaëton*, at the sight
 Of earths black shades eclipses: *Titan* hides
 (When mounted in the midst of heaven he rides)
 In clouds his burning Chariot, to enfold
 The world in darknes quite: day to behold
 No Nation hopes: as once back to the East
 He fled at sight of sad *Thyestes* feast.
 Fierce *Vulcan* opes Sicilian *Aetna's* throat,
 But to the skie her flames she belches not,
 But on th' Italian shore obliquely flings;
 Bloud from her botom black *Charybdis* brings:
 Sadlier bark *Scyllæ's* dogs then they were wont:
 The Vestal fire goes out: on th' Alban mount
Joves sacrificing fire it self divides
 Into two parts, and rises on two sides,
 Like the two Theban Princes funeral fires. (spires
 Earth opes her threatning jaws: th' Alps nodding
 Shake off their snow: *Thetis* does higher now
 Twixt Libyan Atlas, and Spains Calpe flow.
 The native gods did weep: Romes certain thrall
 The Lares sweating shew'd: the offerings fall
 Down in the Temples: and (as we have heard)
 Nights fatal Birds in midst of day appear'd:
 Wild Beasts at mid-night from the deserts come,
 And take bold lodging in the streets of Rome.
 Beasts make with mens articulate voyce their mone;
 Births monstrous both in lims proportion,
 And number; mothers their own infants fear'd:
Sibylla's fatal lines were sung and heard
 Among the people: and with bloody arms
Cybel's head-shaking Priests pronounc'd their charms,
 I th' peoples ears howling a baleful mone:
 And Ghosts from out their quiet urns did grone.

Clashing

Clashing of armour, and loud shouts they hear
In desert groves, and threatening Ghosts appear.
The dwellers near without the Citie wall
Fled : fierce *Erinnys* had encompass all
The town, her snaky hairs, and burning brand
Shaking : as when she rul'd *Aegae's* hand,
Or the self-maim'd *Lycurgus* : such was she,
Who once, when sent by *Juno's* cruelty,
Great *Hercules* (new come from Hell) did fright.
Shrill trumpets sounded, dismal ayrs of night
That horrid noise, that meeting armies yield,
Did then present : in midst of *Mars* his field
Rose *Sylla's* Ghost, and woes ensuing told :
Plow-men near *Aniens* streams *Marinus* behold
Rise from his sepulcher, and fly appall'd.
For these things were the Tuscan Prophets call'd
As custom was : the sagest of them all
Dwelt in Etrurian *Luca's* desert wall.
Aruns, that lightnings motion understands,
Birds night, and entrails op't ; he first commands
Those monstrous births, that from no seed did come,
But horrid issues of a barren womb
To be consum'd in fire : then all the town
To be encompass in procession : (urge
Th' high Priests (whose charge it is) he next doth
The Citie walls with hallowed rites to purge
Through their whole circuit : following after these
Th' interior Priests attic'd *Gabinian*-wife :
The Vestal Maids with their vail'd Sister come,
That onely may see *Troy's* Palladium :
Then those that *Sibyll's* secret verses keep,
And *Cybele* yearly in still Almon steep :
Septemviri that govern sacred Feasts ;
The learned Augurs, and *Apolloes* Priests :
The noble *Flamen*, *Salius* that bears
On his glad neck the target of great *Mars*.
Whilst they the town compass in winding tracts,
Aruns the Lightnings dispers'd fire collects,
And into th' earth with a sad murmure flings :
Then names the places, and to th' Altar brings

A chosen Bull : then wine betwixt his horns
 He powrs, and sprinkles ore with Salt and Corn
 His knife : the Bull impatient long denies
 Himself to so abhor'd a Sacrifice :
 But by the girded Sacrificers strength
 Hanging upon his horns, orecome at length
 Bending his knees holds forth his conquer'd neck ;
 Nor did pure blood come out, but poison black
 In stead of blood, from the wound open'd flies.
Arms grew pale at this sad Sacrifice,
 And the gods wrath he in the Entrails seeks,
 Whose colour scar'd him: pale they were with streaks
 Of black, th'infected blood congealed shows
 (Sprinkled with different paleness) various.
 The liver putrid; on th' hostile side
 Were threatning veins; the lungs their fillets hide ;
 A narrow line divides the vital parts :
 The heart lies still, and corrupt matter starts
 Through gaping clefts : no part o'th caul is hid :
 And that which never without danger did
 Appear on th' entrails was a double head ,
 One head was sick, feeble, and languished :
 The other quick his pulses nimbly beats.
 By this when he perceiv'd what wo the Fates
 Prepar'd, he cri'd aloud, All that you do
 O gods, I must not to the people show ;
 Nor with this hapless sacrifice can I
 Great *Jupiter*, thy anger pacifie :
 The black infernal deities appear
 In th' entrails : woes unspeakable we fear,
 But greater will ensue : you gods lend aid,
 And let no credit to our Art be had,
 But counted *Tages* fiction : thus with long
 Ambages darkly the old Tuscan sung.

But *Figulus*, whose care it was aright
 To know the gods and heavens : to whom for sight
 Of planets, and the motion of each star,
 Not great *Egyptian Memphis* might compare,
 Either no laws direct the world, quoth he,
 And all the stars do move uncertainly ;

Or if Fates rule, a swift destruction
 Threatens mankind, and th'earth; shall Cities down
 By earth-quakes swallow'd be? intemperate'y
 Shall air grow hot? false earth her seeds deny?
 Or shall the waters poison'd be? what kind
 Of ruin is it, gods, what mischiefs find
 Your cruelties? many dire aspects meet;
 If *Saturn* cold in midst of heaven should sit,
Aquarim would *Deucalions* flood have bred
 And all the earth with waters overspread;
 If *Sol* should mount the Nemean Lions back,
 In flames would all the worlds whole fabrick crack,
 And all the skie with *Sols* burnt chariot blaze.
 These aspects cease; but thou that burn'st the claws,
 And first the tail of threatning Scorpion, (down
 What great thing breedst thou *Mars*? mild *Jove* goes
 Opprest in his fall, and in the skies
 The wholesom star of *Venus* dulled is;
Mercury looses his swift motion,
 And fiery *Mars* rules in the skie alone.
 Why do the stars their course forsaking, glide
 Obscurely through the air? why does the side
 Of sword-bearing *Orion* shine too bright?
 Wars rage is threatned, the swords power all right
 Confounds by force: impiety shall bear
 The name of Virtue, and for many a year
 This fury lasts; it boots us not to crave
 A peace: with peace a master we shall have.
 Draw out the series of thy misery,
 O Rome, to longer years, now onely free
 From civil war. These prodigies did scar
 The multitude enough; but greater far
 Ensue; as on the top of Pindus mount
 The Thracian women full of *Bacchus* wont
 To rave; so now a matron ran possest,
 By *Phabus* urging her inspired brest.

Where am I carried now? where leav'st thou me,
 Pzan, already rapt above the skie?
 Pangæas snowy top, Philippi plains
 I see: speak, *Phabus*, what this fury means:

What swords, what hands shall in Romes battels
 What wars without a foe? oh whither yet (meet,
 Am I distracted? to that Eastern land,
 Where Nile discolours the blew Ocean:
 There, there (alas) I know what man it is,
 That on Niles bank a trunk deformed lies.
 Ore Syrtis sands, ore scorched Libya,
 Whither the reliques of Pharsalia
 Erinnyes carried; ore th' Alps cloudy hill,
 And high Pyrene am I carried still.
 Then back again to Rome, where impious,
 And fatal war defiles the Senate house.
 The Factions rise again; again I go
 Ore all the world; shew me new Kingdoms now,
 New Seas; Philippi I have seen; this spoke
 The furious fit her wearied breast forsook.

The End of the First Book.

Annotations on the first Book.

(a) Roman Darts or Javelins which their footmen used, about five foot long. If any man quarrel at the word *Pile*, as thinking it scarce English, I desire them to give a better word. For, Dart or Javelin is a word too general, and cannot intimate a civil war: for darts had fought against darts, though a Roman Army had fought against barbarous and foreign Nations. But *Pilum* was a peculiar name to the Roman darts, and so meant by *Lucan*, which if any deny, let him read these Verses in the seventh book of our Author:

— sceleris sed crimine nullo

Externam maculant Chalybem, stetit omne coactum
 Circà pila nefas. —

(b) *Marcus Crassus* a great, and rich Roman, y^eing the Province of Syria, went with a Consular Army to the Parthian war, and was there defeated and slain, together with his son, and his whole Army, by *Surenas* the Kings General.

(c) Near *Munda* a city in Spain, the two sons of *Pompey* were overcome by *Julius Cæsar*. *Cneius* was slain, and *Sextus* fled, thirty thousand Pompeians were there slain: in so much that *Cæsar* to besedge the conquered, made a countermure of dead carcases.

(d) An-

(d) Antonius besiedged D. Brucus in *Mutina* a city of *Gallia Cisalpina* : in raising which siege, both the Consuls, *Hircius* and *Pania* were slain : but *Augustus* afterward raised it.

(e) *Perusia* a city in *Thuscis*, whither *Lucius Antonius* had fled, was by *Augustus* forced to yield through famine.

(f) Where *Augustus* in a Sea-fight vanquished *Antonius* and *Cleopatra*.

(g) A fight on the *Sicilian Sea*, where *Sextus Pompeius* had armed Slaves and bondmen against *Augustus*, by whom he was there defeated.

(h) These three were *Crassus*, *Cæsar*, and *Pompey* ; who all excelling in wealth, dignity, fame, and ambition, reconciled to each other, and linked together in affinity, entered into such a league, that nothing should be done in the Commonwealth, that displeased themselves, dividing among themselves, *Provinces* and *Arms*. *Pompey* by his Lieutenants governed *Spain* and *Africa* ; *Cæsar* had his government over all *Gallia* prorogued for another five years ; *Crassus* governed all *Syria*.

(i) *Julia* a virtuous Roman Lady, daughter to *Cæsar*, and wife to *Pompey the Great* ; who died untimely for the Commonwealth, since her life might have preserved peace between her husband and her father.

(k) Beside *Rubicon* was a pillar raised up, and upon it a decree of the Senate engraven, that it should not be lawful for any to come armed homeward beyond that place.

(l) *Quintus Cassius* and *Marcus Antonius* Tribunes of the people, for speaking boldly in the behalf of *Cæsar*, were commanded out of the Court by the two Consuls, *Marcellus* and *Lentulus*, who upbraided them with the sedition of the *Gracchi*, and threatened the same end to them unless they departed ; the Tribunes escaping out of the city by night, in poor and base attire, fled to *Cæsar*, and with them *Curio*.

(m) This *Curio* had lately been Tribune of the people, and a great enemy to *Cæsar* ; he was beloved by the vulgar, and an excellent speaker ; but being much in debt, *Cæsar* relieved him, and made him of his Faction.

(n) The lawfulness to triumph in was thirty years old ; but

but Pompey the Great had triumphed over Hiarbas King of Numidia, when he was but four and twenty years old.

(o) The Pratorship Pompey, without wices, took to himself, being twenty three years old; he was Consul alone, and had held other Honours contrary to custom.

(p) Pompey the Great, that he might be chosen at Rome Overseer for Corn, took a course that none should be brought in from other parts, insomuch as that the City endured famine: upon which Clodius could say, The Law was not made for the famine, but a famine was brought in of purpose, that such a Law might be made.

(q) When Milo was arraigned for Clodius death, Pompey, to suppress the tumult of the people, environed the judgement-place with armed men, a thing unlawful to do.

(r) Sylla 60 years old, gave over his Dictatorship, and lived privately at Puteoli.

(s) Mithridates King of Pontus warred with the Romans forty years; he was weakened, and received overthrow from Sylla and Lucullus, and conquered by Pompey, being besieged in a towne by his son Pharnaces, he could not poison himself, having much used Antidotes, but fell upon his sword, and died.

(t) Pompey the Great had made a Colony of Cicilian Pirates, whom he had vanquished.

(v) Lac de Lorange; those several towns and Countries of France, where Cæsars Army lay in Garrison, and from whence they were now drawn, are here set down by their old names, and this little volume will not afford room so far to enlarge my Annotations, as to set down the names as they are now called, being all changed.

(x) The most fierce people of the Belgians, where Teturius Sabinus, and Arunculus Cotta, two of Cæsars Lieutenants, with five Cohorts were entrapped, and slain by fraud of Ambiotix.

LUCANS

PHARSALIA.

The second Book.

The Argument of the second Book.

Th' author complains that future fates are known,
 The sorrow of affrighted Rome is shown.
 An old man calls to mind the civil crimes
 Of Marius, and Sylla's bloody times.
 Brutus with Cato does confer; to whom
 Chast Martia come from dead Hortensius Tomb
 Again is married in a funeral dresse.
 Pompey to Capua flies. What Fortresses
 By Cæsar are surpris'd; who without fight,
 Puts Sylla, Scipio, Lentulus to flight,
 And takes Domitius at Corfinium.
 Pompey's Oration. From Brundisium
 He sends his eldest Son to bring from far
 The Eastern Monarchs to this civil War.
 But there besiedg'd by Cæsar scarce can he
 Escape safe away by nights obscurity.



Ow the gods wrath was seen: plain
 signs of war
 The world had given: for speaking
 nature, far
 From her true course, tumultuous
 monsters made,
 Proclaiming wo, Oh Jove, why dost
 thou adde

This care to wretched men, to let them see,

By

By dire portents their following misery?
Whether the worlds Creator when he did
From the dark formiess *Chaos* light divide,
Stabliht eternal Laws, to which he ty'de
The creatures, and himself, and did divide
The worlds yet ages by unchanged fate:
Or whether (nothing preordain'd) the state
Of mortal things chance rules: yet let that be
Secret that thou entendst: let no eye see
His future Fate, but hope as well as fear.
When the sad Citie had conceiv'd how dear
Heavens truth would cost the world: her general wo,
Proclaim'd a Fast: the mourning Senate go
Like the Plebeians clad: the Consuls ware
No purple Robes: no words their grief declare:
Mute is their sorrow; such a silent wo
A dying man's amazed household show,
Before his funeral conclamation,
Before the mothers lamentation
Call on the servants weeping; but when she
Feels his stiff limbs, dead looks, and standing eye,
Then 'tis no fear but grief: down she doth fall,
Howling upon him. So Romes Matrons all
Leave off their habits, and attires of grace,
And in sad troupes the Altars do embrace:
One weeps before the gods: one her torn locks
Throws in the sacred porch: another knocks
Her breast against the ground: the god, whose ears
Were usde to prayers, now onely howling hears:
Nor to *Joves* temple did they all repair:
They part the gods: no altar want his share
Of envy-making mothers: but one there
Her plaint brus'd arms, and moystned cheeks did tear
Now, now, quoth she, oh mothers tear your hair,
Now beat your breasts; do not this grief defer
Till the last ills: while the Chief doubtful are
We may lament: when one is conquerer,
We must rejoyce; thus grief it self did move.

Such just complaints against the powers above
The Souldiers make, that to each army turn:

Oh

Oh miserable men, that were not born
When Carthage warr'd, at Trebia's overthrow,
Or Cannæ's mortal field; nor beg we now
For peace, oh gods; stir each fierce Nation,
Raise mighty Cities: let the world in one
Conspire: let Median powers from Susa come,
Nor let cold Ister hold his Scythians from
This war: the Suevians from the Northren clime
Let Albis send, and the rude head of Rhine:
Make us all peoples foes, so not our own:
Here let the Daci, there the Getes come on:
Let one his forces against Spain employ;
Gainst th'Eastern bows let t'others Eagles fly;
Let Rome have war with all; or if our names
You gods would ruin, let the sky to flames
Dissolv'd fall down, and quite consume our coasts;
Or thunder strike both Captains with their hosts
While they be guiltless, *Jove*; seek they to try
With so much mischief who Rome's Lord should be?
'Twere scarce worth civil war that none should
Thus then did bootlesse piety complain. (reign.
But the old men mov'd with particular grief
Curse their old age, and ill prolonged life,
Their years reserv'd again to civil war:
(a) One seeking presidents for their great fear,
Such woes, quoth he, the gods intended us,
When after (b) both his triumphs, *Marim*
His flying head among the reeds and sedge
Once hid; the Fennes then cover'd Fortunes pledge:
But taken he endur'd a prison's stinch,
And his old limbs did iron shackles pinch.
To die a Consul, happy, and in Rome
Before (c) hand suffered he for guilt to come,
Death fled him oft, and powr to shed his blood
In vain a Cimbrian (d) had, who trembling stood:
Cutting a stroke, his faltering hand the sword
Let fall; his dungeon did strange light afford.
Th' affrighted Cimbrian furies seem'd to see,
And heard what *Marim* afterward should be:
Thou canst not touch this life: to fate he owes

Thou.

Thousands of lives, ere he his own can loose :
Cease thy vain fury : if you Cimbrians wou'd
Revenge on Rome your slaughter'd Nations blood,
Save this old man, whom their stern will to serve
Not the gods love, but anger did preserve :
A cruel and fit man, when Fate contriv'd
Romes ruin : he on Libyan coasts arriv'd
Wandred through empty cottages upon
Triumphed *Jugurth's* spoil'd dominion,
And Punick ashes trod : each others state
Carthage (e) and *Marim* there commiserate,
And both cast down, both now the gods excus'd :
But into *Marim* mind that air infus'd
A Libian rage ; when Fortune turn'd again, (chain
Slaves from their (f) Lords, and prisoners from the
He freed, and arm'd : no man his Ensigns bore,
But who the badge of some known mischief wore,
And brought guilt to the campe : oh Fates how sad
A day was that, when conquering *Marim* had
Surpris'd the walls ? how swift flew cruel death ?
Senators with Plebeians lost their breath.
The sword rag'd uncontrol'd : no breast was free ;
The temples stain'd with blood, and slippery
Were the red stones with slaughter, no age then
Was free, the near spent time of aged men
They hasten'd on ; nor sham'd with bloody knife
To cut the Infants new spun thread of life.
What crime had Infants done to merit death ?
But 'twas enough that they could loose their breath.
Fury directs them ; guilty lives to take
A lone, seem'd too remiss ; for number sake
Some fall ; one cuts off heads he does not know,
Whilst empty-handed he's aham'd to go ;
No hope to scape, but kifs the blood-stain'd (g) hand
Of *Marim*, though a thousand swords did stand
Ready, base People, did you not disdain
At such a price a life, though long, to gain,
Much lesse a time so short, so troublesom,
And breath but respited till *Sylla* come ?
Who now has time to wail Plebetan fates ?

Scarce

Scarce can we thine, brave *Bebim*, (*b*) whom the hates
Of the fierce multitude in pieces tore :
Nor thine *Antonim* (*i*) that thy death before
Couldst prophesie, whose gray-head bleeding yet
On *Marim* table the rude Souldier set.
Torn are the beadle's *Crass*, (*k*) impious wood
Is stain'd with sacred Tribunitial (*l*) blood.
Thou *Scævola* (*m*) that didst a kiss disdain
Of *Murins* hand, at *Vestaes* Altar slain,
And never quenched fires ; but ages drought
Left thee not so much blood, as would put out
The flame. His seventh (*n*) Consulship now come,
Old *Marim* dies : a man, that had orecome
Fortunes worst hate, and her best love enjoy'd,
And tasted all that Fates for man provide.

How many near the Colline port were kill'd?
How many Carcasses on heaps were pil'd
At *Sacriportum*? (*o*) where almost her seat
Had the worlds Empire chang'd, and *Samnis* yet
Hop'd deeper far to wound the Roman name,
Than at the *Caudine* (*p*) Forks ; then *Sylla* came
With a revenge more bloody : His sword rest
Rome of that little blood before was left.
Whilst cutting off (cruel Chirurgical)
Th' affected parts, too far his lancing hand
Follows the sore ; first guilty men are slain,
At last when none but guilty could remain,
Their hates take greater freedom ; forth they break
Without the curb of any law ; they wreak
Their private angers now : for *Sylla's* sake
All is not done : for every one fulfils
Their own blood-thirsty, and revengeful wills
Pretending his command ; with impious steel
Servants their masters, sons their fathers kill ;
Which son shall be the parricide by strife
They seek : a brother fels a brothers life.
Some hide themselves in tombs ; live men remain
Among the dead : beasts dens can scarce contain
The flying multitude : one strangled dyes
By his own hand ; one from a precipice

Dyes

Dyes broken with the fall, preventing so
 The tyranny of his insulting foe.
 His funeral pile one making, ere he dyes
 Leaps in, and whilest he may, those rites enjoys.
 Great Captains heads born through the streets on
 Are pil'd up in the Market; there appears (spears
 Each secret murder; not so many heads
 In stables of the tyrant *Diomed's*
Thrace saw; nor *Lybia* on *Antæus* wall,
 Nor mourning Greece in *Oenomaus* hall.
 Lims putrifi'd, which all known marks had left
 Worn out by eating time, by fearful theft
 The wretched parents take, and bear away:
 My self (I still remember that sad day)
 Delirous those forbidden rites to do
 To my slain brothers head, searcht to and fro
 The carkasses of *Sylla's* peace, to see
 What trunk'mongst all, would with that head agree.
 What need I tell how *Catulus* was paid
 With blood, how *Marinus* a sad offering made,
 And wretched sacrifice before the tomb
 Of his perchance unwilling foe did come?
 His (*q*) mangled joynts, as many wounds as limbs
 We saw: yet no wound deadly given him
 Through his spoild body, an example rare
 Of cruelty, a dying life to spare,
 His hands chopt off, his tongue cut out as yet
 Wagg'd, and the air did with dumb motions beat;
 One slits his nostrils, one cuts off his ears;
 His eyes out last of all another tears,
 Left in till then his mangled limbs to see,
 A thing past credit, one poor man should be
 The subject of so many cruelties.
 A lump deform'd his mangled body lies
 So strangely slaughter'd, not disfigur'd more
 Floats a torn ship-wrackt carkasse to the shore
 From the mid-Sea. The fruit of all your toil
 Why do you loose, and *Marius* face so spoil,
 That none can now discern him? 'twere more need
Sylla should know him to applaud the deed.

(r) *Præ-*

(r) *Prænestæ's* fortune saw her men all die
In one death's space, the flower of (f) *Italie*,
The onely youth of *Latium* sadly slain
Did wretched *Rome's* *Ovilia* distain.
So many men to cruel death at once
Of Earth-quakes, Ship-wracks, or infections
Of Air, or Earth, Famine, or War hath sent:
Never before a doom of punishment.
The souldiers throng'd could scarcely weild at all
Their killing hands, the slain could hardly fall
Supported so; but number did oppress
The dying people, and dead carcases
Encreas'd the slaughter, falling heavily
On living bodies; his strange cruelty
Secure and fearless *Sylla* from above
Beheld; nor could so many thousands move
His heart, by him commanded all to dye;
I'th' *Tyrrhene* gulf their pil'd up bodies lye.
The first thrown in under the water lay,
The last on bodies, strongest ships they stay,
And *Tyber* parted by that fatal bay
Sends one part to the Sea; carcases stay
The other; till the violent stream of blood
Enforc'd the waters course to *Tyber's* flood.
Nor can the banks the River now contain,
But ore the fields the bodies float again.
Rowling at last into the *Tyrrhene* main,
On the blew waves it sets a purple stain.
For this did *Sylla* merit to be stil'd
Happy, and (t) saviour, and in *Marius's* field
To be interr'd; but these black mischiefs are
To be endur'd again; this cruel war
Will the same order, and conclusion take,
But fears more horrid suppositions make,
And in this war mankind shall suffer more.
The exil'd *Marius* sought but to restore
Themselves again; and *Sylla's* victories
Sought but the ruin of his enemies.
Their aymes are higher; both long powerful take
Up arms; and neither civil war would make

To do as *Sylla* did. Thus wails old age
Remembring past, and fearing future rage.

This terror strook not noble *Brutus* heart,
Nor in this frightful stir was he a part
Of the lamenters ; but at mid-night he
(When now her wain *Parrhasian Helice*
Turn'd) at his uncle *Cato's* no large house
Knocks ; him he finds waking and anxious,
For Rome, and the whole State a fearful man,
Not for himself ; when *Brutus* thus began.

Banish't, and flying virtue's onely hold,
And refuge, which no storm of fortune could
Ere reave thee off ; guid thou this wavering heart,
And to my thoughts a certain strength impart.
At *Cæsars* side, or *Pompey's* others stand,
Ore *Brutus* none but *Cato* shall command.
Wilt thou keep peace, and in this doubtful age
Unshaken stand ? or mingling with the rage
Of the mad rout, this civil war approve ?
Others to this sad war bad causes move :
One his stain'd house in peace, and fear of Laws,
Another fights for want, mingling that cause
With the worlds wrack ; blind fury leads on none :
All drawn with gainful hopes ; but thee alone
The war it self affects. What boots it thee
T'have been so long from the times vices free ?
This onely need of thy long virtue take,
The wars find others guilty, thee they make.
But let not wiked war have powr t'employ
These hands, O gods, let not thy Javelin fly
'Mongst others in a thick skie-darkning cloud ;
Let not such virtue be in vain bestow'd.
The wars whole chance will cast it self on thee.
Who would not dye upon that sword, and be
Cato's offence, though slain by another hand ?
Thou might'st alone, and quiet better stand,
As stars in heaven still unshaken are,
When lightnings, storms and tempest rend the air,
Nearer to earth : Winds rage, and Thunders spight
Plain grounds must suffer ; when *Olympus* height
Plac'd

Plac'd by the gods above the clouds, is free ;
Small things jars vex, the great ones quiet be.
'T will glad proud *Cæsar*, in this war, to hear
So great a Citizen has deign'd t'appear :
Nor will it grieve him that great *Pompey's* side
Is chose, not his ; 't will be enough his pride
That *Cato* has approv'd of civil war.
Romes Senat, and both Consuls armed are
Under a private man, and many mo
Of note and worth, to these adde *Cato* too
Under command of *Pompey*, none lives free
In all the world but *Cæsar* ; but if we
Do for our countreys, Laws, and freedom go
To war ; then *Brutus* is not *Cæsars* foe,
Nor *Pompeys*, but the Conquerours, who ere :
Thus *Brutus* spake ; when for an inside clear
These sacred words drew *Cato* ; We confesse,
Brutus, that civil war's great wickednesse :
But where the Fates will lead, vertue shall go
Securely on ; to make me guilty now
Shall be the gods own crime ; who would endure
To see the world dissolve, himself secure ? (fall,
VWho could look on, when Heaven should fall, earth
And the confus'd world perish, and not wail ?
Shall unknown Nations in our Roman war
Engage themselves ? and forreign Kings from far
Crossing the Seas ? and shall I rest alone ?
Far be it, gods, the *Daci*, and *Getes* should mone
Their losses in Rome's fall, and *Cato* lie
Secure : as parents, when their children die,
In person mourn, build up with their own hands
The funeral pile, and light the fatal brands ;
I will not leave thee, Rome, till I embrace
Thy hearse, and liberty, thy dying face,
And fleeting Ghost with honour do attend.
So let it goe ; let th'angry gods intend
A compleat Roman sacrifice ; no blouds
Will we defraud the war of ; would the gods
Of heaven, and *Erebus* would now strike dead
For all our crimes This one condemned head.

Devoted

Devoted *Decius* by his foes could fall :
 Me let both Roman hosts assault, and all
 Rhines barbarous troupes ; let me i'th' midst receive
 All darts, all wounds, that this sad war can give.
 Let me redeem the people : let my Fate
 What ere Romes manners merit, expiate.
 Why should the easily conquer'd people die,
 That can endure a Lord ? Strike onely me,
 Me with all swords, and Piles, that all in vain
 Our wronged laws, and liberties maintain :
 This throat shall peace to *Italie* obtain.
 After my death he that desires to reign,
 Need not make war : but now lets follow all
 The common Ensigns, *Pompey* General.
 Though he orecome, 'tis not yet known that he
 Means to himself the worlds sole Monarchy.
 Ile help him conquer, lest he should suppose
 He conquers for himself. From this arose
 Young *Brutus* courage : this grave speech too far
 Made the young man in love with civil war.
 Now *Phaëbus*, driving the cold dark away,
 They heard a noyse at door ; (v) chaste *Martia*
 Come from *Hortensius* tomb, stood knocking there ;
 Once given a Mayd in marriage happier ;
 But when the fruit, and price of wedlock she
 Three births had paid, another Family
 To fill, was fruitful *Martia* lent a Bride,
 To joyn two houses by the Mothers side.
 Now when *Hortensius* ashes urned rest,
 She in her funeral robes, beating her breast
 With often strokes, and tearing her loose hair,
 Sprinkled with ashes from the Sepulchre,
 To please sower *Cato*, with a gesture sad
 Thus speaks: Whilst bloud, & childing strength I had,
Cato, I did thy will, two husbands took :
 Now worn away, and with oft travel broke
 I come, no more to part : grant now our old
 Wedlocks untasted rites ; grant me to hold
 The empty name of wife, and on my Tomb
 Write *Cato's Martia*, left in time to come

It may be ask'd whether I left the bed
Of my first Lord bestow'd or banished.
Nor come I now prosperity to share,
But to partake thy labours, and sad care.
Let me attend the Camp ; leave me not here
In peace, *Cornelia* to the war so near.
These speeches mov'd the m^a; though these times are
Unfit for *Hymen*, when fate calls to war,
Without vain pomp to tye a nuptial knot
In the gods presence, he refuses not.
No garlands on the marriage doors were worn,
Nor linen fillets did the posts adorn :
No Bridal-tapers shone : no bed on high
With Ivory steps, and gold embroidery :
No matron in a towred crown, that led
The Bride, forbid her on the threshold tread :
No yellow veil cover'd her face, to hide
The fearful blushes of a modest Bride :
No precious girdle guirded her loose Gown :
No Chain adorn'd her neck ; nor linnen down
From off her shoulders her nak'd arms ore-spre'd ;
So as she was, funeral habited,
Even like her Sons, her Husband she embrac'd,
A funeral Robe above her purple plac'd.
The usual Jest was spar'd : the husband wants,
After the Sabine use, his marriage tants.
None of their kindred met ; the knot they tie
Silent : content with *Brutus* auspice.
His ore-grown hair he from that sacred face
Shaves not, nor will in his sad looks embrace
One joy (since first that wicked war begun
He lets his un-shorn hoary locks fall down
Ore his rough front, and a sad beard to hide
His cheeks, for he alone from factions freed,
Or hate, had leasure for mankind to weep)
Nor in his Bridal-bed would *Cato* sleep,
Even lawful love could continence reject.
These were his manners, this sower *Cato's* sect,
To keep a mean, hold fast the end, and make
Nature his guid, dye for his Countreys sake.

For all the world, not him, his life was lent
He thinks ; his feasts but hungers banishment ;
His choicest buildings were but fence for cold :
His best attire rough gowns, such as of old
Was Roman wear ; and nothing but desire
Of progeny in him warm'd *Venus* fire :
Father, and husband both to Rome was he,
Servant to Justice, and strict honestie :
For th' publike good, in none of *Catoes* acts
Creeps self-born pleasure, or her share exacts.

Now with his fearful trou's *Pompey* the great
To Trojan *Capua* fled, meant there to seat
The war : his scatter'd strength there to unite,
And his aspiring foes assaults to meet.
Where *Apenine* rais'd somewhat higher hills
The midst of Italy with shady hills :
Then which no part of earth does swell more high
In any place, nor nearer meets the skie.

The mountain twixt two seas extended stands
Th' upper, and lower sea : on the right hand
Is *Pise* seated on the Tyrrhene shore :
Aucona on the left vext evermore
With storms and winds, that from *Dalmatis* blow.
Here from vast fountains do great Rivers flow,
And into th' double seas divorce'd do slide
In several channels ; down on the left side
Metaurus swift, and strong *Crustumium* flow,
Isapis joyn'd t' *Isaurus*, *Senna* too
And *Aufidus* the Adriatick beats :
Eridanus, then which no River gets
More ground ; whole forrests rowls into the Sea
Oreturn'd : and robs of Rivers Italy.

They say that *Poplars* on this Rivers side
First grew, when *Phæton* amiss did guide
The day ; his wandring Chariot burnt the skie,
And scorcht the earth : all Rivers then were drie
But this ; whose streams did *Phæbus* fires withstand,
Not lesse then Nile, if on plain Libyan sand
It flow'd like Nile : not lesse then *Ister* 'twere,
Unless that *Ister* running every where

The streams that fall into all seas does meet,
And not alone the Scythian Ocean great.
From springs, that down the hills right side do flow,
Rotuba, Tyber, swift Vulturnus grow:
Night-ayr infecting Sarnus, Liris too
Runs, strength'ned by the Vestine rivers, through
Maricaes wooddy lands: Siler that glides
Through Salern's fields; Macra whose Ford abides
No Ships, into the sea near Luna fall.
The hill (where he in length extended all
Meeting the bending Alps France oversees)
To th' Umbrians, Marsians, and Sabellians is
Fertile, and does with wooddy arms embrace
The people of the ancient Latine race:
Nor leaves he Italy, before he end
In the Scyllæan caverns, and extend
Unto Lacinian *Juno's* house his hill.
Longer he was than Italy, until
The sea divided him, and water forc'd
The land; then when two meeting seas divorc'd
What was conjoyn'd, part of the hill the sea
Gave to *Pelorus* in Sicilia.

Cæsar now mad of war loves not to find,
But make his way by blood, nor is his mind
Joy'd that in Italy he sees no foes,
No countreys guarded from him, meets no blows:
But counts his journey lost; desires to break,
Not open gates, and loves his march to make
By fire and sword, not iurifrance; thinks it shame
To tread permitted paths, and bear the name
Of Citizen. The Italian Cities are
Doubtful which way to lean; and though when war
Makes her first feard approach, all easily
Will yield: with Bulwarks yet they fortifie
Their walls, dig trenches round about below:
Vast stones and weapons from above to throw
They get, and engines on their walls provide.
The People most incline to *Pompey's* side:
But faith with terroure fights: so when we see
The South-winds horrid blasts possess the Sea,

The waves all follow him, till by the stroke
 Of *Achilles* his Spear, the open'd Rock
 To the rough Seas lets out the Eastern wind :
 They still retain, though new assaults they find,
 The old, though th' East-wind th' air with dark storms
 The Ocean does the South-wind challenge still. (fill,
 But peoples minds fear changes easily,
 And Fortune sways their wavering loyalty.
 By *Libo's* flight *Etruria's* naked left,
 And *Umbria*, *Thermus* (y) gone, of freedom rest :
Sylla far differing from his Fathers fame
 In civil war, flies hearing *Cæsars* name.
Varrus, (z) before the first assault, forsakes
Auximum's walls, and flight disordered takes
 Ore rocks and dearts : *Lentulus* (a) is beat
 From *Alculum* : the Foes pursuing get
 His men ; that now alone the Captain flies
 With empty Standards rest of Companies.
 Thou *Scipio* (b) leav'st the trust committed thee
Luceria's Fort, though in thy Camp there be
 The valiant Youth, whom fear of Parthian war
 From *Cæsar* took ; whom *Pompey* to repair
 His French loſts, lent him ; & while he thought good
 Bestow'd on *Cæsar* th' use of Roman blood.

But fair *Corfinium's* well-fenc'd walls contain
 Thee, stout *Domitius* : (c) in thy Camp remain
 Those that arraigned *Millo* did inclose.
 He, when a cloud of dust from far arose,
 And on bright Arms the Sun reflecting shone,
 And glittering swords, cries, Run my Souldiers, run
 Down to the River, drown the Bridge, and thou
 Encreas'd from all thy empti'd fountains now
 Rise swelling stream : break down and bear away
 This scatter'd Bridge : there let the war now stay :
 Let thy banks make our furious enemy
 Linger a while : wee'l count it victory,
 That *Cæsar* first staves here. This said, in vain
 He sends swift Cohorts from the town amain.

For *Cæsar* first, when from the fields he spy'd
 His passage lost by Bridge, enraged cry'd,

Cannot your wals, base cowards, shelter you
 Enough, but that the fields and rivers too
 Must help? He pass, though Ganges in my way
 Rowl'd all his strength; no stream shall *Cæsar* stay,
 Since Rubicon is past; go winged Horse,
 Second bold Foot, the Bridge now falling force,
 Thus spike he: forth the winged Horse-men ride,
 And like a storm of Hail on th' other side
 The water, their well brandisht Javelins light.
Cæsar then takes the River, puts to flight
 The Souldiers all that were in station
 To guard the bank, and safe before the town
 Is come: when straight up lofty works are throwa,
 And Engines rais'd the wals to batter down.

When lo (oh shame of war) opening the gate,
 The Souldiers brought their Captain bound, and at
 The feet of his proud Foe present: but he
 With looks not flaming high Nobility,
 Offers his throat undaunted: *Cæsar* tees
 Death's sought, and mercy fear'd, then thus replies,
 Live, though thou wouldst not, by our b. un-y live,
 Enjoy this light, and to the conquer'd give
 Good hope: th' example of our clemency
 Be thou: or else again wars fortunes try:
 Nought for this pardon *Cæsar* from thy hands
 Expects, if thou overcome: with that commands
 T' unbind him: had his death the Conquerour pleas'd,
 How much a Romans blush had fortune eas'd.
 For following Rome, the Senates, *Pompey's* arms,
 Pardon t'a Roman was the worst of harms.
 He yet unhear'd, his anger doth retain,
 Speaks thus t' himself: Wilt thou, base man, again
 See Rome, or seek peaceful retirements? No,
 Rather into wars rury dying go,
 Rush boldly through the midst, sure end to make
 Of this loath'd life, and *Cæsar's* quit forsake.

Pompey, not knowing he was tane, provides
 Forces, to strengthen with joyn'd powr his tide;
 Meaning his camp next morning to remove,
 The Souldiers spirits before their match to prove

He thus with a Majestick voice bespake
 His silent troupes ; guilt-punishers, that take
 The better side, you truly Roman band
 Arm'd by the State, no private mans command,
 Fear not to fight : Italy's wasted all (Gaul
 By barbarous troupes : through the cold Alps the
 Is broken loose : bloud has already dy'd
Cæsar's polluted swords : the gods provide
 Well that the mischief there begins, and we
 First suffer wrong ; oh now let Rome by me
 Take punishment : nor can you call it here
 True war, but our revenging countrey's ire :
 Nor is this more a war, then that wherein
 Mad-brain'd *Cethegus*, and fierce *Catiline*
 Meant to fire Rome, *Lentulus*, and their mates.
 Oh madnesse to be pityed ! when the Fates
 Would with *Camillus*, and *Metellus* joyn
 Thee *Cæsar*, thou to *Marius* shouldst encline,
 And *Cinna* : fall thou shalt, as *Lepidus*
 Fell under *Catulus*, *Carbo* by us
 Beheaded then, that in *Sicilia* lies,
 And he that made the Spaniards fierce to rise
 Banisht *Sertorius* : though I grudge with those
 Thou *Cæsar* should be plac'd : and Rome oppos'd
 My arms 'gainst thee. Would from the Parthian war
Crassus had safe return'd, and Conquerer :
 That thou in such a cause as *Spartacus*
 Might'st fall : but if the gods intend to us
 Thou shalt one title adde : this arm a dart
 Can ably brandish yet : about this heart
 The bloud is hot ; know then not all that love
 To live in peace, in war will cowards prove :
 Nor let my age anright you, though he call
 Me worn, and weak : let an old General
 Be in this Camp ; in that old Souldiers be.
 I have attain'd what ere a people free
 Can give, and nothing but a Monarchie
 Above me left : he that in Rome would be
 Greater then I, no private state demands,
 Here both Romes Consuls, here her Senate Stands.

Shall

Shall *Cæsar* then subdue the Senate? sure
Th' art not quite shameless fortune, to endure
Things should so blindly turn. Does rebel France
So long a taming, and those wars advance
His thoughts so high? because from Germany
He fled; and calling a small stream a Sea
On the sought Britains turn'd his flying back?
Or swells he cause all Rome, though arm'd, forsake
The citie, hearing his fierce troupes are nigh?
Ah fool, they fly not thee, all follow me.
My glorious Ensigns on the Ocean born,
Ere *Cynthia* twice had fill'd her waned horn,
All Pirates fled the Seas, and at my hand
Humbly crav'd dwellings in a narrow Land.
I that stout King, that stay'd Rome's growth did force
Flying along the Scythian Seas divorce,
(Which *Sylla* nere could bring to passe) to dye
By his own hand; no land from me is free:
My Trophies all that *Titan* sees possesse.
Going from thence *Phasis* cold river sees
Me conquerour in the North: in the hot Zone
Known *Ægypt*, and *Syene*, that at noon
No shadow spreads: my Laws the West obeys,
Betis, that meets the farthest Western Seas;
Me tam'd Arabia knows, th' *Æniöchs* bold,
And *Colchos* fam'd for her stoln fleece of gold.
The *Cappadocians* from my Colours flie,
And *Jews*, that serve an unknown Deitie:
Me soft *Sophene* fears, th' *Armenians*,
Taurus, and the subdu'd *Cilicians*:
What wars for him, but civil, do I leave?
These words his Souldiers with no shout receive,
Nor are they eager of the fight: their fears
Great *Pempey* sees, and back his Standard bears,
Loath in so great a war to venture men
Orecome with fame of *Cæsar* yet not seen.
As a Bull heat in the first fight he tries,
Through th' empty fields, and desert Forrests flies
Exil'd, and tries 'gainst ev'ry tree his horns,
Nor till his strength be perhted, returns

To pasture, then recovering his command,
 Maugre the Herdsman, leads them to what land
 He list: so now as weaker, *Italie*
 Does *Pompey* leave, and through *Apulia* fle,
 Himself immuring in *Brundisium's* hold,
 A town by *Creton* colonies of old
 Possess, that in th' *Athenian* navie fled,
 When lying sayls reported *Th' first* dead,
 Hence *Italie's* now it, aimed coast extends
 Her self in form of a thin tongue, and bends
 Her horns t' inclose the *Adriatick* sea:
 Nor yet could these strait shut up waters be
 A haven, fough cliffs winds violence
 Did not restrain, and the stir'd waters fence.
 On both sides, Nature, the winds tyranny
 To stop, high cliffs opposes to the sea;
 That ships by trembling cables held may stand.
 Hence all the main lies ope, if to thy land
 We sayl *Coreyra*, or our courses bend
 On the left hand, where *Epidamnus* tends
 To the *Ionian*; thither Saylers fle
 When th' *Adrian's* rough, & clouds obscure the high
Ceraunian mountains, and with violent dash
 The foaming seas *Calabrian* Saton with.

When of forsaken *Italie* there was
 No hope at all, nor that the war could pass
 Into the *Spanish* coast, for t'wixt that land
 The lofty *Alps* did interposed stand;
 Thus th' eldest of his noble progeny
Pompey belpake: the worlds far Regions try,
Nile and *Euphrates*, wheresoere my name
 Is spred: and all the Cities where *Romes* fame
 I have advanc'd: bring back unto the seas
 The now dispers'd *Cilician* colonies.
 The strength *Pharnaces* holds I charge thee bring:
 Arm my *Tigranes*, and th' *Aegyptian* King.
 Those that inhabit both *Armenia's* ore,
 And the fierce nation by the *Euxine* Shore:
Riphæan bands, and those, where *Scythian* cars
 On his slow back conceal'd *Meotis* bears.

Why

Why speak I more? through all the East my Son
Carry this war; through every conquer'd town
Ith' world: to us all triumph & regions joyn.
But you, whose names the Latian feasts do sign,
To Eptre sayl with the first North-east wind,
Through Greece and Macedon new strength to find
While winter gives us respite from the war.

To his commands they all obedient are,
And from th' Italian shore their anchors weigh.

Cæsar impatient of wars long delay,
Or rest, lest changing fates might ought withstand,
His flying Son in law pursues at hand.
So many towns at first assault surpriz'd,
And forts disarm'd others had suffic'd:
Rome the worlds head, was greatest booty, lest
A prey; but *Cæsar* in all actions swift,
Thinking nought done, whilst ought undone remain
Fiercely pursues, and though he have obtain'd
All Italy, and that great *Pompey* lives
In th' utmost edge, that both are there, he grieves;
Nor would he let his foes pass forth again
By Sea, but seeks to stop the watry main,
And with vast hills dam up the Ocean;
But this great labour is bestow'd in vain:
The Sea those mountains swallows, mixing all
With sands below: so if high *Erix* fall
Into the midst of the *Aegean* Sea,
No land above the water seen can be;
Or if the lofty *Garnus* quite torn down
Were to the bottom of *Avernus* thrown.
But when no earth thrown in would firmly stand,
Then with a Bridge of fastned Ships the land
He joyns; each Galley do four anchors stay;
Once ore the Sea proud *Xerxes* such a way
Made by report, when joyn'd by bridge he saw
Sestos to *Abydos*, *Europe* to *Asia*;
And fearing not th' East-wind, nor Wests affront
Walk'd ore the curled bank of *Helleipont*,
When ships their sayls round about *Athos* spread;
So now this Haven's mouth Ships straitened,

On which their Bulwarks up apace they raise,
And lofty towrs stand trembling on the Seas.

When *Pompey* saw that a new land orespread
The Ocean's face : care in his breast is bred
To ope the Sea, and carry forth the war.
Fill'd sayls, and stretching shrowds the Ships oft bear
Against these works, breaking them down made room
Into the Sea for other Ships to come,
Oft well driven Engines lighten'd the dark night
With flying fires. When time for their stoln flight
Was come : he warns his men, no Saylers noyte
Might on the shore be heard : nor trumpets voice
Divide the hours : nor cornets sound at all
The Mariners should to their charges call.
Now near her end *Virgo* began to be ;
And *Libra* follows his first day to see.

The silent fleet departs: the anchors made (weigh'd
No noise, when from thick sands their hooks are
Silent, while they the sayl-yard bow, and rear
The main-mast up the fearfull masters are :
The Saylers softly spread their sayls, nor dare
Shake their strong shrowds within the whizzing ayr.
The General makes his prayer, Fortune, to thee
To give him leave t'abandon Italy,
Since thou'lt not let him keep it ; but alas
The Fates will scarce grant that : the waters flash,
And furrow'd with so many keels at once
The stem-beat Sea with a vast murmure grones.

The foes let in by gates, and up the wall
(Which faith by Fortune turn'd had open'd all)
Along the Havens stag-like Horns they run
Swiftly to shore, griev'd that the fleet was gone.
Is *Pompey's* flight so small a victory ?
A straighter passage let him out to Sea,
Than where th'*Eubæan* channel *Chalcis* beats,
Here stuck two Ships, which fast the Engine gets.
In sight, and near the shore the skirmish try'd :
Here first the Sea with civil blood was dy'd.
The Fleet escap'd of those two ships bereft :
So when *Theſſalia* *Jasons* *Argo* left

For Colchos bound, Cyanean Isles at Sea
Shot forth ; the rayl-maim'd ship eſcap'd away
Amidſt the rocks : in vain the Iſlands beat
The empty Sea : ſhe comes a ſayler yet.

Now that the Sun was near the Eaſtern ſky
Declar'd, pale-fac'd before his roſie dye :
The Pleiades grow dim ; each nearer ſtar
Looſes his light: *Bootes* lazy car
Turns to the plain complexion of the ſkies,
And *Lucifer*, the great ſtars darkned, flies
From the hot day : and now wert thou at Sea
Pompey, not with ſuch Fate, as when from thee
The fearful Pirates through all Seas retir'd :
Fortune revolts with thy oft triumphs tir'd :
Now with thy Countrey, Houſhold gods, thy Son,
And Wife, art thou a mighty exile gone.
A place for thy ſad death is ſought a far,
Not that the gods envy thee Sepulcher
At home ; but damn'd is *Ægypt* to that cr me,
And *Larum* ſpar'd : that Fates in forrein clime
May hide this miſchief, and the Roman land
Clear from the blood of her dear *Pompey* ſtand.

The end of the Second Book.

Annotations on the ſecond Book.

(a) *An old man to expreſs the preſent calamity, repeats the whole courſe of the civil war, between Marius and Sylla, as it follows in this diſcourſe.*

(b) *Marius had twice triumphed, once over Jugurtha the King of Numidia, and afterward over the Cimbrians and Teutones ; but afterwards envying the honour of Sylla, to whoſe hands Bocchas King of Mauritania had delivered Jugurtha, and endeavouring by the aid of Sulpi- tius Tribune of the People to hinder Sylla from his expedition againſt Mithridates King of Pontus, had incenſed Sylla being then warring in Campania, ſo far, that Sylla brought his army to Rome, and entering the Citie, ſub- duing his adverſaries, got them to be judged enemies by the*

Senates decree, and banished the cities; Marius escaping by flight, hid himself in the Fens near Minturnæ; but being there taken, he was put in a dungeon at Minturnæ.

(c) Marius suffered before hand at Minturnæ for those cruelties, which he afterwards acted at Rome, when he returned, and was Consul the seventh time.

(d) The executioner of Minturnæ being a Cimbrian, entering the dark dungeon to kill Marius, saw fire sparkling out of Marius his eyes, and heard a voice saying, Darest thou kill Caius Marius? at which the Cimbrian affrighted fled away, and the men of Minturnæ moved with pity, and reverence of the man, that once had saved Italie, released Caius Marius, and let him go.

(e) Marius escaped from Minturnæ, took flight by obscure passages toward the Sea, and getting into a ship, a tempest arising, was cast upon the Island called Meninx; where he received some companions, and heard that his Son with Cethegus were gotten safe into Africk, to Hyempsal; he then sayled to the coast of Carthage, but being forbidden by the Lictor of Sextilius the Prætor, to set foot in Africk; Go tell thy Prætor, quoth he, that thou hast seen Caius Marius sitting in the ruines of Carthage: not unjustly comparing the ruin'd estate of that great Citie to his own now decayed Fortunes.

(f) When Caius Cinna the Consul appealed to the people, for restoring those banished men, whom the Senate at request of Sylla had judged enemies: a great contention arising, Cinna was expelled the Citie; by his colleague Cneius Octavius, and flying, solicited the Citie of Italie to war: he armed slaves and prisoners, and joyning himself to Marius returning, they entered Rome in a four-fold army, Cinna, Marius, Carbo, Sertorius, and tyrannized over their Adversaries.

(g) Marius had given this token to his Souldiers, that they should kill all, whom he did not re-salute, and offer his hand to kiss.

(h) Bibulus was torn in pieces by the Souldiers.

(i) Marcus Antonius an excellent Orator, that by his eloquence made the Murderers relent: at last his head being cut off, Anius the Tribune brought it to Marius,

as he was at supper, who handling it a while, and scoffing at it, commanded it to be nayled to the Rostra.

(k) Fimbria a cruel Souldier of Marius killed the two Crassi, Father and Son, in each others sight.

(l) That place of the prison, from whence offenders used to be cast down headlong, was stained with the blood of Licinius the Tribune, whose office was sacred.

(m) Mucius Scaevola the high Priest, an old man, embracing the Altar of Vesta, was there slain.

(n) C. Marius entering his seventh Consulship, within thirteen dayes after died mad of a disease in his side, being seventy years old, having tasted the extremities of prosperity, and adversity.

(o) At Sacriportum, not far from Praeneste, Sylla overcame Caius Marius the Son of old C. Marius, who fled to Praeneste; Sylla sent Lucretius Ofella to besiege him there; but Marius offering to escape through a Mine under ground, and being discovered there killed himself; Sylla then not ten furlongs from Porta Collina overthrew Lamponius and Teletinus, two Captains of the Samnites, who came to raise Ofella's siege. At these two places Sylla slew above seventy thousand men.

(p) Marius had promised the Samnites, who had been of his party, that he would translate the seat of the Empire from Rome to them, who now conceived a hope of subjeeting the Romans more than once they did at Furcas Caudinas, where the Romans under the conduct of Titus Verturius, and Spurius Posthumius received a disgracefull overthrow.

(q) Quintus Lutatius Catulus, which had been Colleague with C. Marius, and triumphed with him over the Cimbrians, hearing that Marius was determined to put him to death, entering his chamber, voluntarily choked himself. In revenge of which, his brother Catulus obtained of Sylla, that Marius the Brother of C. Marius might be delivered into his hands, who sacrificed him at his Brothers Tomb, and wounding his arms, thighs and legs, he cut off his nose, and ears, cut out his tongue, and digged out his eyes, letting him so live a while, that he might die in pain of every limb.

(r) Lu-

(r) Lucretius Offella by Sylla's command having taken Prænestæ, had killed, or cast in prison, all the Senators, that he found there of Marius faction: but Sylla coming thither, commanded five thousand men of Prænestæ, who in hope of mercy had cast away their arms, and prostrated themselves upon the ground, to be all slain.

(s) Sylla commanded four whole Legions, which had been of his Enemies side, among whom were many Samnites, to be all killed at one time in the field of Mars.

(t) Sylla called himself Felix: he named his Son Faustus, and his Daughter Fausta; leaving his Dictatorship, he lived privately at Puteoli, where he dyed eaten with Lice, his Funerals were kept with great honour in the field of Mars.

(v) Martia being a virgin was married to Cato, by whom she had three children; and then his friend Hortensius desiring to have her, and wanting children, Cato bestowed her upon him, being then great with child: after Hortensius his death, she returned then to Cato.

(x) Cornelia the Daughter of Lucius Scipio, and Widow of Publius Crassus, was married with Pompey after Julia's death.

(y) At the same of Cæsars approach, the Governours through Italy all fled, not daring to withstand him; or maintain any Ports against him; many of these are here named: First Scribonius Libo leaves his charge at Hetruria, and Thermus forsakes Umbria: Faustus Sylla, son to Sylla the Dictator, wanting his Fathers spirit, and fortune in civil war, fled at the name of Cæsar.

(z) Atius Varus, when he perceived that the chief Citizens of Auximum favoured Cæsar, took his Garrison from thence, and fled.

(a) Lentulus Spinther, with ten cohorts, kept the Town of Asculum, who hearing of Cæsars coming, fled away, thinking to carrie with him his cohorts, but was forsaken by most of his souldiers.

(b) Lucius Scipio, father in law to Pompey the great, fled from Luceria, although he had two strong Legions: Merceus to diminish the strength of Cæsar, counselled the Senate to make a decree, that Cæsar should destroy
one

one Legion, and Pompey another to Bibulus, whom they pretended to send to the Parthian war: Cæsar, according to the Senates decree, delivered to him one Legion for himself, and another Legion which he had borrowed of Pompey for a present supply, after the great loss received by his two Prætors, Teturius, and Cotta; both these Legions Cæsar delivered, and they were now in Scipio's Camp.

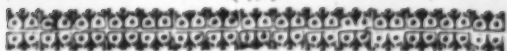
(c) Lu. Domitius Aenobarbus with twenty cohorts was in Corfinium: he had with him those soldiers of Pompey's who had inclosed the Forum, when Milo was arraigned for Clodius death. He sent five cohorts to break down the bridge of the River which was three miles from the Town; but those cohorts meeting the overrunners of Cæsar's army, were beaten back again.

(d) Spartacus a Thracian Pencer fled with seventy companions of his, from Gentulus his games at Capua, and gathering slaves to his party, and arming them, made up an Army of 70000. he overcame many Roman Prætors, and Consuls; at last he was vanquished and slain by Marcus Crassus.

(e) Cæsar having wasted Germany with fire and sword, after eighteen dayes returned into France, cutting down the Bridge behind him, that it should not be useful to the Germans; which Pompey detraitingly calls a flight.


 L U-





LUCANS

PHARSALIA.

The third Book.

The Argument of the third Book.

*Pair Julie's Ghost a dream to Pompey shows,
Curio for Corn into Sicilia goes.
To Rome comes Cæsar with unarmed Bands,
Where, though Metellus all in vain withstands,
He robs the Treasury. Each Nations name
That to the War in aid of Pompey came.
Cæsar thence hastes to Spain, and by the way
Lays cruel Siege to true Miffilia,
But stays not there himself: Brutus maintains
The Siege, and Cæsar's first Sea-conquest gains.*

THe wind stuff'd sails had forth the Navy
sent
Into the main, the Sailers looks were bent
Upon th' Ionian waves: but Pompey's eye
Was nere turn'd back from his dear Ita-
lie,

His native coast, and that beloved shore,
Which Fate ordains he nere shall visit more,
Till the high cliffs no more for clouds he sees,
And the hills lessening vanish from his eyes;
Sweet sleep did then his weary limbs compose,
When *Julia's* Ghost through the cleft ground arose
In woful wile, and with a funeral brand,
Seem'd Furie-like before his face to stand.

From

From the blest souls abode, th' Elizian field,
 To Stygian darkness, and damn'd Ghosts exil'd
 Since this sad war, I saw the Furies fire
 Their brands (quoth she) to move your wicked ire.
Charon prepares more boats for souls to come,
 And hell's enlarged for tormenting room.
 Three Sisters speedy hands cannot suffice,
 For breaking threads has tyr'd the Destinies,
Pompey, whilst mine, a life triumphant led:
 Thy Fortune's changed with thy marriage-bed;
 Strumpet *Cornelia*, damn'd by Destinie
 To ruin her great Lords, could marry thee,
 My funeral fire scarce out. Let her in sight
 Attend thee now, and through this civil light
 Follow thy Standard, whilst I still have power
 To break your rest at every sleepy hour.
 No hour gives freedom to your loves delight;
 The day holds *Cæsar*, *Julia* holds the night.
Lethæ's dull waters made not me forget
 Thee husband, and hell princes did permit
 That I should follow thee; through both the hosts
 I'll rush, while thou art sighing: *Julia's* ghost
 Shall tell thee still whose Son in law thou art;
 Think not that war shall this alliance part:
 This war shall make us meet again. This sed
 She through her fearful Lords embraces fled.
 He, though the gods by ghosts do threaten, still
 Madd' of war, with sure presage of ill,
 Why are we scar'd (quoth he) with fancies vain?
 Either no sense doth after death remain,
 Or death is nothing. Now the setting Sun
 To drown as much of his bright Orb begun,
 As the Moon wants, when after full she wanes,
 Or grows near full, *Dyrrachian* entertains
 His Navie now; the Sailers make to shore,
 Pull down the Sails, and labour at the Oar.
Cæsar perceiving all the ships were gone
 Past sight with prosperous winds, and he alone
 Left Lord in *Italie*, no joy reviv'd
 In th' honour of great *Pompey's* flight, but griev'd

His foes fled safe along the Ocean ;
No fortune could iustice this eager man ,
Deferring of the war to him seem'd more
Than his small conquest ; but he now gives o're
Wars care a while, intent on peace again,
And knowing how the peoples love to gain, (loves,
That corn most stirs their hate, most draws their
That onely famin to rebellion moves
Cities, and fear is bought, where great men feed
The slothful Commons; nought starv'd people dread.
Curio is sent to the Sicilian Towns ,
Where once the violent Sea did either drown ,
Or cut the land, and made it self a shore
In the mid-land, the waters ever roar ;
And struggle there, lest the two hills should close.
Part of the war into Sardinia goes :
Both famous Islands for rich fruitfull fields,
No land to *Italie* more harvest yields ,
Nor with more Corn the Roman Garners fills :
Not *Lybia* these, as Granaries, excels ,
When *Boreas* blasts (the South-winds ceasing tear)
The showing clouds, and make a fruitful year.

These things provided thus, with peaceful shows,
And troops unarm'd to Rome the Conquerour goes.
Oh had he but come home with victorie
Onely of *Britain*, *France* and *Germanie*,
What long triumphant pomp, what honour than,
What stories had he brought ? How th' Ocean,
And the Rhine both his Conquests bridled,
The noble *Gauls*, and yellow *Britains* led
Behind his lofty Charriot; winging more,
He lost those triumphs were deserv'd before.
No flocks of people now his coming greet
With joy; all fear his looks, none stand to meet
His troops; yet proud is he such fear to move ,
And would not change it for the peoples love.

Now *Anxures* steepest hills he had o'repast ,
Where a moist path o're Pontine fens is plac'd;
Where the high wood does Scythian *Dian*' thow :
Where to long *Alba* feasts the Consuls go.

From

From an high rock he views the town a far
Not seen before in all his Northern war.
Then thus (admiring his Romes walls) he spake,
Could man not forc'd by any fight forsake
Thee the gods seat? What Citie will they dare
To fight for? here the gods their loves declare,
That not the furious Eastern nations,
Pannonians, or swift Sarmatians,
Daci, or Getes invade thee: Fortune spares
Thee Rome in this, to send thee civil wars
Having so faint a cheif. Then fearful Rome
He enters with his troops; they think him come
To fire and sack the Citie, not to spare
The gods themselves; This measure had their fear.
They think hee'l do what ere he can; no songs,
No shouts they counterfeit in joyful throngs;
They scarce have time to hate; the fathers meet
In *Iubus* temple by no lawful right
Of convocation, from their houles set,
And lurking holes: the Consuls sacred seat
Was not suppli'd; next them to *Prætor* his
His room, but empty stand those honour'd Sels.
Cæsar was all; the Senate sit to hear
Witness of private dower, and grant what ere
He please to ask; Crowns, Temples, their own bloud,
Or banishment; fortune in this was good:
He blusht more to command, than Rome to obey,
But libertie in this durst make assay
By one, if law could over-master force;
Metellus seeing the vast massie doors
Of *Saturn's* temple ready to flie ope;
Running enrag'd, breaking through *Cæsar's* troop,
Before the yet un-open'd door he staid.
(Onely the love of gold is not afraid
Of Death and threatening swords; the laws are gone
And broke without one conflict: wealth alone
The worst of things had power this jar to make)
Staying the rapine thus the Tribune spake
Aloud to *Cæsar*; Through this breast of mine
The temple opes; no treasure shalt thou find,

Rob-

Robber, but what thou buy'st with sacred blood ;
This office wrong'd will find a vengeful God.
A Tribunes curse pursuing *Craſſus*, made
A fatal Parthian war; but draw thy blade :
Let not the peoples eyes ſcare thee from this
Thy wickedneſs ; the town forſaken is :
No wicked Souldiers from our treaſuries
Shall pay himſelf ; find other enemies
To ſpoil, and conquer, other towns to give.
No need can thee to this ſoul rapine drive ;
In me alone, *Cæſar*, thou find'ſt a war :
Theſe words incens'd the angry Conquerer ;
In vain, *Metellus*, hop'ſt thou to obtain
A noble death (quoth he) we ſeem to ſtain
Our hand in ſuch a throat ; no dignitie
Makes thee worth *Cæſar*'s ire ; muſt libertie
Be ſav'd by thee ; the Fates confound not to
All this, but that the laws, rather than ow
To thee their preſervation, would be broke ,
And rane away by *Cæſar* ; thus he ſpoke ;
But when the temple doors the Tribune ſtoot
Left not, more angry grown, he looks about
On his keen ſwords, to play the gown-man now
He had forgo ; when *Cotta* gan to woo
Metellus to give ore his enterpriſe ;
The freedom of men ſubjugated dies
By freedom's ſelf (quoth he) whoſe ſhadow thou
Shalt keep, if all his proud commands thou do.
So many unjuſt things have conquer'd we
Already ſuffer'd, and this now muſt be
Th'excuse t' our ſhame, and moſt degenerate fear,
That nought can be deni'd; now let him bear
Away from hence theſe ſeeds of wicked war.
Lois hurts thoſe people that in freedom are.
Worſt to the Lord is ſerving p'vertie,
Metellus is remov'd, and open'd be
The temple doors ; all the Tarpeian hill
With horrid noiſe the broken hinges fill,
And from the bottom of the temple there
The Roman peoples wealth, which many a year

Had

Had not been toucht, which Carthage wars to us,
 And the two Kings, *Philip* and *Perseus*
 Both conquer'd brought, is raniackt; gold they reave
 Which flying *Pyrrhus* to thee, Rome, did leave,
 For which *Fabritius* would no traitor be.
 What e're the virtuous frugalitie
 Of our fore-fathers had yet kept unspent,
 And *Atia's* wealthy tributaries sent.
 What ere *Metellus* brought from conquer'd Crete,
 And ere the seas from Cyprus Cate fet.
 The spoils of all the East, and treasures proud
 Of captive Kings, which *Pompey's* triumphs show'd.
 This temples impious robbing brought to pass
 That Rome then first then *Cesar* poorer was.

Now had great *Pompey's* fortune drawn from all
 The world strong nations with himself to fall.
 Aid to the war to near first *Græcia* lends,
 And *Cyrrha* on the Rock & *Amphissia* sends
 Her *Phocion* bands; *Parnassus* learned hill
 From both her tops send men, *Beotians* fill
 The camp, near whom th' oraculous waters flow
 Of swift *Cephissus*: men from *Pisa* too,
 And *Theban Dirce*, and where under sea
Alpheus tends his streams to *Sicilie*.
 Th' *Arcadians* leave their *Menalus*, and from
Herculian Oeta the *Trachinian* come.
 The *Thesprot*s came, and their now silent oak
 Th' *Epirots* near *Chaonia* forsook.
 Athens, though wasted now with musters quite,
 Yet levies men, and to this civil fight
 Three *Salimian* ships sends from her fleet
 To *Phæbus* dedicated: *Jove-lov'd Creet*
 From *Onosus*, and *Gortira* sends to'th field
 Archers, that need not to the *Parthians* yield:
 Souldiers from out *Dardanian Oricum*,
 From *Athamas*, and from *Enchelex* come,
 Fam'd for transformed *Cadmus* funerals:
 From *Colchos*, where *Alsyrtus* foaming falls
 Into the *Adrian*: those where *Peneus* flows:
 He that *Iolchos* in *Thessalia* plows:

Thence

Thence was the sea first tri'd, when Argo bore
Those that first sail'd to a foreign shore,
And first of all committed frail mankind
To mercie of the raging sea and wind:
That ship taught men a way unknown to die:
From Thracian *Æmus*, and from Pholoe
Beely'd with Centaurs, and from Strymon too,
From whence the birds to Nile in winter go:
From barbarous *Cone*, where into the seas
Six-headed *Ister* does one channel ease
At *Peuce*, souldiers come: the *Mylian*,
And cold *Caicus*-washt *Idalian*,
Barren *Arisbe* helps, and *Pitane*:
Celenæ by *Apollo's* victorie
Condemn'd, that curst *Minerva's* fatal gift:
Where into crook'd *Mæander* *Mariyas* swift
Falling, there mingled back again does flow:
The land, that from gold Mines lets *Hermus* go,
And rich *Pactolus*; those of *Ilium*
With *Ilium's* fate to falling *Pompey* come;
The tale of *Troy*, and *Cæsars* pedigree
Drawn from *Ju'it* could no hindrance be.
The Syrian people from *Orontes* go,
Windy *Damascus*, happy *Minos* too;
Gaza, and *Idumæa* rich in Palms;
Inhabitable *Tyre*; *Sidon*, whom purple flames;
These ships bound to the war, the *Cynosure*
Guids straight along the Sea, to none more sure;
Phenicians, that (if fame we dare believe)
To humane speech first characters did give.
The rivers yet had not with paper serv'd,
Agypt; but carv'd, beasts, birds, and stones preserv'd
Their magick language. *Taurus* lott'y wood
Forfeaken is; *Tartus*, where *Perieus* flood,
From *Coricus*, digg'd from an hollow rock,
Mallos, and *Agæ*, the *Cilicians* flock
No Pirates now, but to a just war prest.
Fame of this war had stir'd the farthest East
Where *Ganges* is, that onely crofs does run
Of all earth's Rivers to the rising Sun,

And

And rous'd his waves against the Eastern wind.
Philips great Son, there staid, was taught to find
 The world more large, than his ambitious mind
 Conceiv'd it : and where double channel'd Inde
 Feels not *Hydaspes* mixture : *Indians*,
 That suck sweet liquor from their sugar canes :
 And those, whose hair with saffron is be-dy'd,
 Whose garments loose with colour'd gems are ty'd;
 Those that alive their funeral piles erect,
 And leap into the flames helping t' effect
 Fates work; what glory 't is, content to live
 No more, the remnant to the gods to give;
 Fierce *Cappadocians*, th' hardy Nations
 Near to *Ammanus*, the *Armenians*
 Near strong *Niphates* ; the *Coassæ* from
 Their lofty woods, and the *Arabians* come
 Into an unknown world, wondring to see
 Shadows of woods on the right hand to be.
 Farthest *Olostrians* come to Roman war;
Carmanian Captains too; who South-ward far
 See not the set of the whole Northern Bear;
 By night but little shines *Bute* there.
 The *Æthiopian* land not seen at all
 By any of the signs Septentrional.
 But crook'd *Taurus* hoofs; those people too
 Whence great *Euphrates*, and swift *Tygris* flow,
 From one spring *Persis* sends them : 't is unknown
 What name, should those two Channels meet in one
 They'd bear : *Euphrates* flowing on the fields,
 That profit there, that *Nile* in *Ægypt* yields.
 But *Tygris* swallow'd by the garing ca th
 Long hides his courie : but at his second birth
 Denies not to the Sea his new-born flood.
 Betwixt both Camps fierce *Parthians* neuters stood,
 Content that they alone had caus'd this war.
 With poison'd arrows wandering *Scythians* far
 Come to the Camp, whom *Bactros* y. ie flood
 Encloses, and *Hyrcania's* desert wood.
 The valiant *Hemiochian* *Hori-men* there
 Sprung from the *Spartean* race : *Sarmatians* near

To the fierce Mæchi, where cold Phasis glides,
And Colchos rich & pasture fields divides.

Where Halys fatal to the Lydian King
Does flow; where Tanais, that draws his spring
From the Riphæan hills, and doth divide
Europe from Asia, giving to each side
The name of several worlds, and (as he bends)
Now to this world, now that increase he lends.

Where slow Mæotis driven into the seas,
Takes from the pillars of great Hercules

Their fame; denying that the Gades alone

Admit the sea, Scythonian nations,

The valiant Arians, Arimaspians

With gold-deck'd locks, and swift Gelonians.

The Musægets, their thirst that satisfy

With the same horses bloods, wheron they die.

Not Cyrus leading th' Eastern troops, nor when

Xerxes by darts numbring his armed men

Came down; nor Agamemnon bound to set

His brothers ravish'd wife with that fam'd Fleet,

So many kings brought under their commands

So many nations drawn from several lands,

Different in language, and attire; nor ere

Did fortune bring to many men to bear

Part in a mighty ruin, making all

Sad obsequies at Pompey's funeral.

Marmarick troops the horned Ammon prest,

And all scorch'd Africk from the farthest West

To th' Eastern shore, send aid, as far as lie

The Syrtis gulfs; lest *Cæsar* severally,

And o'erbetroubled, leave all nations

Pharsalia brings to be subdu'd at once.

Cæsar now leaving tearful Rome in haste

With his swift troops the cloudy Alps orepass:

But though his fame all people else ascribe

Phocian Matidia (*f*) dares yet keep aright

Her faith, and far from Greekish levities

The cause, the laws, not fortune follows she:

But first of all they labour to assuage

With peacefull parley his uncurbed rage,

And

And stubborn mind : and to their foe now nigh
They send an Olive-bearing Embassy.

As *Latium's* annals can true mention make,
Massilia still was ready to partake
The fate of Rome in any forreign war :
And now if triumphs over nations far,
Cæsar, thou seek, to such a conflict take
These hands, and lives of ours; but if you make
Sad civil war, then give us leave to bend
To neither side, and nought but tears to spend.
Let not our hands in wounds so sacred be :
If th' heavenly Gods had civil enmitie,
Or earth-born Giants should assault the skie,
No aid to *Jove* durst humane pietie
By arms or prayers lend ; their states above
We know not, but are bound to think that *Jove*
Has thunder still ; besides how many from
All nations now do voluntaries come ?
The slothful world is not from vice so far
That you should need forc'd sword to civil war.
Would ev'ry people would this cause refuse,
And this sad war no hands, but Roman use.
Some hands would falter at their fathers sight,
And brothers faintly would 'gainst brothers fight.
The war will soon have end, if forreign states
You use not t' exercise their ancient hates.
Our humble suit is, that within our wall
Thou'ldst trust thy self, and leave behind thee all
Thy threatening Eagles ; let us this obtain
To shut our war, and *Cæsar* entertain.
Let this place free from guilt safely receive
Thy self and *Pompey*, if rates please to give
Peace to unconquer'd Rome; here both may meet
Unarm'd; but why, when danger did invite
Thy wars to Spain, turn'dst thou to us aside ?
We are of no avail to turn the tide
Of your great wars; our arms have proved still
Unfortunate ; when fortune did exile
Us from our first plantation, here we late,
And Phœcis sackt towers hither did translate :

Here in a forrein coast, and weak wall'd town
 Safe have we liv'd ; our Faith is our renown.
 If thou intend siege to our walls to lay,
 Or through our gates t'enforce a speedy way ;
 In the defence we are resolv'd to die,
 And fury of the sword, and fire to try.
 If thou divert our waters course, the ground
 Weel dig, and lick the puddle we have found :
 If food should fail, flesh of our children slain
 (Fearful to touch or see) our jaws should stain :
 For liberty to suffer weel not fear
 What once Saguntum, when besieg'd, could bear
 In Carthage war : our babes in vain that strive
 To suck their Mothers dry'd up breasts, weel give
 Freely to th' fire : a wife shall sue for death
 At her dear husbands hand : a brothers breath
 A brothers hand shall stop ; this civil war
 Weel choose o'th two ; so spoke th' Embassador.

But *Cæsar's* troubled look his anger speaks.
 Before his words ; but this at last ; these Greeks
 Vain hope of our departure hast possesse ;
 Though we were marching to the farthest West,
 Yet have we time to sack Malilia.
 Souldiers rejoyce, Fate meets us in the way
 With war ; as winds in th' empty ayr do loſe
 Their force, unless some strong grown oak oppose :
 As mighty fires for want of fuel die,
 So want of foes breeds our calamity.
 Our strength we e lost unless some durst stand out
 To be subdu'd : but if I come without
 My arms, they will receive me ; they desire
 Not to exclude, but take me prisoner.
 But they (forsooth) would faine that guilt elchew
 That follows civil war ; Ile make them rue
 Their asking peace, and know that nought can be
 Safer then war to those serve under me.
 Then on he marches ; the town fearless shut
 Their gates, and Souldiers on the Rampiers put.
 Not far off from the walls a hill there stood,
 Whose top was like a field level and broad ;

D

Waich

Which *Cæsar* in surveying judg'd to be
Safe for a camp, and fit to fortifie :
The towns near'st part did an high castle raise
Æqual to th' hill ; in midst a valley was.
Cæsar resolves on a laborious thing,
To fill the valley, and together bring
Both hills ; but first to shut up quite the town
By land, from both sides his high camp brings down
A long work to the sea, a bulwark rais'd
Of turfs, with rampiers on the top, and plac'd
In length, to cut all convoys from the town.

This was a thing for ever to renown
This Greekish town, to stay the violent course
Of this hot war, not tane by suddain force,
Or fear ; when *Cæsar* all the rest o'erun,
This Cities conquest ask'd him time alone :
'T was much to stay his fates : fortune in haste
To make him lord of all the world did waste
Time at this siege : now round about the town
The lofty woods are fell'd ; large Oaks hew'n down
To fortifie with posts the bulwarks side,
Lest earth too brittle of it self should slide
Away, not able the tow'rs weight to bear.

A wood untoucht of old was growing there
Of thick-set trees, whose boughs spreading and fair
Meeting obscured the inclosed air,
And made dark shades exiling *Phæbus* rays,
There no rude Fawn, nor wanton Sylvan plays ;
No Nymph disports, but cruel Deities
Claim barbarous rites, and bloody sacrifice :
Each trees defil'd with humane blood : if we
Believe traditions of antiquity,
No bird dares light upon those hallowed bows :
No beasts make there their dē: no wind there blows,
No lightning falls : a sad religious aw
The quiet trees unstir'd by wind do draw.
Black water currents from dark fountains flow :
The gods unpolisht images do know
No art, but plain and formless trunks they are.
Their mois, and mouldiness procures a fear :

The common figures of known Deities
Are not so fear'd : not knowing what God 'tis
Makes him more awful : by relation
The shaken earths dark caverns did grone :
Fall'n Yew trees often of themselves would rise :
With seeming fire oft flam'd th' unburned trees :
And winding dragons the cold oaks imbrace :
None give near worship to that balefull place ;
The people leave it to the gods alone.
When black night reigns, or Phœbus gilds the noon,
The Priest himself trembles, afraid to ipie
Or find this woods tutelar Deitie.

This wood he bids them fell : not standing far
From off their work : untoucht in former war,
Among the other bared hills it stands
Of a thick growth ; the Souldiers valiant hands
Trembled to strike, moov'd with the majestic,
And think the ax from off the sacred tree
Rebounding back would their own bodies wound :
Th' amazement of his men when *Cæsar* found,
In his bold hand himself an hatchet took,
And first of all assaults a lofty oak,
And having wounded the religious tree,
Let no man fear to fell this wood (quoth he)
The guilt of this offence let *Cæsar* bear.
The souldiers all obey, not void of fear,
But ballancing the gods, and *Cæsars* frown.
The knotty Holmes, the tall wild Ashes down,
Joves sacred Oak, ship-building Alder falls,
And Cypress worn at great mens funerals,
Then first cut down, admit the light of day ;
The falling trees so thick each other stay.
The Gauls lament to see the woods destroy'd :
But the besieged town-men all ore-joy'd
Hope that the wronged gods will vengeance take ;
But gods oft spare the guilti'st men, and make
Poor wretches onely feel their vengeful hand.
When wood enough was fell'd, wains they command
From every part, plow-men their seasons lose,
Whilst in this work souldiers their teams dispose.

But weary in this (g) lingring war to stay
Before the walls, *Cæsar* goes far away
To meet his troups in Spain ; his army stayes
Before the town : there lofty forts they raise,
And bulwarks equalling the height o'th town,
Which had in earth no fixt foundation,
But rowled to and fro the cause unknown,
The townsmen viewing this strange motion, (wind
Thought it some earth-quake, where the struggling
From the earths caverns could no passage find :
But much they wonder their own walls stand fast :
From thence against the town their Piles they cast ;
But the Greeks with weapons did more harm
To *Cæsars* men, sent from no feeble arm,
But mighty engines with a whirl winds might ;
These not content one breast alone to split,
Through many bodies, bones and armours cleave,
Not loosing in one wound their strength, and leave
Behind them many deaths ; but when they throw
Great massie stones, the mortal force is so
As from a mountains top a falling rock,
Which the winds force, and ruining time has broke ;
Not onely kills what man see're it dash,
But every limb does into pieces pass.
But when with fence of shields conjoyned all
The sheltered Souldiers could approach the wall,
Their heads all cover'd like a fishes shell,
Those darts, and stones flew over them, which fell
With danger on their heads before ; but now
The Greeks at such small distance could not throw,
Nor th' Engine change, content with weight alone
On their foes heads they roul down heavy stone :
But while the fence did last, hurtless did all
Their stones, and darts, like hail on houses fall ;
Untill the townsmens teased valour broke
(When *Cæsar's* men were tir'd with often strokes)
The fence, and did their joyned shields divide :
Then did a thin earth-cover'd work proceed ;
Under whose covert those that lay did fall
To work in undermining of the wall,

Some-

Sometimes the back-forc'd ram did strongly drive
Forward, the well compacted wall to rive.
But from above with fires, with often strokes
Of broken bars, stakes, and fire-harden'd oaks,
They force the fence; the work broke down & vain,
The Souldiers tir'd flie to their camp again.
The Greeks then sally forth, not satish'd
That their walls safely stand, and fire-works hide
(b) Under their arms, no mortal bowe nor spear
Arms the bold youth, but flanting fire they bear,
Which with swift wings into the Roman trench
The strong winds carry: nought has power to quench
Or slacken it, the wood though green dissolves,
And in black clouds of smoak the air involves,
But fire all pieces of the buildings take,
Not onely wood, but stones, and rocks do crack,
And moulder into ashes: greater now
The falling bulwarks in their ruins throw.
The conquer'd now looting all hope by land
Resolve the hazard of Sea-fight to stand,
Their ships fore-deck no gilded names adorn;
But timber plain, such as the woods had born
Growing, make stations firm for Naval fight,
Now down the stream of Rodanus the fleet
From Stachas comes to sea, and there attends
Sentus Pretorian ships: *Matilia* sends
Her utmost strength to trial of the war;
Old men, and beardless boys all armed are.
The fleet then ready on the Ocean
Was rigg'd, and old worn ships repair'd again.
Now when the skie is clear, and his bright rayes
On the calm Sea the rising Sun displays:
The North and Southern winds their fury spare,
And leave the calmed Ocean fit for war:
Both nations rowing from their stations meet,
Here the *Cæsarian*, there the *Græian* fleet.
With oft and lusty strokes of Rowers from
The havens trembling the great Gallies come.
The horns of *Cæsar's* fleet Gallies that bore
Three Oars a tide, and some that went with four

Or more did make, themselves opposing so
In front, behind them smaller vessels go,
Liburnian Gallies with two Oars content.
Conjoyn'd in form of an half Moon they went.
Brutus Prætorian galley swept the Sea
Like a vast house, then th' rest more high was she,
And row'd with six strong Oars on a tide.
But when so little Sea-room did divide
Both fleets, as that one stroke would make them meet,
Numberless voices the vast air did greet (drow'nd
Of those that plow'd the seas loud shouts quite
The noise of rowing, and shrill trumpets sound.
Then sweep they the blew waves: the rowers seat
Themselves, & 'gainst their breasts strong strokes they
Ships against ships, beaks meeting beaks resound (yet;
And run astern; the air is darkned round
With flying darts, which falling th' Ocean hide.
Then turning their fore-castles far more wide,
They make their horns t' engirt the adverse fleet.
As when strong winds with tides repugnant meet,
One way the Sea, the waves another go,
The ships upon the furrow'd Ocean so
Make different tracts, and waves upon the main,
Which Oars rais'd, the Sea beats down again.
But the Greek vessels were more nimble far
Either to flie, or turn about the war,
They could without long tedious turning wield
Themselves, and quickly to the stern could yield.
The Roman ships slow keel'd would firmly stand,
And lend sure footing like a fight by land.
The master then of his Prætorian ship
Brutus be-sake, why dost thou let them slip?
Leave thy Sea-tricks and joyn the battels close,
'Gainst the Phœaciæ stems our ships oppose:
He strait obeys, and turns his own broad side
Against their stems; what ship soere then tride
T' encounter her, with her own stroke orecome
Sticks fast, and is surpris'd; they hook in some,
With Oars some, some they with chains hold fast:
On the Seas cover'd face the war is plac'd.

No brandisht Javelins manage now the war,
No darted steel bestowing wounds from far!
Hands joyn with hands, and in this Naval fight
The sword acts all : in their own ships upright
They face their foes prone strokes ; some fall down
In their own ships : dy'd is the Ocean, (slain
And the waves stiffen'd with congealed blood :
Ships hook't together could not meet, withstood
By falling carkasses ; some half dead sink
And their own blood mixt with salt water drink :
Some, that desire their struggling lives to keep,
Fall in the ruins of their broken ship.
Javelins, that mist the aim they did intend,
Fall in the sea, and finish there their end,
Finding their bodies to receive a wound.

A Roman ship by Greek environ'd round
Fights stiffly still, on left hand, and on right
Maintaining long 'gainst all a doubtful fight ;
Upon whose lofty deck whilst *Tagus* bold
Strived a seized Græcian flag to hold,
Two darts together sent together split
His breast and back, and in the middle meet :
The ship not knowing yet which way to run
Makes stand ; but out at last both darts are thrown :
He in two wounds his dying soul divides.
Hither his ship wailest hapless *Teb* guides,
Then whom none better on a boystrous sea
Could guide a ship, none better knew than he
To morrow's weather, if the Sun he spi'd,
Or Moon, and could for future storms provide.
He with his stem a Roman ship had broke,
But through his heart a trembling Javelin stroke ;
The ship turns off following his dying hand ;
Gyarus leaping to his friends command
Straight with a Roman Javelin strongly flung
Was slain, and to the ship fast nailed hung.

Two twins stand up, their fruitful mothers fame,
That from one womb with fates far different came.
(Death parts them : their sad parents rest of one
Without mistaking know their living son,

Whose looks the cause of lasting sorrow keep,
And make his friends for his slain brother weep.)
One of those twins from his Greek ship was bold
Upon a Roman keel to lay strong hold:
But from above a stroke cut off his hand,
Which in the place did still fast bended stand,
And kept the hold; the nerves more stiff became
By death, his courage by this noble maim
Was rais'd, and greater by this accident
His valiant left hand 'gainst his foes he bent,
And rushes on his lost right hand to retch,
But that (alas) another sword did fetch
Off by the shoulder: now both hands were gone,
Nor sword, nor target could he wield; yet down
He did not sink, but naked breasted stood
For most to save his armed brothers blood,
And there all darts, all wounds that were ordain'd
For many deaths one dying breast contain'd;
And then his soul fleeting to many ways
He recollects, and in his tir'd limbs stays
That little strength, and blood was left, to skip
Before his death into the Roman ship
His enemies by weight alone t' oppress:
For now the ship laden with carcases,
And full of blood bor'd through the tide had been,
And through her leaks drinking the water in
Was fill'd up to the hatches, sinking than
It turn'd the face of the near Ocean:
The waters to the sinking ship gave way,
And in her room clos'd up again. That day
Miraculous fates the Ocean did behold.

An iron hook thrown to lay violent hold
Upon a ship, on *Lycidas* did light:
Drown'd had he been, but his friends hinder'd it,
And in his lower parts caught hold, in two
The man was pluckt: nor did his blood ipin flow
As from a wound, but gushing in one spout
From all his broken veins at once let out:
Into the Sea falls his life carrying blood.
Never so great a passage open stood

To let out any soul, life stright forsakes
His lower half, since vital parts it lacks :
But in his upper half (since in that part
Lay the soft lungs, and life sustaining heart)
Death stayes a while, and finds repugnance,
Nor at one time could all his members die.

The men that mann'd one ship, eager of fight
All preling to one side leave empty quite
The other side : whose weight oreturn'd the ship,
Which toplic-turvie sinking down did keep
The Saylers under water ; all of them (swim.
Were drown'd, nor could their arms have room to
One horrid kind of death that day was seen,
A young man swimming was, whose breast between
Two meeting ships sharp stems was bored through.
The brazen stems through bones and flesh did go,
And made a noise ; his iqueized belly sent
Up through his mouth blood mixt with excrement.
But when the Ships divide themselves again,
The body thrown into the Ocean,
The water through his bored bosom came :
Now in the Sea ship-wrackt Maffilians swame
Towards their fellows ship to save their lives,
But that already over-burden'd strives
To keep her friends (though thus distressed) out,
And from above with swords the Souldiers cut
Their arms, when hold upon the ship they lay,
Then down again into the Sea fall they
Leaving their hands behind, the Ocean
Can now no longer their main'd trunks sustain.
But now when all the Souldiers darts were gone,
Fury finds weapons, Oars by some are thrown
Against their foes, with a strong arm. The mast
Do some tear down, and in their furie cast :
Some tear the Saylers seats, boards from the deck
Some throw : for weapons they their ships do break :
Some wanting swords, their friends dead bodies spoil:
From his own breast one draws the mortal Pile,
With the left hand holding the wound, so long
To keep in blood and strength, till he had flung

The Javelin at his foe, then lets it run.

But nothing wrought so much destruction

At Sea, as Seas oppos'd element

The fire, which wrapt in unctious stuff was sent,

And Sulphur balls, the ships apt fuel were,

Their pitch and melting wax took easily fire ;

Nor now could water quench th'unruly flame,

Fragments of broken ships still burning swame :

Into the Sea to quench his fire one skips,

For fear of drowning to the burning ships

Another cleaves : that death, that was most near,

Among a thousand deaths they most did fear.

Nor did their ship-wrackt valour idly live :

Darts floating on the waves they take and give

Their fellows in the ship, or on the seas

Themselves those darts (though feebly) exercise.

When weapons want, the seas their weapons be ;

Poes grasping foes together gladly die.

But in that fight one *Phocian* did excel,

To search the seas he under water well

Could keep his breath, dive to the lowest sands,

And loosen fasten'd anchors with his hands.

He grappling with a foe down in the main

Had sunk and drown'd him, and himself again

Safe, and a conquerer rose ; but rising found

Ships in his way, and so at last was drown'd.

Some with their arms on their foes oars lay hold

To stay their flight : dear as they could they sold

Their lives : some wounded, to keep of the blows

From their friends ships, their bodies interpose.

Tyrrhenus standing on the deck aloft

Lygdamus with a *Balearick* shaft

Wounded : the ponderous lead his temples broke,

His falling eyes their hollow seat forsook,

The optick nerves, and ligaments were broke :

He now stark blind, amazed at the stroak

Thinks this to be death's darkness : finding then

That all his limbs their perfect strength retain,

Fellows (quoth he) place me where I may throw

A pile, and plant me as you use to do

Engines of War: this little life that now
Remains, *Tyrrenus*, on all hazards throw,
This body, though in part already dead,
Will serve for warlike uses, and in stead
Of men alive take wounds; Thus having spoke
In his blind aimless hand a Pile he shook,
And threw it not in vain, which as it light
Below his belly noble *Argus* hit,
Whose weight now falling made it further glide.

Argus unhappy Syre on t' other side
The beaten ship then stood (to none would he,
When he was young, in feats of souldiery
Give place, his strength is now by age decay'd,
And he no souldier, but a pattern made)
He seeing his son fall, with trembling step
Stumbling along came to that side the ship,
And finding there the body panting yet,
No tears fell from his cheeks, nor did he beat
His wofull breast; his hands now stiff were grown,
And all his joints cold numness seizes on:
A sudden darknes closes up his eyes,
That he discerns not *Argus*, whom he sees.

Argus his dying head began to rear,
And feeble neck seeing his father there
Speechless, yet seem'd in silence to demand
A kiss, and to invite his fathers hand
To close his dying eies; but the old man
Free from amaze, when bloody grief began
To recollect his strength, I will not lose
That time (quoth he) that angry fate bestows.
Pardon thy wretched father, that from thee
Argus, and from thy last embrace I flee;
Thy wounds warm blood yet signs of life do give,
Th' art but half dead, and yet a while mayst live:
He go before thee Son: these words exprest,
And with a bloody sword piercing his breast,
He leapt into the Sea, halting to death
Before his dearest Son: his fitting breath
Unto one single kind of destinie
He durst not trust. Now great commanders die:

And

And now no longer doubtful is the fight ;
 Some of the Greeks are sunk ; by hastily flight
 Some get into the haven ; others bear
 (Changing their load) the Roman Conquerer.
 But now sad Parents mournings fill the town :
 The shore with mothers lamentation
 Did ring ; in stead of her dear husbands face,
 A weeping wife mistaking did embrace
 A Roman ; Fathers funeral rites to give
 About their Sons deformed bodies strive.
 But Brutus Conquerer on the Ocean,
 To Caesar's side first naval honour wan.

The end of the third Book.

Annotations on the third Book.

(a) *The usual time of mourning among the Roman, for the losse of husband or wife, was ten moneths ; within which space of time it was accounted infamous to marrie, and therefore Cornelia, Daughter to Lucius Scipio, and Widow of Pub. Crassus, who was married to Pompey the great within that time, is here stiled by Julia a stranger.*

(b) *Caesar, although it much concerned him to pursue Pompey, and overtake him before his strength were too much increased by forrein aid, yet partly for want of ships, and partly fearing lest in his absence there might happen some new commotion in Italie, and withal fearing the Pompeyan army, that was then in Spain under the conduct of Afranius and Petreius, he resolved first to go and settle things at Rome, and afterwards to go fight against those armies in Spain.*

(c) *Valerius was sent into Sardinia to fetch Corn, and Curio into Sicilie, as Proprator with three legions, those Countreys were two the greatest Granaries of the Roman Empire.*

(d) *Caesar assembled the Senators into Apolloes temple, and there with courteous language excused himself concerning his war, as a thing undertaken only to*

preserve his own dignitie against the envie and enjurie of a few, he entreateth them to take care of the Commonwealth, and joyn with him in it: likewise to send Embassadors to Pompey, and the Consuls concerning peace.

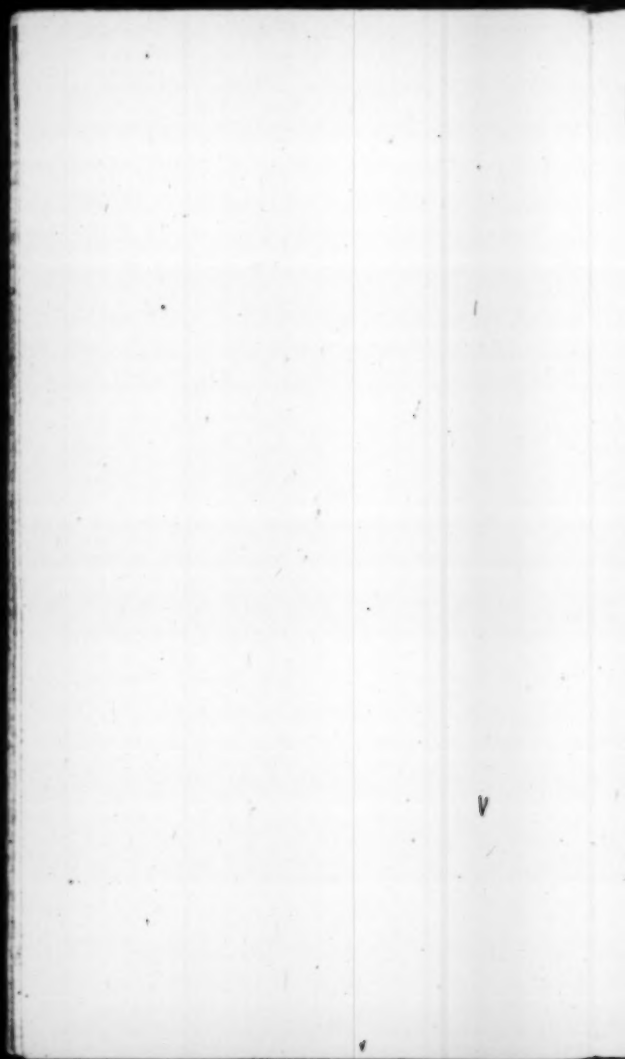
(e) The Tribunitial power was held so sacred, that whosoever did offer any violence unto it, they thought the gods would take revenge, and conceived the reason of that great and miserable overthrow, which Marcus Crassus received in Parthia, to be because Arceius the Tribune had cursed him as he went away.

(f) Caesar passing through the further Gallie, and understanding that Domitius, whom he had lately taken prisoner at Corfinium, and released again, was come into Massilia, a Citie that favoured Pompey's faction, he called out some of the chief of the Citie, and admonished them not too much to obey one man, and so draw a war upon themselves; they shut the gates against Caesar, but requested him gently to pass by them, hoping by that means to have kept themselves in safetie, and to have remained his neutrals in the War, but that drew this heavy siege upon them. Unhappy Massilia (saith Florus) which desiring too much to preserve her peace, for fear of war fell into a war.

(g) Caesar had sent Caius Fabius his Lieutenant, with three legions into Spain, to dislodge Afranius a Lieutenant of Pompey's in the Pyrenæan straits: and now himself leaving Caius Trebonius to besiege Massilia by Land, and Decius Brutus to besiege it by sea, goes with nine hundred horse-men into Spain to Fabius his camp.

(h) The story in the place concerning the siring of those works which Caesars Souldiers had raised, and the actions of the Massilians is not rightly related by Lucan; but differs much from the relation of true Histories.





L U C A N ' S

P H A R S A L I A.

The Fourth Book.

The Argument of the fourth Book.

*Cæsar in Spain near high Iberdæes walls
Encamps 'gainst two Pompeyan Generals.
By sudden floods his Camp endanger'd is.
Cæsar divides the stream of Sicoris ;
Oretakes Petreius flight, who bloudily
Breaks off his Souldiers new made amitie ;
But by extremitie of thirst compel'd
Afranius, and himself to Cæsar yields.
Famish'd Antonius yields t' his enemie.
Vulteius, and his valiant cohort die
By their own swords. Curio on Libyan sands
Is slain by Jubaes Mauritanian bands.*

BUt now stern Cæsar in Spains farthest coast
Makes war : on which, though little blood
it (a) cost ,
The fortunes of both Generals much did
stand.

*Afranius (b) and Petreius did command
Those camps with equal power, but concord made
Their government more firm : their men obey'd
Alternally both Generals commands.
Here besides Romans bold Asturian bands ,
Light Vestones, and Celtæ (c) were, that came
From France, and with th' Iberi mixt their name.*

A little

A little hill not steep of fertile lands
Swells up, on which the old Ilerda stands ;
Before the town flows Sicoris soft stream ,
Among Spains Rivers of no small esteem ,
On which a Bridge of stone high arch'd stood
T' endure the violence of a winters flood.
The next hill the *Pompeians* camp did bear,
Equal to which *Cæsar* his tents did rear.
The River in the midst both camps divides,
From whence the champion fields upon both sides
Extend themselves beyond the ken of man.
Swift Cinga bounds them , that to th' Ocean
Carries no name, (a) Iber, where you two joyn ,
That giv'es the land her name, takes from thee thine.
The first day they encamp'd from fight was free :
The Captains stood each others strength to see ,
Numbring the Eagles; shame did then begin
To damn their rage, and hold their turie in
One poor dayes respite to their countrey they
And broke laws gave; but *Cæsar* when the day
Declin'd, did with a sudden trench enclose
His camp about, and to deceive the foes
His army in the front kept station
To hide the work; and when the morn drew on ,
He sends swift troops the next hill to surprize,
That twixt the foes camp, and Ilerda lies ;
Thither the foes with shame and terrour make ,
And by a nearer way the hill they take.
The fight grows there; on sword, and valour one
Relies, the other on possession.
Laden with arms march *Cæsar*'s souldiers up
'Gainst the steep hill : their following fellows prop
Their backs with targets up, to keep them so
From falling back; their Piles against their foe
They could not use; Piles guid their saltring steps;
Hold, as they climb, they catch on shrubs and slips ;
Their swords serve not to fight, but cut their way.
This danger *Cæsar* saw, and sent away
His horse to wheel charging in flank the foe ,
And all his foot retreat in safetie so.

The skirmish ended thus, and neither side
Obtain'd the conquest. Thus far fighting tri'd.
What other fates were added to this war
Grew from th' unconstant motions of the air,
For by cold winters drie North-winds, the rain
The clouds congealed bowels did contain,
Snows on the hills, and tops of mountains lie,
And frosts that at the Suns appearancet ie.
All lands within those Western climate are
Hardned by winters drie congealing air.
But when the Sun now waxed warmer came
To take possession of the heav'nly Ram,
Making the *Aequinoctial* again,
When day r' exceed the night in length began,
When *Cynthia* from the Suns conjunction
But newly come, could hardly yet be known;
Boreas th' excludes, and fire from *Eurus* takes;
He all the clouds that his whole quarter makes
Throws to the West with Nabathian blasts,
The fogs that India, that Arabia casts
Exhal'd, and grown under the rising Sun,
Skie-darkning *Corus* exhalation,
Which cools the Indian air, now blown away
From thence make hot the Eastern countreys day.
Nor could the loads of those thick clouds fall down
On the mid world, strong tempests drive them on
From North and South; alone doe Calpes ground
Drink the moist air, the farthest Western bound,
Where heavens bow'd hinge does with the Ocean
The clouds driv'n thicher could no further get: (meet
Their vastness hardly could involved be
In such strait room, as 'twixt that earth and skie.
Those clouds then crush't together by the Pole
Contract in th' air, and down amain they role
In gushing showsrs; lightnings though thick retain
No flashing fire, extinguish't by the rain.
Iris no colours can distinctly shew
Circling the air with an imperfect bow;
She drinks the sea, and to the Ocean
The ponderous waves fall from the skie again.

The

The Pyrznean ſnows, which *Titan* yet
 Could never melt, flow down : the rocks are wet
 With broken ice : rivers their wonted way
 Forſake ; as channels the whole fields diſplay
 Themſelves : and now as ſhip-wrackt on the ſeaſ
 Flote *Cæſar's* tents, and drenched companies ;
 The ſtream breaks down his camp : rivers oreflow
 His trench and works, nor can the ſouldiers go
 To forrage : the drown'd fields no victual leave :
 The ways by water cover'd all deceive
 The fetchers of proviſion ; then came on
 A famine ſtill the ſad companion
 Of other woes : the ſouldiers by no foes
 Beſieg'd, are pin'd ; one his whole wealth beſtows
 Upon a cruſt of bread not dearly ſold :
 (Oh meagre thirſt of gain) for ready gold
 An hungry ſeller is not wanting there.
 The waters now have all, no hills appear ;
 The joyning rivers like ore-ſpreading tens
 Cover high rocks ; tranſported are the dens
 Of beaſts ; the ſtream carries the ſtrugling horſe
 Not touching ground, and as of greater force
 Than th' Ocean repels the Ocean's tide.
 The darkned Pole doſ *Phæbus* luſtre hid,
 And the black ſkies all colours do confound.
 So lies the fartheſt part of the world's ground,
 Which the cold zone, and froſts perpetual
 Cover : thoſe countries ſee no ſtars at all :
 Their barren ice breeds nothing : good alone
 To temper with their cold the torrid zone.
 So let it be, great *Jove*, ſo let it be
Neptune, whoſe three-tork'd ſcepter rules the ſea.
 Thou, *Jove*, with ſtorms perpetual fill the air ;
 Thou, *Neptune*, let no rivers home repair,
 Let no ſtreams find prone paſſage to the main,
 But with the Ocean's tide turn back again.
 Make the ſtrook earth to deluge pervious :
 Theſe fields let Rhine oreflow, and Rhodanus.
 Hiſther their courſe let all great rivers bend :
 Hiſther Riphazan ſnows, lakes, fountains ſend ;

Hiſther

Hither all standing pools from far command
And save from civil war this wretched land.

But *Cæsars* fortune, with this little fear
Of his content, returns greater than ere :
The gods gan favour, and deserv'd t' obtain
Pardon : the clouded air clear'd up again :
The master'd waters *Sol* in fleeces spred :
The night presaging a fair morn, look'd red ;
Things keep their places, moisture the skie forsakes ;
Water (late high) her own low center takes ;
Trees, and emergent hills t' appear began :
The fields at sight of day grow drie again.

When *Sicoris* to his own banks restor'd
Had left the field, of twigs, and willow boord
They made small botes cover'd with bullocks hide,
In which they reacht the rivers further side.
So sail the *Veneti* if *Padus* flow,
The *Britains* saile on their calm Ocean so.
So the *Aegyptians* sail with woven boats
Of papery rushes in their *Nilus* floats.
The army in these boats transported now
Build up a bridge, and fearing th' overflow
Of the fierce stream, their work they do not end
Upon the bank, but ore the fields extend.
And lest again *Sicoris* should overflow,
In several channels cut, he suffers now
For his first crime : but when *Petereus* spi'd,
That *Cæsars* fortune did all actions guid,
Herda he forsakes, trusting no more
The strength of that known world, but seeking for
Untamed nations fierce with wars dire love,
(c) To that worlds end the battel to remove.

When *Cæsar* saw the hills and camp forsook,
He bids his men take arms, and never look
For bridge, or ford, but with their hardy arms
Swim ore the stream : the souldiers his alarms
Obey with speed, and rushing on to fight
Venture those ways, that they would fear in flight,
Then taking arms cherish their bodies wet,
And their benumbed joynts with running heat

Till noon made shadows short; the horſ-men then
Overtake the hindmoſt of *Petreian* men,
Who doubtful are whether to fight or flee.

Two rocky hills liſt their proud tops on high
Making a vale beneath : above the ground
Is joyn'd : below ſafe paſſages are found
Through windings dark: which ſtraits if once the foe
Had in poſſeſſion, *Ceſar* well did know
He might from thence carrie the war as far
As Spains remote, and barbarous nations are.
Run without rank (quoth he) purſue your foes :
Turn back the war, that by their flight you loſe :
Make them turn face to face : though they would flee,
Give not the cowards leave baſely to die,
But on their breſt let them receive our blows ;
This ſaid, with ſwiftneſs they prevent their foes
Flight to the hills, encamping cloſe beſide.
A narrow trench did both the camps divide,
And of ſo little diſtance was the place,
They might diſtinctly know each others face.
There finding fathers, brothers, ſons, they ſee
The wickedneſs of civil enmitie.
And firſt for fear ſtanding a little mute
With nods, and ſwords liſt up friends friends ſalutes;
But when dear love conquer'd the law of wars,
Over the trenches leap the ſouldiers
T' embrace each other : ſome their old hoſts meet,
Some their ſchool-fellows, ſome their kinſ-men greet;
He was no Roman that no enemy knew :
Sighs break their killes, tears their arms bedew,
And though no act of blood were yet begun,
They fear the miſchief that they might have done.
Why mourn'ſt thou fool ? why doſt thou beat thy
And weep in vain ? why haſt thou now confeſt (breſt,
Thou 'gainſt thy will to wicked war doſt go ?
Stand'ſt thou in ſuch great fear of him whom thou
Thy ſelf mak'ſt dreadful ? let his trumpets ſound,
Neglect the cruel noiſe, let none be found
To bear Eagles, and the war there ends ;
Ceſar and *Pompey* private men are friends.

Now

Now concord come, that all things doest enfold
In thy white arms, and the worlds safeties hold,
The earths blest love : future impieties
Our age may fear; the ignorance here dies
Of their misdeeds : and from excuse does bar
Their guilt, they know their foes their kins-men are.
Sinister fates, that will by this short peace
Their future woes, and wickedness increase.

'T was peace, and in both camps mixt souldiers straid,
And on the grass their friendly banquets made :
By the same fire together Bacchus rites
They celebrate, and spend the watchful nights
In stories of the war as lovingly
Together they in joyning lodgings lie.
Where first they did encamp, from what hand fled
Each Pile, and boast of every valiant deed.
Denying much they grant the with of Fate,
And love the wretched souldiers renovate.
This love their future wickedness increase,
For when *Petrus* saw their friendly feast,
Thinking himself and camp to sale betray'd
He arms his household servants to invade
Dire war : and guarded with a troop of those
Out of his camp th' unarm'd *Cæsar*'s throws.
The sword, as in embraces joyn'd they stood,
Divides them, and disturbs the peace with blood.
Then wrath these war-provoking speeches gave,
Souldiers unmindful of the cause you have,
Though *Cæsar*'s conquest you cannot bestow
Upon the Senates cause, this you can do
Fight till you are overcome : whilst you have hands,
And blood, and whilst the war yet doubtful stands,
Will you go serve, and traitorous Eagles take?
And beg of *Cæsar* he no odds would make
Between his slaves, and at his hands desire
Your Captains lives? our safeties treasons hire
Shall never be ; nor make we civil war
To live : by name of peace betray'd we a e.
People for veins of brass, which deep-hid lie
Would never seek, nor towns would fortifie:

No stately horses to the war should go,
 No tow'r-like ships the Oceans face should plow,
 If liberty for peace were ere well sold.
 Shall *Cæsars* souldiers damn'd obedience hold
 Bound by a wicked oath, and you make light
 Your faith, because in a good cause you fight?
 But pardon's hop'd: oh shames dire funeral,
 Not knowing this, great *Pompey* thou ore all
 The world art mustering, and each farthest King
 Bringing to fight, whilest we articing
 Basely about thy safety. This fierce speech
 Turn'd back their minds, and stir'd wars wicked itch;
 As when wild beasts wean'd from the woods, & shut
 Up close to tame, have off their wildness put,
 And learn'd t' endure a man, if blood once stain
 Their jaws, their wildness straight returns again,
 Their jaws grow hot, and their new boyling rage
 The trembling keeper hardly can assuage.
 They run on wickedness, and what might seem
 In a blind war the gods or fortunes crime,
 Deceived trust makes ours; at bord, and bed
 The late embraced breasts are murdered;
 And though unwillingly at first they draw,
 Yet when their wicked swords drawn out they saw,
 And striking were, their friends they truly hate.
 And with the stroke themselves they animate.
Petreus camp is with strange tumult fill'd,
 And horrid murder; sons their fathers kill'd:
 And as if hidden mischief lost should be,
 They boast their guilt; and let their Captains see.
Cæsar, though robbed of thy men, yet see
 The gods high favour: not so much for thee
 On *Ægypt*, or *Mutilias* seas is done,
 Nor so much honour in *Pharalia* won.
 (f) For this sole crime of civil war does make
 That thou at length the better cause shalt take.
 The Generals now their blood-stain'd Souldier
 No more dare trust within the camp so near.
 But by swift flight toward *Ilerda* make,
 From whom all passage *Cæsars* horse-men take,

And

And there in those drie hills shut up their foes,
Whom *Cæsar* strives with a deep trench t' enclose
Cutting all water off, he lets them take
No springs, nor tents near to the river make.
They seeing the way of death, convert their fear
To rage; their hories, that un-useful were
To men besieg'd, they kill, and since in flight
'T were vain to hope, address themselves to fight.
Cæsar perceives them coming, and well knows
That death is sought by his devoted foes:
Contain your piles and swords souldiers (quoth he)
He lose no blood to get this victorie.
That foe, that meets the sword, nere gratis dies;
Hating their lives, and cheap in their own eyes
They come to mix our losses with their death;
They'l feel no wounds, but joy in loss of breath.
But let this heat forsake um, this mad fit,
They'l lose their wish of death. *Cæsar* the fight
Forbids, and lets their choller spend in vain
Till *Se* descended to the Ocean,
And stars appear'd; then when no hopes at all
Of fight, their fierceness does by little fall,
Their mind grows cold. So is most courage found
In late hurt men, whilst freshness of the wound,
And the blood hot gives nimble motion
To ev'ry nerve, and muscles guid the bone:
If the wound-giver hold his hand and stay,
Then a cold numbness (strength being tane away)
Seizes the mind, and the stiff members ties,
The wound grown cold (the blood congealing) dries.
The souldiers wanting water through each creek
Of the digg'd earth: for hidden fountains seek.
Not onely now the mattock and the spade,
But swords earth-digging Instruments are made.
Down from the tops of mountains as profound
They go, as lies the lowest marish ground.
Farther from day, and deeper in earths mould
Dives not the searcher for Assyrian gold.
But no sought rivers hidden course is shown;
No springs left gliding on the Pumice stone:

Among

Among the gravel no cool vein at all
 Is found : no drops from sweating caverns fall.
 Weary with digging then the sweating men
 Are from those rockie pits drawn out agen :
 And this vain search of water the drie air
 Makes them less able to endure, nor dare
 They feed their weary bodies, eating nought,
 As medicine against thirst is hunger sought.
 If the soft earth do moisture yield, they bring
 The clods, and ore their mouths with both hands
 The black unstirred mud, that ev'ry sink (wring.
 Affords, by strife the greedy souldiers drink.
 And what to save their lives they would have stuck
 To take, now dying drink : like beasts some suck
 Beasts dugs, and when milk fails with greedy jaw
 Meer blood from the exhausted udders draw.
 Herbs, and green leaves they wring : be-dewed twigs
 They lick, and juice of bleeding vines : small sprigs
 Of trees they for their tender sap do squeeze.

Oh happy men, whom barbarous enemies
 Flying by (e) poisoning all the rivers kill'd :
 But, *Cesar*, though these rivers should be fill'd
 With poisons, carrions, and pale Aconite
 Growing on Cretan rocks : yet knowing it
 These Romans then would drink, their bowels now
 Are scorcht, their mouths and tongues dri'd rougher
 Their veins shrink up, their lungs in this distress grow
 Not moist contract the breathing passages.
 Breathing hard drawn their ulcer'd palats tear ;
 They ope their thirsty mouthes to drink nights air,
 And with such showrs, as all did lately drown,
 And the drie clouds their looks are fixt upon.
 But that which most increas'd their miic. y,
 They were encamp'd not on drie Meroe,
 Nor where the naked Garamantes plow
 Hot *Cancers* tropick ; but between the flow
 Of swift Iberus, and full Sicoris :
 The thirstie camp two neighbouring rivers sees.

Now both the Generals yield ; *Africanus* layes
 Down arms, and peace (become a suppliant) prays,

Into

Into the enemies camp his storm'd bands
Drawing, before the Conquerours feet he stands :
And begging pardon with a careless breast,
He lost no Majestie ; but 'twixt his last,
And former state he bore himself in all,
A conquer'd man, but yet a General.

Had I fall'n under a base enemy,
I had not lack'd an hand my self to free :
Know then the cause that now I beg to live,
I think thee, *Cæsar*, worthy life to give.
For no sides favour, nor as foes to thee
Did we take arms ; both Generals were we
Before this civil war, and have maintain'd
The former cause : now wee'l not fate withstand.
Spain we deliver up, and ope the East :
Of all the world behind thou now maist rest
Secure : nor has much blouds effusion,
Sharp swords, or wear'd arms this conquest won :
Onely thy foes, that thou hast conquered,
Forgive : nor beg we much, grant us to lead
Unarm'd those lives, that thou hast now bestow'd :
Suppose that all our slaughtred troops lay strow'd
Over the fields : to mix unfortunate
With happy arms, and we participate
Thy triumphs were unfit : our fates we know :
(b) Compell us not with thee to conquer now.

But *Cæsar* gently, and with smiling chear
Both pardons, and dismitles them from war.
But when the league was firmly greed upon,
The Souldiers to th' ungarded rivers run,
Fall on the banks, troubling the granted stream.
But long continued draughts in many of them
Not suffering air through th' emptic veins to tie,
Shut up their lives : nor could they easily
Cease this dry plague ; but though their guts they till,
The covetous disease is craving still.
At last their nerves and strength again it brings. ?
Oh luxurie, too prodigal of things,
Content with no provision easily brought ;
Ambitious hunger for things dearly sought

Ore land, and sea, pride of a sumptuous table :
 See what small store to cherish life is able,
 And nature please : these souldiers fainting souls
 No unknown Consuls noble wine in boles
 Of myrrhe, and gold restores : from fountains pure
 Water and bread their fleeting lives assure.
 Wretches that follow wars, the souldiers
 Being now disarm'd are made secure, from cares
 Exempt, and innocent return again
 To their own towns. When peace they did obtain,
 How much they griev'd that ever they had cast
 One pile, or suffer'd thirst, or ever askt
 The gods in vain to grant them prosp'rous wars ?
 For to the happier fighting souldiers, (fields
 What toils through all the world, what doubtfull
 Remain to fight ? Though fortune always yields
 Happy success, yet must they oftentimes
 Conquer, spill blood throughout all lands, & climes,
 And follow *Cesar* through all fates of his.
 When the worlds ruin's near, he happy is
 That knows his settled place. Their weary arms
 No war calls forth : their sleeps no loud alarms
 Disturb : their wives, children, and houses they,
 And lands (though no deducted colonie)
 Injoy ; by fortune from this burden freed ;
 No favour does their minds disquiet breed :
 One general sav'd their lives ; th' other their own
 Commander was. Thus happy they alone
 Free'd from desires the civil wars behold.

But through the world this fortune did not hold ;
 She durst act somewhat against *Cesar's* side.
 Where long (f) Salonæ's beaten with the tide
 Of th' Adriatick sea ; where Zephyre blows
 Upon the warm Iader's gentle flows,
Antonius there trusting the warlike bands
 Of his *Cretes*, whose environ'd lands
 The Adriatick sea incircles round,
 Was straight besieged in the utmost bound,
 Safe from wars reach, if famin, that alone
 Conquers the strongest fortresses, were gone :

The

The ground no pasture for their horses yields,
 Nor yellow Ceres clothes the fallow'd fields.
 The men eat grafs, and when the fields grow bare,
 Their grafs from off th'ir camps drie turfs they tear.
 But when their friends on th' adverse shore they
 And *Bisium* the admiral, they try'd (spy'd,
 New ways of fight by sea ; for their stern end
 They did not hoist, nor did their keel extend
 (As custome was) but with unusuall sleight
 Firm timber botes to bear a mighty weight
 They made. These empty boats on every tide
 Sustain the ship ; whote double rank was ty'd
 With chains across ; nor were the oars dispos'd
 On th' open front to the foes darts expos'd :
 Onely that sea, that was inclosed round
 By those conjoyned boats, their oars did wound.
 A miracle of silent flight is show'd ;
 She bore no sails, or sea discoverd row'd.
 Now they observe the tides, till th' ebbing seas
 Leave the sands bare, and make the shore increase.
 Then from above into the Ocean prone
 The ship falls by two galleys waited on ;
 Ore which a lofty threatning tower was rear'd,
 Where spires and trembling pinnacles appear'd.
Octavius keeper of th' Illyrian sea
 Would not assault this ship too suddenly :
 But his swift vessels thought it good to stay
 Till th' eadie passage might increase his prey,
 And farther on to sea by peace invites
 His rashly enter'd foes ; such are the flights
 Of huntmen, when their toyls they have dispos'd :
 And fearfull Deer in plumed nets enclos'd :
 Their Dogs of Crete and Sparta they contain,
 And their wide mouth'd Molossians restrain :
 No Dog is trusted in the wood, but he,
 That can upon a full sent silent be,
 And never open when he finds the game,
 Content alone to signify the same
 By wagging of the string : then presently
 The souldiers leave the Isle, and eagerly

The come aboard the ship, when day's last light
Gave place to the approach of duskie night.
But the Cicilians of great Pompey's side
According to their old Sea-craft, had ty'd
Chains through the midst o'th' sea, of which no show
Appear'd above, but loosely let them flow :
The chain was fasten'd to the Illyrian shore.
The first, and second ships not staid got ore :
The third was caught of burden much more vast,
And to the rock by a drawn rope was cast.
The rock hangs ore the sea (a wonder 'tis)
Hollow, and still (though falling) stands, with trees
Making a shade : hither the sea by tides
Ofc drives : and in thoe darksome caverns hides
Ships broke by Aquilon, and drowned men :
Which hidden store the rock restores again ;
And when the caverns belch it up, in heat
Sicilian Charybdis cannot get
Preheminence. Here did the great ship stand,
That was with valiant Opitergians mann'd
Her from all havens did all ships enclose :
Some from the rock, some from the shore oppose:
Vulturn found this under-water train
(The Captain of the ship) who all in vain
Striving to cut the chains, did then deture
Without all hope, to fight : where to retire,
Or how to conquer is not seen : but here
As much as snared valour could appear,
It did : against so many thousand wights,
That did enclose, scarce one full Cohort fights,
Not long indeed, for night in her black shade
Shut up the day, and peace the darkness made.
Then stout *Vulturn* thus gan animate
The Cohort fearing sad ensuing fate.
Young men, that but for one short night are free,
Provide in time for fates extremitie :
There's no mans life is short, that does allow
Him time to seek his death : nor think it now
Let's glorious that we meet a fate at hand.
The times of future life none understand.

'Tis equal praise of mind to give away
Our lives last moment, and the hoped stay
Of many years, so we the actors be:
No man can be compell'd to wish to die.
No way for flight is left: at every hand
Bent 'gainst our throats the stern Cicilians stand.
Let fear be banisht then: resolve to die,
And let your wishes meet necessitie.
Nor shall we fall in a blind cloud of war,
As when two battels joyn'd in darkness are,
When heaps of carcases bestrow the field,
Valour lies buried, all are equal held.
But in a ship the gods have placed us,
Both to our friends and foes conspicuous.
The Isle, the Continent, the Seas allow
Witnesses to us: and two parties now
From divers shores behold us: in our ends
What great, and rare example Fate extends
I know not. What ere Chronicles afford
Of trust, of Souldiers faith maintain'd by sword,
We shall excell: 'tis a small thing to die
Upon our swords, *Cesar*, we know for thee:
But greater pledges in this sad distress
We want, our great affections to express,
And envious Fates us of much praises bar
That not our Parents, nor our Children are
Here with us. Let our foes our valour find,
And fear our force, and death-contemning mind:
Let them be glad that no more ships were caught,
Perchance they'll trie by leagues what can be wrought
Proffering base life: would they would promise us
Pardon, to make our deaths more glorious,
Left when we fall our killing swords upon
Our foes should call it desperation.
Much valour must deserve that *Cesar* may
Account the loss of us a fatal day
Among so many thousands. Should fate give
Egress from hence, I would not wish to live;
I have already cast away my breath,
Drawn by the sweetness of approaching death:

A furie 't is, which none but they can know,
 To whom nere Fates such knowledge do allow ;
 The Gods deaths sweetness do conceal to make
 Men live. A noble courage straight did take
 The young mens minds; though all with weeping eyes
 (Before the Captains speech) had view'd the skies,
 And fear'd to see the turn of *Cherub* his Wain :
 But now their valiant minds with day again.
 After this speech ; nor was day flow t' appear :
 So leaving *Gemini*, and drawing near
 His height in *Cancer*, when the shortest night
 Urg'd the Thessalian Archer. Day grown light
 Discover'd warlike Istrians on the land,
 The fierce Liburnians, and Greek fleet, that stand
 Covering the seas. They first suspending fight,
 Strive to overcome by covenants, and invite
 The ship to yield by granting life ; but they
 Devoted, scorning life, stand in array,
 Secure in fight, resolv'd what end to take :
 No storms their strong resolved minds could shake :
 And though but few, by land, and sea they fought
 (Such confidence deaths resolution brought)
 Against innumerable hands ; but when
 War had drawn blood enough, their furie then
 Turn'd from their foes. The Captain first of all
Vulturnus offering his bare throat 'gan call
 Seeking for death, Is there no Souldier here
 Worthy to shed my blood ? let him appear ;
 And killing me, shew that himself dares bleed.
 With that his wounded breast was freed
 By many swords ; *Vulturnus* thanks bestow'd
 On all ; but dying, him to whom he ow'd
 His first kind wound, he thankfully again
 Requites with death. Thus meeting, all were slain,
 And on one side the wars whole mischief hung
 So the serpentine brood by *Calanus* sprung
 Tell by each others hand, a dire presage
 Of the ensuing Theban brothers rage.
 So those of waking Dragons teeth once fram'd
 In Colchos fields, by Magick spels inflam'd,

With

With kindred blood the fields plow'd furrows dy'd ;
Which mischief wrought by herbs before untry'd
Moder fear'd her self. So tell their men
By bargain'd fate, and in the death of them
To die was the least valour : they both fall,
And kill at once : no right hand mist at all,
Though at the point of death : not to their blades
Ow'd they their wounds : a breast the sword invades,
Their throats invade their hands ; and if blind chance
A brothers sword 'gainst brother did advance,
Or sons 'gainst father, with undanted hand,
And all their strength they strike ; in this did stand
Their pietie alone, that at one blow
They would dispatch them ; on the hatches now
Half dead they draw their bowels, and much blood
Stream'd down into the sea ; it did them good
To see the scorn'd day death to preferre,
And with proud looks despise the conquerer.
Now on the ship the heaps of bodies shew'd
The slaughter made : on which the soles bestow'd
Fit funerals, admiring much to see
To any Captain such fidelitie.
Fame flying through the world did never raise
Any one ship with such resounding praise.
Yet will not coward nations, since such brave
Examples, learn to know, that death to save
Their libertie is not a price so dear ;
But kingdoms arm'd with power of sword they fear :
Libertie can use arms, and swords should be
(As men should know) to keep their libertie.
Oh that the fates would let the fearfull live,
That valour onely death to men might give.

Nor was that war that did in Libya grow
Less terrible than this : bold (*R*) *Curio*
By a mild Northern wind was waisted ore
From Lilybæum to that well known shore,
Where Clupæa seated is, and where he sees
Great Carthages half ruin'd edifice :
And pitching his first tents far from the main,
Where Bagrada furrows the sandie plain,

Those hills, and eaten rocks goes to behold,
 Which were *Antem* kingdom call'd of old ;
 Asking the cause of this old name, a clown
 Thus tells the tale by long tradition known.
 For Giants births Earth yet not barren made
 In Libyan caves a feared issue had,
 Which to his mother brought as true a fame,
 As *Typhon*, *Tityus*, and *Briareus* name.
 'T was good for heav'n *Antem* was not born
 At *Phlegra* ; but this gift did more adorn
 His mighty strength : into his limbs (though tir'd)
 His mothers touch a vigour fresh inspir'd.
 This cave his dwelling was, this mountain here
 He lurkt about, his food slain Lions were :
 His bed no leaves of trees, no skin of beasts :
 His strength by sleeping on the ground increast.
 By him th' inhabitants of Libya dy'd,
 And strangers all, that to our coast apply'd,
 His strength (not using a long time to fall)
 Needed not earths rich gift ; too strong for all
 He was though standing up : at length through fame
 Of this dire plague the great *Alcides* came,
 Whose hand both sea and land from monsters freed,
 And for th' encounter each put off his weed,
 One's Nemean, t'others Libyan Lions skin :
Hercules oyls his limbs ere he begin
 According to th' Olympick rites : but he
 Rubb'd ore his limbs with sand ; it could not be
 Enough to touch his mother with his feet.
 They grapple then, and arms arms folded meet.
 Striving each others neck with heavie hand
 To bend ; yet both fixt and unbended stand.
 Both wonder much to meet their match at length :
 But *Hercules* us'd not his utmost strength
 At the first bout, but weary'd out his toe,
 Which his oft blowing, and cold sweats did show.
 His shaking neck, nor breast could firmly stand :
 His bending hamms yield to *Alcides* hand :
Alcides then about his short ribs cast
 His couqu'ring arms, and grip'd his yielding waist,
Then

Then tripping up his legs he fairly lays
 His foe stretch'd out upon the sand; earth stays
 His sweat, and fills with fresh blood every vein,
 His arms grow brawny, his joynts stiff again,
 And his fresh limbs unclasp the other hands.
 Amaz'd at this new strength *Alcides* stands.
 Nor fear'd he *Hydra* so in Lerna lacks
 Fruitful by loss of her reviving inackes, (grown,
 Though then but young; now both were equal
 One in earths strength, the other in his own.
 Nere had stern *Juno* more encouragement
 To hope; she sees his limbs with sweating spent,
 And his neck dry'd, as when he did sustain
 The heavens: but when he clasp'd his foe again;
Anteus staying not till he be thrown,
 Falls of himself, and rises stronger grown:
 His mother earth to his tir'd members gives
 What spirit she has, and labours when he strives.
 But when *Alcides* found earths touch to be
 Strength'ning to him, now thou shalt stand (quoth he)
 No more thou fall'st, nor will we trust again
 The ground: this breast shall thy crucht limbs sustain;
 Hither, *Anteus*, shalt thou fall: this spoke,
 Him striving to fall down aloft he took,
 And grasp'd his middle fast: earth could not lend
 Strength to her dying Son, nor succour send.
 But till his toes breast stark and cold he found
Alcides durst not trust him on the ground.
 From hence self-lov'd antiquity, and fame
 Old times recorder, gave this place a name.
 But to these hills a nobler name gave he,
 That drew the Punick foe from Italie.
Scipio arriving on our Libya, here
 Pitch'd his first camp: the ruins yet appear
 Of that old trench; this place of all the rest
 Was first by Roman victory possest.

Curio as if the place were fortunate,
 And still retain'd these former Captains fate
 In war, rejoyc'd, and in this lucky place
 Pitch'd his unlucky tents, which did deface

The places Omen : and provok'd stern foes
 With strength unequal ; Arrick all that owes
 Obedience to the Roman Eagles, then
 Was under *Varus*, who (though strong in men
 Of *Italie*) aid from the Libyan King
 Requires, to whom the worlds far Regions bring
 Their force with *Juba* ; no one King alone
 Was master of such large dominion :
 In length th' extent of his great Kingdoms ground
 Gades neighbouring *Atlas*, and *Joves* *Ammon* bound
 Near *Thera* ; but in breadth the torrid Zone,
 Betwixt the sea and it, it coasts upon.
 So many people to his armie press,
 The *Autolodes*, and wand'ring Nomades :
Getulians hors'd without comparison :
 The *Mauritanians* of complexion
 Like *Indians* : poor *Nasamonians*,
 Scorcht *Garamantes*, swift *Marmaricans* :
Massylians, that without saddles ride,
 And with a wand their littlest horses guide :
Mazarian darts, that *Median* shafts excell ;
 Those that in emptie cottages do dwell ;
African hunters, that all darts refuse,
 And their loose coats 'gainst angrie *Lions* use.
 Nor did the cause of civil war alone,
 But private anger bring King *Juba* on.
Curio that year, wherein he did deile
 Divine, and humane laws, striv'd to exile
 By tribunitial law from *Libya's* throne
 This King, and bar him his fore-fathers crown,
 Whilst he would make thee, *Rome*, a Monarchie.
 He mindfull of the wrong thinks this to be
 The greatest gift his scepter could bestow.
 This *Juba's* fame affrighted *Curio* :
 Besides no souldiers firm to *Cæsar's* side
 Were in his armie, none that had been tri'd
 In *Germanie* ; but at *Corfinium* tane
 False to new Lords did to their first remain
 Doubtfull, and thought both sides indifferent were.
 But when he saw all slack through slavish fear,
 That

That the night-guards their trenches did forsake,
With a distracted spirit thus he spake:

Daring conceals great fear. He first assay
The fight, and put my souldiers in array
While they are mine: doubt grows from rest alone:
Fight shall prevent their consultation:
When swords whet their dire wills, and helmets hide
Their blushes, who can then compare the side,
Or weigh the cause? they favour as they stand:
As no old hate does on the stage command
Sword-players to meet: they hate by faction.
This said, in open field he leads them on;
Whom the wars fortune, meaning to deceive
After, at first does prosperously receive.

For *Venus* he defeated, following on
Their flying backs in execution
Even to the camp. When *Juba* first did know
Of this sad field, and *Venus* overthrow,
Glad that the glorie of the war did stay
For him, by stealth he leads his troup away:
And without noise (commanding silence) goes,
Fearing he should be feared of his foes.

Sabura next in honour to the King
With a small troupe is sent before to bring
Curio on by provocation,
As if the war were left to him alone:
Himself with all his kingdoms strength below
Keeps in the valley. The *Ichneumon* so
Provoking by his tayls deceitfull shade
Th' Egyptian *Asp*, does at the last invade
(Free'd from the deadly venoms danger quite)
The serpents throat stretch'd out in vain to meet
A flying shade: out the lost poison goes,
And all about the *Asps* jaws vainly flows.

Fortune assists this fraud: hence *Curio*
Desp'ring not the strength of his hid foe,
Injoyns his hori-men all to issue out
By night, and range the unknown fields about:
And after them himself by break of day
With all his Entigns spread marches away,

Much (but in vain) intreated to suspect
Libyan deceit, and frauds that still infect
The Punick wars : but to his funeral
Fate gave him up, and civil war did call
Her author on : ore rocks and mountains high
They march ; when on the hill from far they spy
The foe : who cunning, seems to flie away
Till he have set his battels in array
Under the hill : this *Curio* did not know,
But thought it flight, and like a conquerour now
Brings forth his troupes into the open plain ;
Then first discover'd they this guilful train ;
The seeming fled Numidians they espy'd
On the hils tops enclosing every side :
Curio, and his lost troupes astonisht quite ;
The tearful could not flie, the valiant fight :
The horses now not fierce at trumpets sound
Chaw not their foaming bits , beat not the ground ;
Spread not their mans, nor do their ears advance,
Nor with their wonted spright curvet and prance :
Their sweating shoulders fum'd, their tir'd nees hung
And their dri'd mouth thrust out their weary tongue:
Their breasts, and throats hoarse with oft blowing
Their heavy pulfs for their spēt bowels drew: (grew:
The foamings dry and hot grew hard upon
The bloody bits : no strokes could force them on,
Nor often spurrings make them mend their speed ;
Wounds make them go : to hasten on the steed
Boots not the rider, for the weary horse
In comming on wants courage, strength and force ;
He onely brings his Rider to the foes,
And does his breast to all their spears expose.
But w^hen the Libyan horse came courling nigh,
The ground did shake, and clouds of dust did flie
(As great as Thracian whirl-winds blow about)
Ore the skies cover'd face, and darkneis wrought.
But when wars miserable fate did fall
Upon the foot, no doubtful field at all
Was fought : the battel in that time was done
That men could die for forth they could not run

To make their flight, enclos'd on every side.
From far by darts directly thrown they dy'd,
Obliquely near: nor wounds alone they feel
Ore whelm'd with storms of darts, & weight of steel:
Pent up in a strait room the army's kept:
Those that for fear near't to the middle crept,
Amongst their fellows swords are nor secure,
For the forefront not able to endure
The foes assault, stept back, and straiter made
The Globe: no room to wield their arms they had:
Their crowded limbs are prest: one armed breast
Against another driven to death is prest.
The conquering Mauritanian could not have
So glad a spectacle as fortune gave;
He saw no bodies fall: no streams of blood;
Kept so by crowd upright the bodies stood.

Let fortune this new parentation make
For hated Carthages dire spirits sake:
Let bloody *Hannibal*, and Punick ghosts
Of this sad Roman expiation boast.
Let not in Libya, gods, a Roman's fall
For *Pompey* or the Senate make at all:
Us rather for her self let Africa
Conquer: his men orethrown when *Caesar* saw,
For the dust lai'd with blood gave leave to see,
Scorning t' out live such a calamity,
Or hope in flight, he meets his death, to die
Forward, and valiant by necessity.

What now avails thy place, and troubled bars,
From whence a Tribune to seditious wars
Thou stirr'dst the people, and the Senates right
Betrayd'st, and couldst to civil war incite
The son, and father in law? thy death is wrought
Before these Lords have in *Pharsalia* fought.
To see that field is not permitted thee.
This satisfaction in your bloods give ye
Great ones to wretched Rome, and pay for war;
Oh happy Rome, and Romans happier far
Would but the gods above as careful be
To keep, as to revenge our liberty.

Unburied *Curio's* noble flesh is food
 For Libyan birds: (but since 't will do no good
 To conceal that, which from times injury
 Fame still will vindicate) wee'l give to thee.
 The praise that to thy life does appertain.
 Rome never nurtur'd a more able man,
 Nor one to whom (whilst good) the laws ow'd more:
 But vice then hurt our Citie, when the store
 Of Wealth, Ambition, Riot had declin'd
 To the worst part his yet unsetled mind,
 And changed *Curio* the states fate controul'd
 Brib'd by the spoils of France, and *Cæsars* gold.
 Though potent *Sylla*, and fierce *Marinus*,
Cinna, and *Cæsars* line got rule ore us
 By sword: to whom did such power ever fall?
 This man sold Rome, the other bought it all.

The end of the fourth Book.

Annotations on the fourth Book.

(a) For this conquest much availed *Cæsar*, having quieted Spain he might securely prosecute the rest of the war, having debar'd *Pompey* of those legions on which he most relyed, this conquest cost little blood, for *Afranius* and *Petreibus* forced by famine yielded to *Cæsar*.

(b) *Afranius* and *Petreibus* with equal power, with mutual love and care governed five legions for *Pompey* in Spain, and chose *Ilerda* by the appointment of *Pompey* as a convenient seat for the war.

(c) The *Celts* leaving France and passing the *Pyrenean* mountains seated themselves by the river *Iberus*, and were called *Celtiberi*.

(d) *Cinga* falling into *Iber* loses his name to *Iber*, which also gives name to all Spain.

(e) *Afranius* and *Petreibus*, when *Cæsar's* horsemen had stopped their wayes of forraging and fetching in Corn, and withal frighted, because many Cities in that part had revolted to *Cæsar*, and the rest were like to follow their example, resolved to transfer the war into *Celtiberia*, which re-
 main-

maintained yet in the friendship of Pompey, as having received great benefits from him in the Sertorian war; besides they supposed that the fame of Cæsar was yet more obscure among these Barbarous people: therefore at the third watch they secretly dislodged, and passing over the river Sico-
rin they marched with speed toward Iberus. When Cæsar by his scouts understood this, and hearing that beyond there were mountainous, strait, and rugged passages, which if the enemy should first enter, they might with ease keep him back, and carry the war into Celtiberia, and these far countreys, he commanded his horse-men with speed to prevent them, and himself marching through devious and rough ways, arrived first at those places and encamped himself between Afranius and the River Iberus. The two camps were here fortified so near in each other, that the soldiers distinctly knew each others faces, and talked with their kindred, and ancient acquaintance.

(f) In this appeared a strange clemency of Cæsar, that after he had heard the cruelty of Petreius towards his soldiers, how taking them from their friends company, (that had upon promise secured them) he caused them to be murdered (as the Poet relates plainly) Cæsar notwithstanding seeking out Petreius his soldiers in his camp, spared their lives all, and suffered as many of them as would to depart: but many Tribunes, Centurions, and others would not return, but stayed and served after under Cæsar.

(g) It was a policie had often been used by Barbarous enemies against the pursuing armies of the Romans, to poison all their Rivers: It was done by Jugurtha King of Numidia, Mithridates King of Pontus, and Juba King of Mauritania.

(h) These two Generals, Afranius and Petreius, though they were here pardoned by Cæsar, upon promise to serve no more against him, did notwithstanding afterwards in the African war follow Scipio against Cæsar, where they were again overthrown. Afranius was taken prisoner, and by Cæsar's command was slain. Petreius despairing of pardon (as it afterwards shewn) slew himself upon King Juba's sword.

(i) For

(i) Fortune yet presumed to do somewhat against Cæsar in his absence about Illyrium; for Dolabella and Antonius commanded by Cæsar to possess the Straits of the Adriatick Sea, encamped one on the Illyrian, the other on the Corcyrean shore. Pompey far and near was master of the sea, whose Lieutenants Octavius and Libo with great strength of shipping besieged Antonius, and by famine forced him to yield. Balbus from the other shore sent ships to aid Antonius, which were caught by the Pompeyans in a strange snare, casting ropes cross the sea under water not to be spied. Two of the ships escaped, and got over the ropes, the third which carried the men of Opitergium was ensnared, and held fast. The Opitergians in that place left an example memorable to all posterity; for being scarce a thousand men, they endured from morning to night the assaults of a great Army round about them, and at last when valour could not possibly release them, rather than yield themselves into their enemies hands, by the exhortation of their Captain Vulteius, all killed themselves.

(k) In Africa also the side of Cæsar enduring the like calamity shewed the like valour. Curio sent by Cæsar to win Libya, having vanquished, and put to flight Varus, was enclosed on the sudden by the unexpected horse-men and army of Juba King of Mauritania. Curio might have fled when he saw the day lost, but much ashamed, and scorn-
ing to return to Cæsar after the loss of his legions, he dyed with all his men.

LUCANS

PHARSALIA.

The fifth Book.

The Argument of the fifth Book.

Romes flying Senate met at Epire, Chose
Great Pompey General, faint Appius goes
To Delphos Oracle to seek advise,
Which his own death obscurely signifies.
Cæsar return'd Spain with victory
Quiets his Soldiers dangerous mutiny :
Dictator then, and Consul both at Rome
He makes himself, sailes from Brundisium
To Greece : but vex'd with Anthony's delays,
In a small Boat himself alone assays
By night the stormy Sea, and crosses o're.
His Legions all met on the Græcian shore
Adress themselves for trial of the day.
Pompey to Lesbos sends his wife away.

THUS Fortune kept (mixing her good with
ill)
The two (a) war-wounded Generals e-
qual still (snow
For Macedonia ; when with Winter's
The Pleiades did Oemus top bestrow :
And when the times new-namking day drew near
Old Janus feast beginner of the year ;
Then both the Consuls at the utmost date
Of their expiring honour convocate

To Epire the fled fathers ; where a plain
And forrain seat **Rome's** Nobles did contain :
A borrowed court in forrain land heard all
The secrets of the State. For who can call
That place a camp, where all **Rome's** Fasces were,
And axes born ? The reverend order there
Taught all the people 't was not *Pompey's* tide,
But *Pompey* there a member did abide.

Silence possessing the sad Senate than,
From an high seat thus *Centulus* began :
If you retain a strength of mind as good
As Roman spirits, and your ancient blood
Befits ; then think not in what land you are
As banisht, from surpris'd **Rome** how far :
But know the face of your own company :
Fathers, that govern all, this first decree,
Which yet all kingdoms, and all people know,
We are the Senate. For if fortune now
Should carrie us under the frozen wain
Of *Ursa Major*, or where dayes remain
Equal in length with nights, the torrid zone,
Thither the Empire and dominion
Would follow us. When **Rome** by *Gauls* was fi'd,
And that to *Vey* *Camillus* was retir'd,
There then was **Rome** ; this order never lost
Their right by changing place. *Cæsar* can boast
Onely of mourning walls possession,
And judgement-seats by sad vacation,
Shut up, and silenc'd, empty mansion.
That court those fathers onely sees, whom once,
When full, it banisht ; of that rank, who ere
Is not a banisht man, is sitting here.
We that long peaceful, free from guilt have stood,
At wars first fury were dispers'd abroad :
Now to his place each part returns again ;
And for the loss of *Italie* and *Spain*,
The gods the strength of all the World bestow.
Th' *Illyrian* Sea has overwhelm'd one foe :
And *Libyan* fields does slaughter'd *Curio*
No little part of *Cæsar's* Senate strow.

Advancemyour Eagles, follow fate, and grant
The gods your hope : do not that courage want
In this good fortune, which when first you fled,
Your cause stirr'd up. The year has finished
Our power : you fathers ; whose authorities
No time shall end, for th' publike good advise :
Command great *Pompey* to be General ;
His name with joyful cries the Senate all
Receive, imposing upon *Pompey* strait
His countrey's, and his own most wretched fate.
Then faithful Kings, and Nations had their praise :
Phabus sea-powerful Rhodes rewarded was,
And Spartans rough ; pray'd were th' Athenians :
(1) *Pho.* is made free with her Maltilians.
Faithful (c) *Deiotarus*, young *Sadalis*,
The valiant (d) *Cotys*, and (e) *Rhagipolis*
Of Macedon were pray'd ; *Jul.* to thee
The Senate gives all Libya by decree ;
And (oh sad fate) ignoble *Ptolemy*,
Worthy of treacherous subjects, unto thee
The crime of all the gods, and fortunes shame,
Is granted the Pellæan diadem.
A tyrants sword over thy Nation
Thou tak'st, proud boy, would 't were ore thē alone,
Ore (f) *Pompey's* throat it is ; thy sisters crown
Thou tak'st, and *Cæsar's* impious action.
The Senate now broke up, the troupes all take
Their arms : the people, and the captains make
For wars uncertain preparation.
But (g) *Appian* fears wars doubtful chance alone
Solliciting the gods th' events to hear,
And *Phabus* Temple that for many a year
Had been shut up at Delphos, opens he.
Parnassus with two tops reaching the skie
Twixt East, and West equally distant lies,
To *Bacchus*, and *Apollo's* Deities
Sacred : to whom in mixed sacrifice
The Theban wives at Delphos solemnize
Their Trieterickes ; this one hill alone
Appear'd, when all the World was overflown,
And

And stood as middle twixt the sea and skie.
 One top, Parnassus, then contented thee :
 For one alone did above water shew.
 Young *Phæbus* there with shafts unused slew
 The speckled Python, that in wait long lay
 His banisht mother great with child to slay ;
Thomis the Kingdom then, and *Tripes* held.
 But when (*b*) *Apollo* the cleft ground beheld
 T' inspire oraculous truth, and further finds
 The gaping earth exhale prophetick winds :
 Down in that secret cave himself he hides,
 And now turn'd Prophet there *Apello* bides.
 Which of the gods lurks here ? what Deitie
 Shot down from heaven vouchsafes to dignifie
 This cave ? what heavenly god dwells here below,
 That does the Fates eternal courses know,
 And things to come ? and telling people sure
 Vouchsafes the touch of woman to endure ?
 Whether this powerfull god barely relate
 The fates, or his relation makes them fate ?
 Perchance that spirit, that all the world maintains,
 And the poyz'd earth in em, ty air sustains,
 Though these *Cirrhæan* caves does passage get,
 Striving with his æthereal part to meet.
 This spirit once entered the virgin's breast,
 Striking her humane soul, sounds forth exprest
 With hideous noise ; so urging flames come from
 Sicilian *Ætna's* over-burd'ned womb ;
Typhæus so throws up his stones abroad
 Prest with *Inarime's* eternal load.

This god expos'd to all, deny'd to none,
 Is freed from hearing humane crimes alone.
 To him no man whispers unlawful prayers ;
 For he things fixt unchangeable declares,
 Forbidding men to wish : and gratiouſly (be,
 Gives just men dwellings, though whole towns they
 As once to *Tyre* ; he teaches us wars flight,
 As to th' Athenians in their naval fight
 At *Salamine* ; he clears, the causes shewn,
 Earths barrenness, and airs infection.

Our

Our age no gift of heaven wants more than this
Of Delphos oracle, which silent is
Since Kings afraid to have their fates exprest
Forbid the gods to speak ; nor is the Priest
Of Delphos for the gods long silence sad :
This Oracles cessation makes them glad.
For to that breast, where ere he do inspire,
Untimely death is punishment or hire
Of his reception, the fit's vehemence
Too much orecomes the strength of humane sense ;
And their frail souls the god's high motion shakes ;
Appian, whilst too too near a search he makes
To know Romes fate, to th' unstirr'd Tripodes,
And silent caverns does his steps address,
The Priest commanded t' ope that dreadful fear,
And for the god a propheteis to get,
Finds young *Pheemonoe*, as she careles roves.
'Mongst the Castilian springs, and silent groves,
And makes her break the temple doors. The maid
To stand in that most horrid place afraid
Thought by a vain deceit *Appian* to bring
From his desire of knowing future things.
Why hop'st thou, *Romā*, truth should here be shown?
The hill (quoth she) is mute, the god is gone ;
Whether the spirit have left these caverns quite,
And to the worlds far regions tane his flight :
Or *Pytho* burnt by barbarous *Brennus* up
Did with the ashes fill this hole, and stop
Great *Phæbus* way : or that the gods decree
Made *Cyrrha* mute, thinking it prophetic
Enough that *Sibyll*'s books among you live :
Or *Phæbus* wont from out his temple drive
All wicked perions, now no mouth have found
Worthy enough his Oracles to sound.

The maids deceit appear'd ; her fear imply'd
She falsly had the present gods deny'd.
Then a white fillet ties her locks behind
With Delphian bays ; and wreathed garlands bind
Her hair before. The Priest trusts on the maid,
Who fearful still about the entrance staid,

And

And durst no nearer to the god to come,
Nor to approach the temples inmost room.
There counterfeiting that she was possest
She utters from an undisturbed breast
Feign'd words with no confus'd murmur flowing,
Nor the least sign of divine fury showing.
Her words so deeply could not *Appius* wound
As great *Apollo's* truth ; no trembling sound
That broke her speech there was, no voice so shrill
As all the caves capacious throat might fill ;
Her lawrel fell not from her frighted hair ;
The temple and the wood unshaken were.
These signs betraid her fearful to receive
The god ; when angry *Appius* did perceive
That 't was no oracle, Thou wretch, quoth he,
Both I, and these abused gods will be
Reveng'd for this, unless thou straight descend,
And truly tell what all these stirs portend
To the affrighted world ; with that the maid
Descends down to the Oracle afraid,
And standing ore the vault, the god possest
With a full spirit her unaccustom'd breast.

The rocks so many years unwasted spirit
He fills her with, and comming to inherit
A Delphian breast, nere fill'd he Prophetess
Fuller : her former mind he banishes,
And bids all woman from her breast be gone.
She raging bears in this distraction
Not her own neck ; her hair upright throws down
The sacred ornaments, and *Phæbus* crown :
Her neck turns wildly round : and down she throws
All Tripodes she meets with as she goes.
And with an inward fire she burns, which she
Thee, *Phæbus* wrath : nor dost thou onely vie
Thy pricks, thy flames, and incitations now,
But bridles too, the Prophetesse shall know
More than she must reveal ; all times are heapt
Up in one heap, and many ages crept
Into her wretched breast ; things orders too,
And all contend out into light to go.

The

The Fates desiring uttrance strive within :
When the World ends, and when it shall begin
The Prophetess can tell, and understands
The Oceans depth, and number of the sands.
As the Cumæan Sibyle in a scorn
Her prophecies should serve all nations turn,
From the vast heap of universal Fate,
With a proud hand cull'd out the Roman state :
So now the *Phæbus* fill'd *Ithemenoe*
Strives, obscure *Appius*, where to find out thee
'Mongst all the Delphian inspirations :
Then first from her mad mouth the foaming runs,
And in the horrid cave were heard at once
Broke-winded murmurs, howlings and sad groans.
At last these words fall from the maid ore-come:
Great threats of war thou onely freed from
Shalt in Eubœa's pleasant valleys rest.
And there she stopt : *Phæbus* her speech suppress.

Ye Tripodes keepers of fate, that know
All the World's secrets, and *Apollo* thou
Skill'd in all truth, from whom the gods conceal
No future times, why fear'st thou to reveal
That action, that our Empire's ruin brings,
Great Captains deaths, and funerals of Kings,
And all the people that with Rome shall bleed ?
Have not the gods this mischief yet decree'd ?
Or stay those fates, whilst planets are at strife
And doubt about condemning *Pompey's* life ?
Or hid'st thou, fortune, to effect more sure
Our liberties revenge, and *Brutus* cure
Of monarchy again ? then the maids breast
Shov'd ope the temple doors, and out she prest.
Her mad fit holds, nor had she all explain'd,
Part of the god within her still remain'd.
And round about her wandering eyes she rowl'd ;
Nor does her face one constant posture hold ;
But sometimes threatning, sometimes fearfull 't is ;
Sometimes a fiery red her count'nance dies ;
Sometimes her pallid cheeks anger exprest,
Not fear ; nor can her wearied heart find rest ;

But

But as a while after the winds are 'ceas'd
 The Ocean murmurs ; so oft sobbings eas'd
 The maidens breast. But twist this inspir'd light,
 And her plain humane understandings light
 A darkness came ; *Phæbus* oblivion sent ;
 Then from her breasts the gods high secrets went,
 And divinations to the *Tripodes*
 Return'd again. But when her fit gan cease
 She falls. Nor didst thou, beguill'd (*i*) *Appian*, fear
 From doubtful Oracles thy death so near ;
 But in that tottering world with hopes most vain
 Thought quietly *Eubœa* to retain.
 Ah fool what god but death could set thee free
 Out of the world's general calamity,
 And war ? there shall thy hearse entomb'd ly,
 And so possess *Eubœa* quietly,
 Where th' sea by marble-fam'd *Carystos* is
 Straighen'd, and pride revenging *Nemetis*
Rhamnus adores ; a straiten'd current strong
 That channel holds, and *Eurypus* along
 Bears ships by violence, changing oft his tide,
 From *Chalcis* to ill harbouring *Aulis* ūde.

By this time *Cæsar* come from conquer'd Spain
 With his victorious Eagles was again
 Marching (*k*) another way ; when fate almost
 The prosperous course of this whole war had crost :
 For conquer'd in no fight, the general
 In his own camp gan fear the loss of all
 His treason's fruit, those hands that faithfull still
 Had serv'd his wars, now glutted with the till
 Of blood, began to quit their general.
 Th' alarms tragick sounds not heard at all
 A while, and cold sheath'd swords their thi ft of war
 Had cool'd ; or elie the greedy souldier
 Damning for gain both caue and general,
 Would set his blood-stain'd sword at higher sale.
Cæsar not more in any danger t y'd
 How tottering and unfirm a prop his pride
 Had lean'd upon, and well might stagger, rest
 Of all those souldiers hands, and almost left

To his own sword ; he that so many lands
Had drawn to war, knows now the souldiers hands,
Not his must do the deed. Their plaints now be
Not dumb, nor timorous is their mutinie.
That cause, that does suspicious minds restrain,
Whilst each one fears, where he is fear'd again,
And thinks that he himself distrusts alone
His rulers tyrannie, in this was gone.
Their number to secure their fear is able.
Where all offend, the crime's unpunishable.
They pour out threats ; now *Cæsar* let us cease
From wicked war ; thou seek'st by land and seas
Swords for these throats, and upon any foe
Wouldst our cheap-esteemed lives bestow ;
Some of us slain in war in Gallia lie,
In Spain lie some, and some in Italie ;
Oreall the world thy armie's slaughtered (shed
While thou overcome'st, what boots our blood that's
'Gainst Gauls and Germans in the North so far ?
For all thou pay'st us with a civil war.
When Rome we took and made the Senate flee,
What spoils from men or Temples gathered we ?
Guiltie in swords and hands, all villanie
We go upon ; virtuous in povertie
Alone : what end is there in war at all,
Or what can be enough, if Rome too small ?
See our gray hairs, weak hands, and bootless arms,
Our use or life is gone ; in wars alarms
Our age consum'd ; send us now old at least
To close our deaths, this is our bad request :
Our dying limbs on hard ground not to lay,
Nor strike steel helmets till our dying day :
To seek some friends to close our eyes in death ;
To get our proper Piles ; our last to breath
In our wives arms ; let sickness end our days ;
Let's under *Cæsar* and some other ways (as
Of death than sword ; why hood-wink lead'st thou
With a vain hope on acts porteatuous ?
As if in civil war we were not able
To know what treason is most profitable ?

Our wars have taught him nothing, if not this,
 What we can do ; nor is this enterprise
 Forbid by law ; he was our General
 In th' German wars ; here we are fellows all :
 Whom treason soils, it makes of equal state.
 Besides in this unthankfull estimate
 Our valour's lost, and whatioere we do
 Is call'd his fortune ; but let *Cæsar* know
 We are his fate. Though friended by the gods,
Cæsar is nothing, if with us at ods.
 This said, about his tent they muster all
 With angry looks seeking their General.

So let it go, ye gods, since pietie
 Fortiakes us, and our hopes on vice relie,
 Let discórd make an end of civil war.
 What General would not such a tumult scar ?
 But *Cæsar*, that the fates still sudden tries,
 And loves through greatest danger t' exercise
 His fortunes, comes ; nor till their rage abate
 Stays he, but meets the furie of their hate.
 Cities, and Temples spoils to them he nere
 Deny'd, though *Jones* Tarpeian house it were,
 Senatours wives and daughters to deflower.
 All villanies would *Cæsar* from his power
 Have them ask freely, and wars guerdon love :
 And nothing fears, but that his men should prove
 Honest. Ah *Cæsar* art thou not asham'd
 That civil war by thine own souldiers damn'd
 Should be allow'd by thee ? shall they first be
 Weary of blood, and hate impietie, (right ?
 Whilst thou runn'st headlong on through wrong and
 Give ore, and learn to live out of a fight ;
 Give thy guilt leave to end. Why to these wars
 Do'st thou enforce unwilling souldiers ?
 The civil war flies from thee ; on the top
 Of a turt-mount stands *Cæsar* tearless up,
 Deserving fear by his undaunted look ;
 And thus, as anger prompted him, he spoke :
 Whom you with hands and looks did abient brave
 Souldiers, unarm'd, and present now you have

Here

Here sheath your swords, if you would end the war.
Sedition, that no act of valour dares,
Fain: hearted fools, and flying spirits declares,
Tir'd with their matchless Captains conquering state.
But go ; leave me to war with mine own fate :
These weapons will find hands, when I callier
All you, as many men, as swords are here,
Will Fortune send me ; shall all Italie
In such a Fleet with vanish *Pompey* lie ?
And shall my conquests not bring men to share
The wealthy spoils of this near finish'd war,
Reaping the profit of your toil, and so
Unwounded with my laurell'd chariot go ?
You an old worn, and bloudless companie
(Then Rome's Plebeians) shall my triumphs see.
Can *Cæsars* fortune feel the loss of you ?
If all the streams, that into th' Ocean flow,
Should threaten to with-draw themselves, the seas
Would by the loss of them no more decreate
Than now they fill. Think you that such as ye
Can any moment to my fortunes be ?
The gods care never will so low descend
That fates your death or safeties should attend ;
The fates attend on great mens actions :
Mankind lives for a few ; and you, whom once
Spain fear'd, and all the North, whilst under me,
If *Pompey* were your General, would see.
Whilst *Labiennus* did with *Cæsar* stay,
He was a man ; now a base run-away
Flies with his chosen chief ore sea and land.
Nor shall your faith in my opinion stand
Better, though me ye make nor Enemy
Nor General ; he that revolts from me,
And does not *Pompey's* faction straight maintain,
He never will my souldier be again.
The gods themselves over my camp have care,
And would not venture me in such a war
Ere I have chang'd my men. A burden main
Has fortune from my weary shoulders tane ;
I may disarm thoe hands now lawfully,

Whose boundless hopes earth could not satisfy,
 Out of my camp ; Ile for my self make wars :
 Relinquish those Eagles up to souldiers
 Base citizens : but those that authours were
 Of this sedition punishment shall here
 Detain, not *Cæsar* ; fall upon the ground,
 Yield your disloyal heads and necks to wound ;
 And you, which now my camps sole strength shall be,
 Young souldiers, learn to strike, and learn to die
 Viewing their death ; the foolish people that
 Can tremble at his anger ; and one man
 Made them all fear, who had it in their hand
 To ruin him, as if he could command
 The swords themselves, and without souldiers make
 His wars ; but in this punishment to lack
 Assisting swords he fears : they patient all
 Exceed the hope of their stern General ;
 Not onely swords, but throats they offer ; he
 Feares nought but ^{abatement} of their crueltie.
 A (1) cov'nant dire this quarrel does decide,
 With punishment the armie's pacifi'd.
 In ten days march to reach Brundisium
 He bids them straight, and call all shipping home,
 That on crookt *Hidrus*, and old *Taras* then,
Leucas close shores, and the *Salapanian* fen
 Dispersed were, and *Sypus*, ore which stands
 Fruitfull *Garganus* on Italian land
 Reaching the *Adriatick*, and there taste
Dalmatian North, *Calabrian* Southern blasts.

Cæsar without his troupes goes safe alone
 To trembling *Rome*, now taught to serve a gown,
 And (kind forsooth) yield at the peoples prayer
 To be Dictator (m) honours highest stair,
 And joyfull Calenders, being Consul, made.
 For all those words (n) then their beginning had,
 With which ere since our Emperours we claw.
 But *Cæsar*, that his power might want no law,
 Falsly the name of Magistrate purloins,
 And to his swords the Roman axes joyns,
 Fasces t^o his Eagles, and with sitting shame

Signs the sad times ; for by what Consuls name
Will the Pharsalian year be better known ?
A feign'd assemblie in the field is (o) shown ;
The people give their suffrages compell'd,
Not lawfully admitted, th' urns are held,
The tribes are cited ; voices thrown in vain
Into the urn ; th' Augurs deaf remain
Though loud in thunder, and are forc'd to swear
That birds auspicious, though sad Owls, appear.
Thence that once honour'd power her dignitie
First lost ; but lest the times unnam'd should be,
Our Calenders do (p) monthly Consuls fill.
That god that dwells on Trojan Alba's hill
Though not deserving (Latium conquer'd) sees
The Consuls solemnn nightly sacrifice.

Cesar departing thence runs forward right
Swifter than whelp-rob'd Tyger, or the flight
Of lightning ore Apulia, where the field
Unplow'd, no corn, but slothfull grais does yield.
And come to Cretan crookt Brundisium finds
The sea untailable for dangerous winds,
And the Fleet fearfull of cold winters face.
He thinks it shame thus to delay the space
Of war, and keep the haven, when the sea
Lies ope to men lets fortunate than he,
And thus perswades his men to trie the seas :
The Northern winds more constantly possesse
Both air and Ocean, when they once begin,
Then those which the unconstant spring brings in.
We have no turnings different shores upon,
Our way's forth right; the North-wind serves alone.

Would he would stuff our sails, bending our masts,
And force us upon Greece with furious blasts,
Lest *Pompey's* galleys from Dyrrachium meet
With their swift oars our becalmed Fleet.
Then cut the cables that our Fleet do stay,
We lose the storms, these clouds will pass away.

Now in the sea bright *Sol* had hid his head,
And stars appear'd, the Moon her shadows spread :
The Fleet at once weigh'd anchor, and drew out

The sails at length, which straight they turn'd about
 To the ships length and spread the top-sails too
 To lose no gust of wind what ever blow.
 When a soft gale had made the sails to swell,
 For a short space, down to the mast they fell
 Again ; that wind that put them from the shore
 Was able now to follow them no more.
 The seas flat face now all be-calmed lies
 Like standing pools ; no waves, no-billows rise.
 So bridled is the Euxine sea, whose course
 Ister, nor Thracian Bosphorus can force :
 The frozen sea lets go those ships no more,
 That once it takes ; the horses trample ore
 Safely where ships have sail'd ; the Bellerians
 Furrow Mæotis frozen back with wains.
 This cruel calm does the sad Ocean make
 (As if the seas their nature did forsake)
 Like standing pools, the sea observes no more
 His ancient course ; he had forgot to rore :
 No tides flow to and fro, nor seems the Sun
 To dance upon the waters motion.
 To many dangers this be-calmed Fleet
 Is subject ; on one side they fear to meet
Pempey's swift galleys ; on the other side :
 Detain'd at sea a famine to abide.
 From these new fears arose a new desire :
 They wish the Ocean would collect his ire,
 And all the winds would wrestle, so it were
 No calm ; but no such signs, no clouds appear :
 The skies and seas conspire to take away
 All hope of ship-wrack ; but th' ensuing day
 All clouded ore did comfortably prove : (move ;
 Waves from th' seas bottom rose ; hills seem'd to
 The ships were born away, and as they swim
 The waves in crooked furrows follow them.
 With prosperous winds, & seas they reach the land ;
 And anchor cast upon Palestes sand. (pitch
 The place, where first both Generals (9) camps did
 Near to each other, was that region, which
 Swift Genusus, and gentle Apisus round

Encompass ; Ap'ius, because slow, profound,
 And navigable is : the other flows
 (Increas'd by show'rs, and sun-dissolv'd snows)
 More swift ; both channels are but short, not far
 From sea the springs of both these rivers are.
 Here fortune first these two fam'd Heroes brought
 Together ; the vain-hoping world had thought
 The Generals now no farther off remov'd
 This wicked war would both have disapprov'd ;
 Each others face they saw, and well might hear
 Each others voice ; ah Pompey, many a year
 Not nearer did thy once lov'd father in law,
 Since that dear pledge the death of Julia
 And her young son, see thee, till stain'd with gore
 He saw thy face on curst Egypt's shore.
 But part of *Cæsar's* (r) forces left behind
 Made him protract the battel, though his mind
 Were fierce on fight ; those bold (s) *Antonius* led,
 In civil wars now under *Cæsar* bred
 For *Lucius* fight ; whom making long delay
 With threats, and prayers thus *Cæsar* calls away :
 Thou mischief of the world, why dost thou waste
 The god, and fates good will ? my prosperous haste
 Has done all hitherto ; fortune from thee
 Requires the last hand to this speedily
 Successful war ; do Libya's quick-sands lie,
 Or her devouring gulfs 'twixt thee and me :
 Have I committed thee to unknown seas,
 Or sent thee on untried casualties ?
Cæsar commands thee not, coward, to go,
 But follow him ; my self here, where the foe
 Encamp'd lies, am first arriv'd now.
 Fear'st thou my Camp ? we lose what fates bestow :
 And to the winds, and seas I bootless plain.
 My forward souldiers do not thou detain,
 That would take any seas, if I judge right,
 They'd come through ship-wrack under me to fight.
 Now I must speak in grief, the world I see
 Is not divided 'twixt us equally,
 In Empire *Cæsar*, and th' whole Senate rest,

Thou art alone of Italie posselt.
But having often us'd such words as those,
They still delaying, *Cesar* gan suppose
The gods not wanting unto him, but he
To them: and rashly did resolve to trie
By night those seas, which they by night forbore
Although commanded, finding evermore
Bold actions thrive: and hopes in a small boat
To overcome those waves whole Navies ventur'd not.

Now weary night was toilsom cares did end:
Poor men took rest, whose mean estates could lend
Their beasts sound sleep; the camp all silent prov'd,
When the third hour the second watch had mov'd.
With carefull steps through this vast silence then
Cesar, what not the meanest of his men
Would do, intends; leaves all, and goes alone
With none but fortune his companion:
And passing through the courts of guard, he finds
All fast asleep, complaining in his mind
That he could pass; but at the water side
He found a Boat with a small cable ti'd
Fast to a rock: the man that ow'd and kept
This Boat, not far from thence securely slept
In a small cottage of no timber trees,
But woven reeds, and barren bul-rushes
Built up: a boats turn'd bottom did suffice
To fence his wall. There *Cesar* twice or thrice
Knockt with his hand, that all the cottage shak'd:
From his soft bed of sedge *Amyclæ* wak'd. (whom
What ship-wrackt man, quoth he, knocks there, or
Has fortune driven to my poor house to come
For shelter? speaking thus he rose from bed,
And his fir'd match with better fuel fed,
Secure from fear of war: such houses are
(Full well he knows) no spoil for civil war,
Oh safe blest poor mans life! oh gift of all
The gods! not yet well known: what Citie wall,
What temple had not fear'd at *Cesar's* stroke?
But when the door was ope, thus *Cesar* spoke,
Enlarge thy hopes, poor man, expect to have

More

More wealth from me than modestie can crave :
Onely transport me to th' Italian shore,
This trade of living thou shalt need no more,
No more shall labour thy poor age sustain.
Yield to thy fate ; a god is come to rain
Down showrs of wealth thy little house upon
Thus *Cæsar*, though disguis'd, forgets the tone
Of private men, when poor *Anycles* made
This answer ; many things (alas) dissuade
My mind from trusting of the Seas to night.
The Sun set pale, his beams dispers'd ; whole light
Partly to North, and partly South inclin'd.
The middle of his orb but dimly shin'd,
And dazled not the weak beholders eyes :
With dulle horns did the pale Moon arise,
Not free from clouds the middle part she had :
Her pointed ends no horn directly made :
First red betokening winds, then pale she was,
And in dark clouds obicur'd her mourning face.
But the shores noise, the murmur of the woods,
The Dolphins playing up and down the floods
With course uncertain I mislike, no more
Like I the Cormorants flocking to the shore :
Nor that the Hern on her smooth wing relying
Presumes to reach the skies with lofty flying ;
Nor that the Crow wagling along the shore
Dives down, and seemt' anticipate a showr.
But if affairs of weight require mine aid,
To use my skill I will not be afraid ;
Either the winds, and seas shall it denie,
Or I will reach the shore of Italie.

This said, loosing his vessel he puts on,
An spreads his sails, at whose first motion
Not onely th' usual falling stars did make
In the dark air a long and fiery track,
But even those stars, which make their fixt abode
In th' highest Spheres, did seem to shake and nod.
The Seas black face a terrour doth diffuse,
The threatning waves in tracks voluminous
Boils up ; the Seas by blasts uncertain blown

Betoken many winds conception.

Then thus the master spake ; Behold how great
A danger the Sea teems withall : as yet
Uncertain 'tis what wind rough East or West
shall come ; the Bark's on every side distrest
With several waves ; the clouds and skies exprest
The South-winds rage : the murmur of the seas
The North-west-wind : in such a storm to shore
Not safe, nor ship-wrackt can we ere get ore,
No course but one of safetie does remain,
Hopeless to steer our couries back again.
Let's set our danger'd Bark a land, before
We are too far gone from the Grecian shore.

Cæsar presuming that all dangers great
Would yield to him ; Contemn, quoth he, the threat
Of raging Seas ; spread sails, and if the skie
Warrant thee not to go for *Italie*,
Ile warrant thee ; the just cause why thou fear'st
Is this, because thou know'st not whom thou bear'st :
Him whom the gods never forsake ; to whom
Fortune accounts it injurie to come
After his wish : break through the waves ; alone
Think thy self safe in my protection.
These are the troubles of the seas and skies,
Not of our Bark : this Bark, where *Cæsar* is,
Her carriage shall protect ; nor long shall this
Storm last : but happy for the Ocean 'tis
This Bark is here. Oh turn not back thy hand,
Nor think upon *Epire's* adjoining land ;
Think on *Calabria's* shore safe to arrive,
Since no land else to me can safetie give.
Alas thou know'st not why these te roures rise ;
In all these tumults of the seas and skies
Does fortune strive to pleasure me. No more
He spoke ; when straight a furious whiri-wind tore
From the rent bark her shrowds, and down it flung
The sails, that on the trembling main-mast hung.
The joynt-dissolved vessel founds, when lo,
Winds full of danger from all quarters blow :
First from the *Atlantick Ocean* *Cornus* blows

Rowling

Rowling the waves, and raised billows throws
With violence against the rocks amain :
Him *Boreas* meets, and turns them back again ;
The sea stands doubtful to what wind to yield ;
But Scythian *Boreas* furie wins the field ;
But though high waves he from the bottom rear,
Yet to the shore those waves he cannot bear ;
They meet with those that *Cornus* brings, and break.
The seas thus rais'd (though now the winds were
weak)

Would meet themselves. Nor must you now surmise
Eurus is still, or show'r-black *Notus* lies
Imprison'd close in *Aeolus*'s rocky cave.

They from their several quarters rush to save
With furious blasts their lands from being drown'd,
And keep the sea within his proper bound.

For oft (they say) small seas by violent wind
Have been transported : so th' *Aegæan* joyn'd
With the *Tyrrhene* : so with th' *Ionian*

The *Adriatick* met. How oft in vain

That day the sea seem'd mountains tops to overflow,
And yielding earth that deluge to undergo.

But such high waves on no shore rais'd be,
But from the Worlds far part, and the main sea.

They rowl ; the earth embracing waters bring
Their monstrous waves, so when the heavens high
Help'd his tir'd thunder with his brothers mace (King
To mankind's ruin, earth then added was

To *Neptunus* kingdom, when the sea confounded
All lands, and *Tethys* by no shore was bounded,
Contented with no limit but the skies.

Then also would those swelling seas arise

Up to the stars, had not great *Jove* kept down
Their waves with clouds, nor sprung that night alone
From natural causes ; the thick air was grown
Infected with the damps of *Acheron*,

And clogg'd with foggy storms, waves from the main
Flee to the clouds, and fall like showers again.

The lightnings light is lost ; it shines not clear,
But shoots obscurely through nights stormy air.

The

The heavens then trembled ; the high pole for fear
Refounded, when his hinges moved were.
Nature then fear'd the old confusion :
The elemental concord seem'd undone ;
And night, that mixt th' æthereal deities
With the infernal, seem'd again to rise ;
Their hope of safety was that in this great
Wrack of the World they were not perisht yet.
As far as you from Leucas top may see
The quiet sea, so far could they descrie
From waves high tops the troubled Ocean ;
But when the swelling billows fall again,
The main-mast top scarce above water stands :
The top-sails touch the clouds, the keel the sands.
For ground is seen from whence the sea arise
In hills ; in waves the seas whole water is.
Fear conquers art : the master does not know
Which wave to break, which wave to yield unto.
But the seas discord onely aids them now ;
The bark one billow cannot overthrow
Let by anothers force, which still sustains
The yielding tide ; the bark upright maintains
Her course, supported by all winds, no more
Low Saffons gulfs, Thessalia's crooked shore,
Or the Ambracian dangerous ports they fear d,
But ore the high Ceraunia to be rear'd
By billows ; *Cæsar* thinks it now to be
A danger worthie of his destinie ;
Are the Gods troubled so to ruin me,
Whom sitting here in a small bark (quoth he)
They have assaulted with a storm so lowd?
If on the seas, not wars, they have bestow'd
The glorie of my death, fearless I come
Ye gods, to any death that ye can doom :
Though this too hasty fate great acts break off,
I have already done things great enough ;
The Northern nations I have tam'd, and quell'd
My foes at home by arms ; Rome has beheld
Great *Pompey* my inferiour ; honour staid
From me in war, the people forc'd have paid,

All Roman honours in my titles be.
Let it be known, fortune, to none but thee
(Though full of honour to the shades below
I both Romes Consul, and Dictator go)
I die a private death, O gods I crave
No funeral ; let the seas inmost wave
Keep my torn carcass ; let me want a tomb,
And funeral pile, whil'st lookt for still to come
Into all lands I am, and ever fear'd. (rear'd
Thus having spoke (most strange) the tenth wave
His bark aloft ; nor from the billows top
Did she fall down, kept by the water up,
Till on the rocky shore she stood at last.
His fortune, and so many kingdoms (cast
On shore) and towns again he did receive.

Cæsar return next morn could not deceive
His souldiers so, as his stoln flight had done ;
About their General flock they every one
Assaulting him with lamentations,
And not ingrateful accusations ;
Whither did thy rash valour carrie thee
To cruel *Cæsar* ? to what destinie
Didst thou leave us poor souls, venturing upon
Th' unwilling seas, and storms thy self alone ?
In thee to seek for death was cruelty,
When all the World esteems thy head so high,
And on thy life so many lives of ours
Depend ; did none of us deserve t' have power
Not to survive thee ? sleep did us detain,
While thou wert tost upon the watry main.
Was this the cause thou went'st to Italie ?
(A la's it shames us) it was cruelty
To venture any man on such a sea ;
For the last act of things such hazards be.
Why dost thou tire the gods so much to go,
And venture the Worlds greatest Captain to ;
From fortunes work, and favour thus t' have sent
Thee safe a shore to us, be confident
Of the wars issue. This use dost thou make
Of the gods favour to escape a wrack,

Rather then gain the worlds sole sovereigntie ?
 Thus while they talk, night past, the Sun they see,
 And a clear day : his waves the tired main
 (By the winds leave) compos'd, and smooth'd again.

The Captains also on th' Italian side
 When the tir'd Ocean free from waves they spy'd
 By the pure North-winds rising, thence convey'd
 Their ships, which their skill'd Marriners had stay'd
 So long for fear while winds auspicious fail'd.
 Like a land army their joyn'd navie sail'd
 On the broad sea ; but the chang'd winds by night
 Fill'd not their sails, but broke the order quite.
 So Cranes in winter Strymon's cold forsake
 To drink warm Nile, and in their first flight make
 (As chance directs) of letters various forms ;
 When their spread wings are by the violent storms
 Of strong South-winds assailed, by and by
 In a confused globe all mingled lie :
 The letter's lost in their disranked wings.
 But the next morn when rising Titan brings
 A stronger wind to drive the navy ore,
 They pass the vain-attempted Lissus shore,
 And to Nymphæum come : South-winds, that blow,
 The haven on them (the North-winds fled) bestow.

When *Cæsar's* legions all collected were,
 And *Pompey* saw the war was drawn so near
 To his own camp, he thinks best to provide
 For his wives safety, and in Lesbos hide
 Thee, fair *Cornelia*, from the noise of war.
 Alas in just and noble minds how far
 Prevails true love ! true love alone had power
 To make great *Pompey* fear wars doubtful hour ;
 His wife alone he wisht free from that stroke,
 That all the World, & Romes whole fortune shook.
 But now a ready mind wants words in him :
 He yields to sweet delays ; from fate steals time.
 But when the approaching morn had banisht rest,
 And fair *Cornelia* his care-wounded breast
 Claiping, from her averted husband seeks
 A loving kiss, wondring to feel his cheeks

Moistned

Moistned with tears ; the hidden cause she fears,
And dares not find great *Pompey* shedding tears.
He then thus mourning spake : Oh dearest wife,
Dearer to me than life, not now, when life
I loath, but in our best prosperitie,
That sad day's come which too too much have we,
Yet not enough deser'd. *Cæsar's* addrest
For fight ; thou must not stay ; *Lesbos* the best,
And safest place will be for thee to hide ;
Do not intreat me iweet ; I have deny'd
It to my self ; nor absent long shall we
Refrain, for swift will this wars trial be ;
Great things fall speedily. To hear, not see
Thy *Pompey's* danger is enough for thee.
Thy love deceives me, if thou couldst endure
To see this fight ; for me to sleep secure
With thee (this war began) and from thine arms
To rise, were shame, when the wars loud alarms
Shake all the world, and that thy *Pompey* came
Sad with no loss to such a war were shame.
Nor shall thy husband's fortune altogether
Oppress thee far remov'd safer then either
People or king. And should the gods contrive
My death, let *Pompey's* better part survive,
And a place be, whither I may desire,
If fate and *Cæsar* vanquish to retire.
Her weakness could not such great grief contain,
Her senses fled, she did amaz'd remain. (scream,
At length when sad complaints these words could
My Lord, quoth she, I have no cause to blame
Our wedlocks fortune, or the gods above :
No death, no funeral divides our love :
We part the common, and Plebeian way,
For fear of war *Cornelia* must not stay.
Let's be divorc'd to gratifie the foe,
Since he's at hand *Pompey* esteem'st thou so
My faith, or think'st thou any thing can be
Safer to me then thee ? Depend not we
Upon one chance : caust cruel thou command
Thy absent wife this ruins shock to stand ?

Or think'st thou it a happy state for me
(While thy chance yet does doubtful stand) to die
For fear of future ill? I will attend
Thy death; but till sad fame the news can send
So far, I shall be forced to survive.
Besides thou wilt accustom me to grieve,
And bear so great a sorrow, as I fear
(Pardon that I confess) I cannot bear.
And if the good gods hear my prayers now,
I last of all the happy news shall know.
I on the rocks, when thou art conquerer,
Shall careful sit, and even that ship shall fear
Have end, so soon as I thy conquest hear;
So far remov'd from thee, that *Cæsar* may
(Though flying) seize *Cornelia* as a pray.
My banishment will *Lesbos* shore renown,
And make the town of *Mitylene* known,
Where *Pompey's* wife abides. My last request
Is this, if thou be conquer'd, and nought rest
To save thy life but flight, to any bay
Rather than that turn thy unhappy way.
Upon my shore thou wilt be surely sought.
This said, from bed she leapt with grief distraught,
Her woes with no delays to interlace;
Nor could she then her Lords sad breast embrace,
Nor hang about his neck; the last fruit's gone
Of so long love: their griefs they hasten on:
And at the parting neither had the power
To say fare-well. Never so sad an hour
In all their life had they. Succeeding woes
Their minds by custom hardned could compose.
She fainting falls, and in her servants hands
Lifted is born to sea; but on the sands
She falls, as if that shore she vain would keep,
At last perforce she's carried to the ship.
From her dear countrey's shore not so distressed,
Fled she, when *Cæsar* *Italie* possest.
With *Pompey* then she went: now all alone
Wanting that guid, she from her Lord is gone.
Sleepless she spent in her now widdow'd bed

Cold,

Cold, and alone, the night that followed.
 That side that naked us'd not to be left,
 Is of a husband's company bereft.
 O! would she, when her sleepy arms she spread,
 With hands deceiv'd embrace the empty bed,
 Seeking her Lord, her sight she would forget;
 For, though loves flame fed on her marrow, yet
 O'er all the bed she would not tumbling spread,
 Fearing to miss her Lord, that part of bed
 She kept; but fate did not so well ordain;
 The hour 's at hand that brings her Lord again.

The end of the fifth Book.

Annotations on the fifth Book.

(a) Pompey's losses, as we saw before in the 2, 3, and 4 Books were these; all his garriſons beaten out of Italy, and himself driven from thence; Maffilia ſackt: all Spain loſt, together with his army under the conduct of Afranius and Petreius. Cæſar loſes a cohort of Opitergiens, which killed themselves on the Illyrian ſea with their Captain Vulteius, and Curio killed by King Juba.

(b) Phœcis was then made free as well as Maffilia her colony, which Cæſar beſieged.

(c) Deiotarus King of Galatia brought to the army of Pompey ſix hundred horſemen.

(d) Cotys King of Thracia ſent to the army five hundred horſemen under the conduct of his ſon Sadalis.

(e) Rhalipolis brought from Macedonia two hundred horſemen.

(f) Ptolemy defrauded his ſiſter Cleopatra of her ſhare in the kingdom, and in killing Pompey ſaved Cæſar the doing of that impious act.

(g) Appius the Governour of Achæa deſirous to know the event of the civil war, compelled the chief Prieſt of Delphos to deſcend to the Oracle, which had not of a long time been uſed.

(h) In the miſt of the hill there was a deep hole into the earth, out of which came a cold ſpirit, as it were a wind,

mind, and filled the Prophetesses with a furie, so that they instantly prophesied of things to come.

(i) Appius thinking this oracle had warned him onely to abstain from this war, retired himself into that countrey which lyeth between Rhamnus, and Carystes called Cels Eulara, where before the battle of Pharsalia he died of a disease, and was there buried, and so possesst quietly the place which the Oracle had promised him.

(k) Cæsar was now returned to Placentia from Spain, where he had conquered Afranius and Petreius two of Pompey's Lieutenants, and was going from thence into Egipt and Macedonia against Pompey; in the mean time this mutiny happened.

(l) Cæsar cashiered with ignominy all the ninth legion at Placentia; and with much ado after many prayers received them again, but not without taking punishment of the chief mutiniers.

(m) Cæsar made himself Dictator at Rome without any lawfull election, that is, neither named by the Senate nor Consul; but eleven dayes after he left his Dictatorship, having made himself and Publius Servilius Consuls.

(n) Then began all these names of flattery, which they afterwards used to their Emperours, as Divus Ever Augustus, Father of his Country, Founder of peace, Lord, and the like.

(o) After all government was in the hands of Cæsar alone, all the ancient rites in creating of Magistrates were quite taken away, an imaginary face of election was in the field of Mars, the tribes were cited, but were not admitted distinctly, and in the true form to give their suffrages, the other orders were but vain; for the Emperour commanded him to the Centuries whom he would have Consul, or else designed him, and chose him himself; their Augury also was abused, and the Augurs interpreted every thing as they were compelled.

(p) Under the Emperours Consuls were oft chosen for half a year for 1, 2, or 3 moneths.

(q) Pompey was then in Candavia, but when he heard that Cæsar was come, and was possesst of Oricum, and Apollonia, he hasted to Dytrachium. Cæsar pitched his tents

at one side of the river *Apsus*, and *Pompey* at the other.

(r) *Cæsar* having landed his men the same night, sent back the ships to *Brunduſium* for *Antoni*us to transport the rest of his Legions, and his horse-men, whose slow coming made *Cæsar* defer the fight.

(i) This *Marcus Antoni*us after the death of *Julius Cæsar* had war with *Augustus*, by whom he was vanquished in a sea-fight near *Leucas*.

(c) When part of the army for want of ships staid at *Brunduſium*, under *Antoni*us, *Gabin*ius, and *Galen*us, *Cæsar* impatient of delay resolved to go himself as a messenger to call them in a stormy night and a little vessel, some say a boat that would bear twelve oars; but unknown to all his army he past in a disguised habit through all the courts of guard, and went to sea.





L U C A N S

P H A R S A L I A.

*The Sixth Book.**The Argument of the Sixth Book.*

*Cæsar inclosing Pompey with a fence
 And trenches of a vast circumference,
 Endures a famine, Pompey pestilence,
 Who breaking through escapes a conqueror thence.
 Brave Scævæ's valour, and admired fight,
 Into Thessalia Cæsar takes his flight;
 Great Pompey follows: the description,
 And Poets tales, that Thessaly renown.
 To the dire witch Erictho Sextus goes
 This fatal wars sad issue to disclose:
 She quickens a dead carcass, which relates
 To Sextus ear, his, and his fathers fates,
 And craving then death's freedom to obtain
 Is by a magick spell dissolv'd again.*

When on near ^(a) hills both Generals fierce
^(b) or night
 Had pitcht their tents, and drawn their
 troup in fight,
 And the gods saw their match: Cæsar in Greece
 Scorns to take towns, or ow the Destinies
 For any conquest; but his son in law's
 The Worlds sad hour, that to a trial draws
 This wars main chance, he wishes for alone,
 That cast of fortune that must ruin one.

Thrice

Thrice on the hills his battail he array'd,
 And all his threatning Eagles thrice display'd,
 Shewing that he would never wanting be
 T' orethrow the Roman state. But when he see
 No provocations could his son in law
 (Who close intrenched lay) to battail draw,
 From thence (c) he march'd by woody passages,
 And close to take Dyrrachiums fortrelles.
 Thither a nearer way great *Pompey* takes
 Along the shore, and on high *Petra* makes
 His camp, to guard from thence Dyrrachium town.
 Safe (without men) by her own strength alone.
 No human labour, no old structure made
 Her fence, which would (though nere so lofty) fade
 By for 'e of war, or eating time oretaken.
 A strength, that by no engine can be shaken,
 Her site, and nature give, the sea profound,
 And steep wave-breaking rocks inclose it round;
 But for one little hill an Island 't were:
 Ship-threatning rocks sustain the walls, and there
 Th' Ionian sea rais'd by the South winds blasts
 Her temples shakes, and frothy foamings casts
 Ore houles tops. War-thirsty *Cæsar* then
 Conceiv'd (d) a cruel hope, spreading his men
 Round on the hills from every side t' inclose
 With joyned trenches his unwary foes;
 And all the ground surveying with his eye
 Is not content alone to fortifie
 His works with brittle earth, but weighty stone
 From quarries digs, vast rocks, houles torn down,
 And Greekish walls brought thither make a fence,
 Able the ramm's assaulding violence,
 And all wars furious engines to withstand;
 Hills leuell'd, valleys rais'd make even land
 In *Cæsar's* works, with trenches wide enclos'd,
 And towred Castles on the hills dispos'd.
 With a vast circuit he takes in the ground,
 About the pastures, woods, and sheiters round
 As 't were for Deer, spreading a wide-stret h'd toyl.
Pompey no room, nor pasture wants; for while

He thus enclos'd by *Cæsar's* trenches is,
He removes camps; (so many rivers rise,
And their whole course within this circuit run)
And *Cæsar*, tir'd going to look upon
His works, makes often stayes. Let ancient tales
To the gods work adscribe the Trojan walls;
Let flying Parthians still admire alone
The brittle earth, built walls of Babylon,
As far as Tigris, and Orontes run,
As the Assyrian Kings dominion
Stretch'd in the East, a sudden work of war
Encloses here. Lost those great labours are.
So many hands would to Abydos put
Sestos: fill up the Hellespont: and cut
Corinth from Pelops land: and from the seas
Take long Malea for the Sailers ease:
Or mend some part (though Nature should denie)
Of the worlds structure. Here wars quarters lie:
Here feeds that blood that in all lands must flow,
The Libyan, and Thessalian overthrow.
Wars civil tury boyls kept straitly in.

The works first structure *Pompey* had not seen.
As who in midst of Sicilie safe dwell,
When rough Pelorus barks, can never tell:
As Northren Britains cannot hear the rore
Of flowing seas against the Kentish shore.
But when himself begirt so far he knew
By a vast trench, he from safe Petra drew
His troops: and ore the hills dispos'd them so
To keep the ranks of his besieging foe
More thin: and took of the inclosed ground
As much in length, as is true distance round
Twixt loity Rome, and th' Aricinian wood,
Where Scythian Dian's ador'd image stood:
As far as Tybers stream from Romes walls ends
By strait accounts, not as the river bends.
No Trumpets sound: piles uncommand'd tie:
Mischiefs oft done as they their javelins try.
Both chiefs are kept from fight by greater care:
Pompey because his pasture fields are bare;

The ground he had, by horse oretrampled was,
Whose hornie hoofs trode down the springing grass.
The war-like steed wear'd in those bar'd fields,
When the full rack provinder far brought yields,
Tasting his new-brought food falls down and dies
Treading the ring, faild by his trembling thighs.
Their bodies waste by dire consumption ;
The unstirr'd air draws moist contagion
Into a pestilential cloud ; such breath
Nysis exhales from her dark caves beneath ;
Such poison'd air, where burie'd *Typhon* lies,
The ground sends forth ; apace the Army dies.
The water from the air, infection taking
With costiveness torments the bowels aching :
Dries their discolour'd skin : their bloud-swoln eies
Do break : the fiery plague with botches flies
All ore the face : their heavy heads fall down.
Now more and more suddain their death was grown:
Twixt life and death the sickness has no room ;
But death doth with the first faint symptoms come.
By Carkasses, which all unburied lie,
Among the living grows mortalitie.
Twas all the Souldiers burial to be cast
Out of the tents. This plague was staid at last
By blasts of strong air-stirring Northern wind,
Ships fraught with Corn, the shore and sea behind.

But *Cesar* free upon the spacious hills,
No pestilence from air or water feels :
But (as if strait besieg'd) a famine strong
Is forc'd to suffer : corn as yet not sprong
To the full height : his wretched men he sees
Fall to beasts food, eat grasse, and rob the trees
Of leaves and tender twigs : and vent'ring more,
Death-threatening herbs from roots unknown they
What ever they could bite, soften with heat, (tore.
Or through their wounded palats down could get,
And things, that humane tables nere did know,
Content to eat, beliedg'd (e) their full fed foe.

When through the trenches *Pompey* pleas'd to make
His way, and freedom of all lands to take :

He

He seeks not the obscure time of dusky night,
 Scorning to steal a passage free from light :
 But rather force the trenches, and break down
 The forts, and pass, where ruin leads him on,
 Through swords and slaughter to enforce his way.
 That part of the near trench most fitly lay
Minutius castle call'd ; trees thickly set
 Making a grove obscure ore-shadow'd it.
 Hither his Cohorts by no dust betray'd
 He led, and suddainly the wals assay'd.
 So many Roman Eagles glister round
 The field at once, so many trumpets sound,
 That now to swords to victorie nought owes :
 Fear had discomfited th' astonisht foes.
 Yet (wherein valour onely could be show'd)
 That ground, where first they stood, they dying
 But the *Pompeyans* novv vvant foes to slay : (strov'd.
 Whole shovrs of Piles in vain are throw'n avay.
 Then fire rovv'd up in pitchy stuff they throw
 Upon the vvorks : the shaken turrets bow.
 Threatning a fall, the batt' red bullvvaks grone
 Beat by the rams impetuous furie down,
 And ore the trenches *Pompey's* Eagles flie
 To vindicate the Roman libertie.

That place, vvich not a thousand companies,
 Nor all the strength of *Cesar* could surprize,
 One man alone guards from the Conquerers,
 Denying *Pompey's* conquest, vvhist he vvears
 A sword and lives : His name vvvas *Scævus*, once
 A common souldier to those legions,
 That serv'd in Gallia : then Centurion,
 By blood promoted, to all mischief prone,
 And one that knevv not in a civil vvwar
 How great a crime the souldiers valours are.
 He vvhen he savv his fellows leaving fight,
 And seeking out safe places for their night,
 Whither (quoth he) base slaves ; and beasts, does fear
 (Unknow'n to all that arms for *Cesar* bear)
 Drive you ? can you retire vvithout one vvound ?
 Or are you not atham'd not to be found

G

Among

Among the heap of men ? though faith were gone,
 Anger (me thinks) should make you fight alone.
 We are the men of all, through whom the foe
 Has chose to break ; let this day bloody go
 On *Pompey's* side. I should far happier die
 In *Cæsar's* sight : but since the fates denie
 Him tor a witness, *Pompey* shall commend
 My death ; your breasts and throats undaunted bend
 Against their steel, and turn their weapons back.
 The dust far off is seen, this ruins crake
 Has by this time enter'd our Generals ears.
 We conquer, fellows ; *Cæsar* straight appears
 To challenge (though we die ; this fort ; his voice
 More than th' alarums first inciting noise
 Their furie stirr'd : then wond'ring at the mau,
 And eager to behold the souldiers ran
 To see if valour disad vantag'd so,
 Surpris'd by place and number could bestow
 Ought more than death. He making good alone
 The falling work, first throws dead bodies down
 From the full towr to over-whelm the foes.
 The posts, the wals, slaughter it self bestows
 Weapons on him, threatning himself to fall
 Down on their heads, and thrust off from the wall
 The breasts of skaling foes with poles and stakes,
 And with his sword cuts off his hand that takes
 Hold on the bulwarks top ; and with vast stones
 Pashes their heads in pieces, breaks their bones,
 And dashes out their weakly fenced brains.
 Down one anothers hair, and face he rains
 Pitch fir'd ; the fire whizzes in burning eyes.

But when the pil'd up carcasle 'gan rise
 To equal the wals height, as nimble then
 Into the midst of *Pompey's* armed men
Scæva leaps down from thence, as Libbards fierce
 Break thorow the besetting hunti-mens spears.
 Then *Scæva* wedg'd in round, and by th' whole war
 Inclos'd ; yet where he strikes is conquerer.
 His swords point dull with blood congealed grows,
 And blunt ; nor does it pierce, but bruise his foes.

His

His sword has lost the use, and without wound
 It breaks mens limbs. The foes incircling round
 At him direct their weapons all, and all
 Their hands aim right, and javelins rightly fall :
 There fortune a strange match beholds, one man
 'Gainst a whole war. His strong shield,ounded then
 With often strokes : his broken helmet beat
 Down to his temples, wrings with pain and heat,
 And nothing else protects his vital parts
 But th' out-side of his flesh stuck full of darts.
 Why with light darts and arrows do you strive
 (Vain fools) such wounds, as cannot kill, to give :
 Let the Phalarick strong her wild-tire throw,
 Or malle wals of stone 'gainst such a foe :
 Let batt'ring rams, and wars vast engines all
 Remove him thence : he stands for *Cæsars* wall
 'Gainst *Pompey's* course. His breast no arms novv hide,
 Scorning to use a shield, lest his left side
 Should want a wound, and he be forc'd to live
 By his ovvn fault, vvhhat vvounds the vvar can give
 He takes alone ; and bearing a thick vvood
 Of darts upon his breast, novv vvearied stood
 Chusing vvhat foe to fall on ; so at sea
 Do Whales, and monstrous beasts of Libya,
 So a Getulian Elephant clos'd in
 By hunters round all shafts from his thick skin
 Beats back and breaks : or moving it shakes off
 The sticking darts (his bowels safe enough)
 And through those wounds no bloud he loses ; so
 So many shafts and darts cannot bestow
 One death. At last a Cretan bowe let flie
 A sure Gortyan shaft : in the left eye
 Of *Scæva* stuck the shaft ; he void of fear,
 The ligaments, and optick tinews tears,
 That th' arrows forked iron head did itay,
 And kickt the shafts with his own eye away.
 So if a Libyan looped javelin pierce
 The side of a Panonian Bear, more fierce
 Grown by her wound, she wheels her self about,
 Eager to catch the dart, and pull it out,

Which still turns vvith her, *Scæva's* looks novv bore
 No fierceness, all his face deform'd vvith gore.
 A shout that reacht the skie, the Conquerers raise ;
 So little blood (though dravvn from *Cæsars* face)
 Could not have joy'd them more. But *Scæva* novv
 In his great heart suppressing this deep vvo,
 With a mild look that did no valour shovv,
 Hold Countrey-men (quoth he) forbear me novv ;
 Wounds further not my death, nor novv need I
 Mo' vveapons in, but these pull'd out to die.
 Into the camp of *Pompey* carry me :
 Do't for your General's sake, let *Scæva* be
 Rather th' example now of *Cæsar* left,
 Than of a noble death. *Aulus* beleest
 These feigned words of his unhappily :
 And did not the swords point against him see ;
 But as to seize him, and his arms he ventures,
 His throat the lightning sword of *Scæva* enters.
 His valour then by this on 's death renew'd
 Wax'd hot ; who ere dares think *Scæva* subdu'd,
 Thus let him rue (quoth he) if from this steel
Pompey seek peace, let him to *Cæsar* kneel.
 Thought you me like your selves, fearfull, and base ?
 You love not *Pompey*, and the Senates caute,
 As I love death. With that the dust rais'd high
 Gave them all notice *Cæsars* troups were nigh,
 And from wars shame did the Pompeians free,
 Left a whole troupe should have been thought to flee
 From *Scæva* onely. When the fight was done
 He fell, and dy'd ; for fight (when blood was gone)
 Lent strength. His friends taking him, as he fays,
 Upon their shoulders to his funerals,
 Are proud to bear him, and that breast adore,
 As if some sacred deitie it bore,
 Or valours glorious image there did live.
 Then all from his transfix'd members strive
 To pluck the Piles : and therewithall they drest
 The gods themselves ; on *Mars* his naked breast,
Scæva, they put thy arms. How great indeed
 Had been thine honour, if those men that fled

Had

Had been the warlike Celtiberians?
Germans long arm'd, or short Cantabrians.
No triumphs now; no spoils of this sad war
Can deck the temple of the thunderer.
With how great valour, wretch, hast thou procur'd
A lord? nor did great *Pompey* lie immur'd
And quiet from attempting fight again
At this repulse, no more than th' Ocean
Is tir'd, when lifted by strong Eastern blast
'Gainst the repelling rocks, but eats at last
The rocks hard side, making, though late, a way
Assaulting then (f) the fort that nearest lay
To th' sea, he takes it by a double war,
And spread his men over the fields a far,
Pleas'd with this libertie of changing ground.
So when full *Padus* swells above the bound
Of his safe banks, and the near fields ore-flows:
If any land, not able to oppose
That hill or water, yield: that it ore-runs,
Opening t' it self unknown dominions.
Some owners must of force their lands forgo,
Some gain new lands, as *Padus* will bestow.
Cæsar, at first not knowing it, by light
From a towers top had notice from the sight:
The dust now lay'd, he sees his wals beat down;
But when he found it past, and the foe gone,
This rest his fortie stirr'd, enraged deep
That *Pompey* safe on *Cæsar*'s loss should sleep.
Resolving (though to his own loss) to go
On, and disturb the quiet of his foe.
First he assaults *Torquatus*, who desires
As soon his coming, as the sailer spies
Th' approach of a Circæan storm, and takes
Down all his sails, when once the main-mast shakes.
His men within the inner wall doth bring;
To stand more firmly in a narrow ring.
Ore the (g) first trenches works *Cæsar* was gone,
When *Pompey* from the hills sent down
All his whole troup upon th' enclosed foe.
Th' inhabitants near *Ætna* fear not so

Enceladus, when the fierce South wind blows,
 And Ætna from her fiery caverns throws
 Her scalding entrails forth : as *Cæsars* men
 By the rais'd dust ore-come ere they begin
 To fight ; and in the cloud of this blind fear
 Flying they meet their foes ; terror does bear
 Them to their fate. Then might have been let out
 The civil wars whole blood, and peace been brought.
Pompey himself their furious swords restrain'd.
 O happy, Rome, still free hadst thou remain'd
 With all thy laws, and power, if there for thee
Sylla had conquer'd ; 'tis, and still shall be
Cæsar, our grief, thy worst of wretched deeds
 (To fight with a good son in law) succeeds.
 Oh luckless fates, for *Munda's* bloody day
 Spain had not wept, Africk for *Utica* ;
 Nor had Nile born, her stream discolouring,
 A carcass (*b*) nobler than th' Egyptian King ;
 Nor *Juba* (*i*) nak'd on Libyan sands had dy'd,
 Nor had the blood of *Scipio* pacifi'd
 Carthage dire ghosts ; nor mens societie
 Had lost good *Cato*. That day, Rome to thee
 Had been the last of ills, *Pharsalia's* day
 In midst of fate had vanished away.

Cæsar this ill possessed place forsakes,
 And with his mangled (*k*) troupes t' Æmathia makes.
Pompey pursues his flying father in law.
 Whom from that purpose his friends strive to draw,
 Perswading him to turn to Italie
 Now free from enemies. Never, quoth he,
 Will I like *Cæsar* to my countrey come,
 Nor never more unless with peace, shall Rome
 See my return. In Italie I could
 Have stay'd at the beginning, if I would
 Before Rome's temples this sad war have brought,
 And in the midst o'th' market place have fought.
 To draw the war from home, to th' torrid zone,
 Or Scythia's farthest cold I would be gone,
 Shall I a conquerour now rob Rome of rest,
 Who fled, lest she should be with war oppress'd ?

Let

Let *Cæsar* think Rome his, rather than she
Should suffer from this war. Then Easterly
He turns his courie, paths devious marching over,
Where regions vast *Candavia* does discover,
And to *Theſſalia* comes, which fate for this
Sad war ordain'd. *Theſſalia* bounded is
By the hill *Oſſa* on the North-eaſt ſide ;
Pelios, when Summer's in her height of pride,
His ſhade oppoſes 'gainſt *Sol's* riuing rays ;
The woody *Othrys* South-ward keeps away
The ſcorching *Lions* heat ; *Pindus* his high
Keeps off the *Western* winds, and haſtens night
By hiding the ſuns ſet ; thoſe men nere feel
(That in the bottom of *Olympus* dwell)
The North-winds rage, nor all night long can ſee
The ſhining of the Bear. The fields, that lie
A vale betwixt thoſe hills, were heretofore
A ſtanding pool with water cover'd ore.
The fields kept in the rivers ; *Tempe* then
Had no vent to the ſea : to fill the ſen
Was all the rivers courſe. But when of yore
Achilles *Oſſa* from *Olimpus* tore,
And *Peneus* ſuddenly the ſea did fill :
Sea-born *Achilles* kingdom (that had ſtill
Been better under water) firſt was ſhown ;
And *Phylææ*, that landed firſt upon
The *Trojan* ſhore her ſhip ; and *Dorion*
For the nine *Muſes* anger wo begon ;
Peleus, and *Trachis*, *Melibæa* proud
Of great *Achilles* ſtaſts on her beſtow'd,
Baſe hire for *Oeta's* fire ; and where men now
Over the once renowned *Argos* plow :
Lariſſa potent once : and where old tales
Deſcribe the *Echionian* *Theban* walls ;
Thither *Agave* baniſht, there the head,
And neck of her dead *Penthem* buried,
Griev'd ſhe had torn no mo limbs from her ſon.

The ſens thus broke in many rivers run
On the Weſt ſide into th' *Ionian* ſea
Clear, but ſmall, *Æas* runs : as ſmall as he

Runs in Egyptian Isis fathers flood :
 And Achelous, whose thick stream with mud
 Soils the Echinades : Evenus ore
 Meleagers Calydon stain'd with the gore
 Of Nessus runs : Sperchios swiftly slides
 Into the Meliack sea, whose channel glides
 Purely along Amphrysus pasture fields,
 Where *Phæbus* serv'd : Anauros, that nere yields
 Nor fog, nor wind, nor exhalation :
 And what ere river by it felt not known
 To th' sea, his waves on Peneus bestows :
 Apidanos in a swift torrent flows :
 Enipeus never swift unless combin'd :
 Melas : and Phœnix with Asopus joy'd :
 Alone his stream pure Titaresus keeps,
 Though in a different named flood he creeps :
 And using Peneus as his ground, he flows
 Above : from Styx (they say) this river rose :
 Who (mindfull of his spring) scorns with base floods
 To mix, but keeps the reverence of the gods.

When first, these rivers gone, the fields appear'd,
 Fat furrows the Boæbician plow-shares rear'd :
 Th' Æolian husband-men then break the ground,
 The Leleges, and Dolopes then wound
 Her fertile breast ; the skill'd Magnetians
 In horse-manship : the sea fam'd Minyans.
 In Pelethronian dens t' Ixion there
 A fruitfull cloud did th' half-wild Centaurs bear :
 Thee, *Monichus*, that couldst on *Pholoe*
 Break hardest rocks : and furious, *Rhœus*, thee,
 That up by th' roots could strong wild ashes tear
 On Oeta's mount, which *Boreas* blasts would bear,
Pholus, that didst *Alcides* entertain :
 Ravishing *Nessus* on the river slain
 By venom'd shafts : and thee, old *Chiron*, made
 A constellation now, who seem'st t' invade
 The Scorpion with thy Thessalian bowe :

Fierce wars first seeds did from his countrey grow :
 Here the first horse for war sprang from a rock,
 Which mighty *Neptune* with his trident stroke ;

To

To chew on the steel bit he not disdain'd,
And foam'd by his Thessalian rider rein'd.
From hence the first of ships the Ocean plow'd,
And seas hid paths to earth-bred mortals shon'd.

Ionus first of all Thessalia's King

To form by hammer did hot metals bring ;
Made silver liquid, stamp'd his coins impreis
In gold, and melted brats in fornaces.

Hence did th' account of money first arise,
The fatal cause of war and tragedice.

Here was that hideous serpent *Python* bred,
Whose skin the Delphian *Tripos* covered ;
Whence to those games Thessalian bays are brought.

Alecto wicked brood 'gainst heaven here fought ;
When *Ossa* on high *Pelions* was set,
And the celestial orbs swift motion let.

When both the Generals in this land (by fate
Destin'd) encamp'd : the wars ensuing state
Fills all presaging minds, all saw at hand
That hour, on which this wars last cast should stand.
Coward now trembled that wars fate to hear
Was drawn, and fear'd the worst, both hope and fear
To this yet-doubtfull trial brought the stout.

But one (alas) among the fearfull rout
Was *Sextus*, *Pompey's* most unworthy son ;
Who afterward a banisht man upon
Sicilian seas, turn'd Pirate, and ther : stain'd
The fam'd sea-triumphs his great father gain'd.

He brooking no delay, but weak to bear
A doubtfull state, endeavours, urg'd by fear,
To find fates future courie. Nor does he crave
From Delphian *Phœbus*, from the Pythian cave,
Or that fam'd Oak fruitfull in akehorns, where
Joves mouth gives answer, this event to hear :
Nor seeks advice from them, to whom are known
Birds flights, beasts entrails, lightnings motion,
Nor the Chaldean skill'd Astrologer,
Nor any secret ways, that lawfull were :
But magick damn'd by all the gods above,
And her detected secrets seeks to prove,

Aid from the ghosts, and fiends below to crave,
 Think'ng (ah wretch) the gods small knowledge have.
 The place it self this vain dire madness helpt,
 Neer to the camp th' Æmonian witches dwelt,
 Whom no invented monsters can excell;
 Their art's what ere's incredible to tell.
 Betides Thetis's fields and rocks do bear
 Strange killing herbs, and plants, and stones that hear
 The charming witches murmurs: there arise
 Plants, that have pow'r to force the deities.
Aldea there, a stranger in those fields,
 Gathered worse herbs than any *Golchos* yields.
 Those wretches impious charms turn the gods ears,
 Though deaf to many nations zealous prayers;
 Their voice alone bears through the inmost skies
 Commands to the unwilling deities,
 Which not the care of heavens high motions
 Can turn away; when those dire murmurs once
 Enter the skie, though the Egyptians wife,
 And Babylonians their deep mysteries
 Should utter all, th' *Amontan* witch still bears
 From all their altars the gods forced ears.

These witches spels loves soft desires have sent
 Into the hardest hearts 'gainst fates intent;
 Severe old men have burn'd in impious love,
 Which temper'd drinks, & phyltrums could not move,
 Nor that, to which the sole his dams love owes,
 The swelling flesh that on his fore-head grows.
 Minds by no poyson hurt, have perished
 By spels; & those whom no love of marriage led,
 Nor tempting beauties pow'r could ere mislead,
 By magick knot ty'd thread together came;
 The course of things has stay'd, to keep out day
 Night has stood still; the skie would not obey
 The law of nature: the dull world at their
 Dire voice has bin benumm'd: great *Jupiter*
 Uprising their course himself, admir'd to see
 The Poles not mov'd by their swift axle tree.
 Shows they have made, clouded the clearest skie,
 And heaven has thunder'd, *Jove* not knowing why.

By

By the same voice (with hair loose hanging) they
Moist swelling clouds, and storms have chac'd away.
The Sea without one puff of wind has swell'd ;
Again in spite of *Auster* has bin still'd :
Ships sails have quite against the winds bin sway'd :
Steep waters torrents in their fall have stay'd :
And rivers have run back : Nile not overflow
In summer time : Meander strait has run.
Arar has hastned, Rhodanus grown slow.
High hills run down have equall'd vales below.
Above his head the clouds Olympus saw :
In midst of Winter Scythian snows did thaw
Without the Sun : the tide rais'd Ocean
Amonian spels beat from the shore again.
The ponderous earth out of her center tost
Her middle place in the Worlds orb has lost ;
So great a weight strook by that voice was stirr'd,
And on both sides the face of heav'n appear'd.
All deadly creatures, and for mischief born,
Both fear, and serve by death the witches turn ;
The Tigers hence, and Lions nobly bold
Fawn upon them : cold Snakes themselves unfold,
And in the frosty fields lie all untwin'd :
Dissected vipers by their power are joy'n'd.
Their poyson'd breathings poyson'd serpents kill.

Why are the gods thus troubled to tumult,
And fearful their enchantments to condemn ?
What bargain has thus ti'd the gods to them ?
Do they obey upon necessity,
Or pleasure ? or some unknown piety
Deserves it ? or some secret threat prevail ?
Or have they jurisdiction over all
The gods ? or does one certain deitie fear
Their most imperious charms, who, whatsoever
Himself is forc'd to, can the World compel ?
By them the stars off from the pole down fell ;
And by their voices poyson *Phæbe* turn'd,
Grown pale with dark and earthly fies has burn'd,
No less than if debarr'd her brother shine
By interposal of the earth between

Her

Her Orb, and his : these labours undergone
Has she, deprest by incantation,
Untill more nigh she foam'd her gellie on
Their herbs. These spels of this dire nation,
And damned rites dreadfull *Ericho* scorns
As too too good, and this foul art adorns
With newer rites ; in towns her dismal head,
Or houses roofs is never covered.
Forfaken graves, and tombs (the ghosts expell'd)
She haunts ; by fiends in estimation held.
To hear hels silent counsels, and to know
The Stygian cels, and mysteries below
Of *Dia*, her breathing here no hindrance was.
A yellow leanness spreads her loathed face ;
Her dreadfull looks, known to no lightsom air,
With heavie hel-like paleness clogged are.
Laden she is with strong unkembed hairs.
But when dark storms, or clouds obicure the stars,
From naked graves then forth *Ericho* stalks
To catch the nights quick sulphur ; as she walks
The corn burns up, and blasts where ere she tread ;
And by her breath clear airs are poysoned.
She prays not to the gods, nor humbly cries
For help, nor knows she pleasing sacrifice ;
But funeral flames to th' altars she prefers.
Frank-incense snatcht from burning sepulchers.
The gods at her first voice grant any harm
She asks, and dare not hear her second charm.
Live souls, that rule their limbs, she does intomb :
Death (though unwilling) seizes those, to whom
The fates ow years ; with a cross pomp men dead
Return from grave, coarles from tombs have fled ;
Young mens hot ashes, and burnt bones she snatches
Out of the midst of funeral Piles, and catches
The kindling brand in their sad parents hand ;
The funeral beds black smoking fragments, and
Their ashie garments, and flesh-smelling coals.
But when she finds a coarse intombed whole,
Whose moisture is drawn out, and marrow grown
Hard by corruption, greedy havock on

Each limb she makes; and from their orbs doth tear
 His congealed eies, and sticks her knuckles there.
 She gnaws his nails now pale, oregrown, and long;
 Bites halters killing knots where dead men hung:
 Tears from the gibbets strangled bodies down,
 And from the gallows licks corruption.
 She gathers dead mens limbs, which showers have wet,
 And marrow hardned in *Sol's* scorching heat.
 She keeps the nails that pierc'd crucifi'd hands,
 And gathers poisonous filth, and slime that stands
 On the cold joints, and biting with her fangs
 The hardn'd sinews, up from ground she hangs.
 And when to ere a naked carcase lie,
 Before the beasts, and ravenous fowls sits she;
 But tears, or cuts no limb; till it be bit
 By Wolves; from those drie jaws she snatches it.
 Nor spares the murdering, if life blood she need,
 That from a throat new open'd must proceed.
 She murders, when her sacrifices dire
 Life-blood, and panting entrails do require:
 And births abortive by unnatural ways
 From wounded wombs she takes, and burning lays
 Them on her wicked altars; when she lacks
 Stout cruel ghosts, such ghosts forthwith she makes,
 All deaths of men serve for her action.
 From young mens chins she pulls the growing down,
 And dying striplings hair she cuts away.
 Ere she ott when ore the coarse she lay
 Of her dead kinsman, and did seem to kiss,
 Off from his maimed head would bite a piece;
 And opening his pale lips, gelled, and clung
 In his drie throat she bites his cold stiff tongue:
 And whispering murmurs dire by him she sends
 Her baneful secrets to the Stygian fiends.

By general fame when *Sextus* notice had
 Of her, in depth of night, when *Titan* made
 At the Antipodes their noon of day,
 Over the desert fields he takes his way:
 The servants waiting on his folly then,
 Searching through broken tombs, and graves of men,
 Spy &

Spy'd on a rock at last, where *Aemus* bends,
 And the *Pharfalian* lofty hills extends,
Eriatbo sitting; she was trying there
 Spels, which nere witch, nor magick god did hear,
 And for new purposes was framing charms.
 For fearing lest the civil wars alarms
 Should to some other land be carried thence,
 And *Thessalie* should want that bloud's expence:
Philippi fields with incantations stain'd,
 And sprinkled with dire juice she did command
 Not to transfer the war, meaning t'enjoy
 So many deaths, and the worlds bloud t'employ:
 The carkasses of slaughter'd Kings to main,
 And turn the Roman alhes was her aim:
 To search for princes bones, and each great ghost.
 But what best pleas'd her, and she studied most,
 Was what from *Pompey's* coarſe to take away,
 Or upon which of *Cesar's* limbs to prey.
 Whom first thus *Pompey's* fearful son bespake;
 Wiſest of all *Thessalians*, that canſt make
 Foreknown all things to come, and turn away
 The course of destinie, to me (I pray)
 The certain end of this wars chance relate.
 I am no mean part of the Roman ſtate,
 Great *Pompey's* ſon, now either lord of all,
 Or woſul heir of his great funeral.
 My mind, though wounded now with doubtful fear,
 Is well reſolv'd any known wo to bear.
 Oh take from chance this power it may not fall
 Unſeen, and ſuddain on me; the gods call;
 Or ſpare the gods, and force the truth out from
 The ghosts below; open *Elyſium*,
 Call forth grim death himſelt, bid him relate
 Which of the two is given to him by fate,
 'Tis no mean task, but labour worthie thee
 To ſearch what end of this great war ſhall be.
 The impious Witch proud of a fame ſo ſpread
 Replies, Young man, wouldſt thou have altered
 Some meaner fate, it had been eaſily done;
 I could have forc'd to any action

Th' un-

Th' unwilling gods. I can preserve the breath
Of him, whom all the stars have doom'd to death :
And, though the planets all conspire to make
Him old, the midst of his lifes course can break.
But fates, and th' order of great causes all
Work downward from the worlds original ;
When all mankind depend on one success,
If there you would change ought, our arts confess
Fortune has greater power : but if content
You be alone to know this wars event,
Many, and easie ways for us there be
To find out truth ; the earth, the sea, the skie,
The dead, the Rodopeian rocks and fields
Shall speak to us. But since late slaughter yields
Such choise of carkasses in Thessalie,
To raise up one of those will easiest be :
That a warm new-slain carkass with a clear
Intelligible voice may greet your ear.
Least (by the Sun the organs parch'd, and spill'd)
The dismal ghost uncertain hizzings yield.

Then double darkness ore nights face she spread,
And wrapping in a foggie cloud her head,
She searches where th' unbury'd bodies lie ;
Away the wolves, and hungrie vultures tie
Loosening their tallands, when *Eribo* comes
To choose her prophet, griping with her thumbs
Their now cold marrows, seeking where a tongue,
And lungs, with fillets whole unwounded hung.
The fates of those slain men stand doubtful all
Which of their ghosts she from the dead would call.
Had she desir'd to raise th' whole army slain,
And to revive them for the war again,
Hell had obey'd : from Styx, by her strange might
The people all had been drawn back to fight.
When she a carkass fitting had espy'd,
An hook she fasten'd in his throat, and ty'd
To it a fatal rope, by which the hag
Ore rocks and stones did that poor carkass drag,
That must revive. Under the hollow tide
Of an high mountain, which to this black deed

The

The witch had destin'd, she the carcass laies.
 A deep, and vast descent of ground there was,
 As low (almost) as the blind caves of *Dit* :
 Which a pale wood with thick and spreading trees
 Barring the sight of heaven, and by *Sols* light,
 Not penetrable, did oreshadow quite.
 Within the cave was bred by dreary night
 Pale mouldly filth, and darkness sad : no light,
 But light by magick made, ere shined there.
 Within the jaws of *Tenarm* the air
 Is not so dull, that baleful bound twixt hell,
 And us ; the princes, in those shades that dwell
 Send without fear their spirits hitherto ;
 For though this hag can force the fates to do
 What ere she please, 't is doubtful whether here,
 Or there those ghosts in their true place appear.
 She puts a various colour'd cloathing on,
 And fury-like her hair loose hanging down
 Was bound about with vipers, her face hid ;
 But when young *Sexton*, and his train she spy'd
 Shaking for-fear, and his astonisht eye
 Fixt on the ground. Banish those fears, quoth she,
 His lifes true figure you shall see him take,
 That cowards need not fear to hear him speak.
 But if the furies to your eyes were shown,
 The Stygian lakes, and burning Phlegeton,
 The gyants bound, and Cerberus that shakes
 His dreadful curled mane of hisling snakes,
 Why should you fear, cowards, whilest I am by,
 To see those hands, that shake at sight of me ? (fills
 Then with warm blood, opening fresh wounds the
 His breast : and gore to th' inward parts distils :
 Of the Moons poysonous gelly store she takes ;
 And all the hurtful broods, that nature makes :
 Foam of mad dogs, which sight of water dread :
 The pyth of stags with serpents nourished
 Was mixed there : the dire *Hyxna's* knot,
 The spotted *Lynx* his bowels wanted not :
 Nor that small fish, whose strength, though *Eurus* rise,
 Can stay the courie of ships : the Dragons eyes :

The

The sounding stone that brooding Eagles make
Warm in their nests, th' Arabian nimble snake :
The red sea-viper, pretious gems that kept :
Skins from th' alive Libyan Ceraftes stript :
The Phoenix ashes laid in Arabie.

With these when vile and namele's poisons she
Had mixt, and leaves fill'd with enchantments strong,
And herbs which her dire mouth had spit on young,
What poison did she on the world bestow.

Then ads a voice to charm the gods below
More pow'rful than all herbs confounding noises
Much dissonant, and far from human voices.
There was the bark of dogs, the wolves sad howl ;
The scratches wailing, hollowing of the owl :
All voices of wild beasts, hissing of snakes,
The sound that beat from rocks the water makes.
The murmur of stir'd woods, the thunders noise
Broke from a cloud : all this was in her voice.
The rest Amonian incantations tell,
And thus her voice pierces the lowest hell.

Furies, and Stygian fiends, whose scourges wound
All guilty souls, Chaos, that wouldst confound
Unnumber'd worlds : king of the earth beneath,
That giv'st to see the gods exempt from death :
Thou Styx, and fair Elysiun, which no spirit
Of a Thessalian witch deserves t' inherit ;
Thou, that thy mother hat'st, *Persephone*,
And heaven, thou lowest part of *Hecate*,
By whom the silent tongues of fiends with us
Have intercourse : hell's porter *Cerberus*,
That curstness into our breasts dost put ;
You destinies that twice this thread must cut :
And thou the burning streams old ferrie-man
Tired with ghosts brought back to me again ;
If I invoke you with a mouth prophane,
And foul enough, to hear these prayers dain :
If with a breath fasting from humane flesh
These incantations I did nere express :
If womens wombs whole burdens upon you
And luke-warm brains I often did bestow :

If with a breath fasting from humane flesh
 These incantations I did nere express:
 If women's wombs whole burdens upon you
 And luke-warm brains I often did bestow:
 If on your altars heads of infants slain
 I set, and bowels that must live again,
 Obey my voice; no ghost that long has felt
 The Stygian shades, nor long in darkness dwelt,
 But one that lately from the living went,
 And is but yet at pale hels first descent,
 And one, which (though obedient to this spell)
 Could be but once transported ore to hell
 I ask; let some known souldiers ghost relate
 Before great Pompey's son his fathers fate,
 If civil war of you have merited.

Then sitting up her foaming mouth and head
 She saw hard by the ghost of that dead man
 Trembling to enter his old goal again;
 Fearing those cold pale members, and into
 That wounded breast and entrails torn to go.
 Ah wretch, from whom deaths gift is tane away
 (To die no more) that fates durst thus delay
Eritha wonderd; wrath with death, and fate,
 The liveles coarſe with living snakes she beat; broke,
 And through earths cranneis, which her charms had
 Bark'd to the fiends, and thus hels silence shook.

Megera, and *Tisiphone* that flight
 My voice, through hell with your dire whips affright
 Hither that wretched spirit, or from below
 By your true names of Stygian bitches you
 I will call up, and to the Suns light leave:
 No dead mens graves shall harbour, or receive
 Your heads, Ile follow you observing well,
 And from all tombs, and quiet urns expel.
 False *Hecate*, thee to the gods Ile show,
 (To whom thou usest with bright looks to go)
 In thy pale rotten form and so provide
 Thou shalt not thy Tartarian visage hide.
 Under the earths vast weight I will relate
 What food destains thee; in what wedlocks state

Thou

Thou lov'st the nights sad King, with such a stain,
That *Ceres* shall not wish thee back again.
'Gainst thee, the worlds worst judge, I will set free
The gyants, or let in the day to thee.
Will you obey, or shall I him invoke,
Whose name the earths foundations ever shook?
Who without hurt th' unvailed Gorgon sees:
Of whose strong stripes *Erinyes* fearful is:
Who keeps an hell unknown to you, and where
You are above, that dare by *Styx* rise a ear.

Then straight the clotted blood grows warm again
Feeds the black wounds, and runs through every vein
And th' outward parts: the vital pulses beat
In his cold breast: and lifes restored heat
Mixt with cold death through parts diuised runs,
And to each joynt gives trembling motions;
The sinews stretch: the carkals from the ground
Rises not by degrees, but at one bound
Stands bolt upright: the cies with twinkling hard
Are open'd; not dead, nor yet alive appear'd
The face: his palenes still, and stillness staies;
He stands at this revival in amaze;
But his dumb seal'd-up lips no murmur made,
Onely an answering tongue, and voice he had.
Speak (quoth *Erichon*) what I ask, and well
Shalt thou rewarded be: if truth thou tell,
By our *Hæmonian* art ile set thee free
Throughout all ages, and bestow on thee
Such funerals, with charms so burn thy bones,
Thy ghosts shall hear no incantations.
Let this the fruit of thy revival be,
No spels, no herbs shall dare to take from thee
Thy long safe rest, when I have made thee die.
The gods, and Prophets answer doubtfully;
But he, that dares enquire of ghosts beneath,
And boldly go to th' oracles of death,
Is plainly told the truth; spare not, but name
Plainly the things, and places all, and frame
A speech, wherein I may confer with fate:
Adding a charm to make him know the state

Of whatsoere she askt ; thus presently
 The weeping carkass spake ; I did not see
 The sisters fatal threads, so soon (alas)
 Back from those silent banks enforc'd to pass.
 But what by speech from all the spirits I gain'd
 Among the Roman ghosts fell discord reign'd :
 Romes wicked war disturb'd hells quiet rest :
 Some Captains from sad hell, some from the blest
 Elyſian fields come forth, and there what fate
 Intends to do, they openly relate :
 The happy ghosts look'd sad, the *Decii* thea
 Father and ſon, wars expiring men :
 I ſaw the *Curii*, and *Camilus* wailing,
Sula himſelf againſt thee, fortune, railing :
 His illues Lybian fate brave *Scipio*
 Bewail'd ; and *Cato* Carthages great foe
 His nephews bondage-ſcaping death did moane.
 Among the bleſſed ſpirits *Brutus* alone
 Rejoyc'd, fiſt Conſul, that Romes King exil'd.
 Fierce *Catiline*, ſtern *Marſus*, and the wild
Cethegi breaking chains orejoyed were :
 The popular law promulging *Drufus* there,
 And daring *Gracchus* ſhoutiſg clapt their hands
 Fetter'd for ever with ſtrong iron hands
 In *Pluties* dungeon ; impious ghosts had hopes
 Of bleſſed ſeats ; *Pluto* pale dungeons opes,
 Prepares hard ſtones, and adamantine chains
 To puniſh the proud Conquerour, ordains.
 Take you this comfort, in a bleſſed room
 The ghosts expect your tide, and houſe to come,
 And for great *Pompey* in Elyſium
 Prepare a place. The hour ſhall ſhortly come
 (Envie not then the glorie of ſo ſmall
 A life) that in one world ſhall lodge you all.
 Make haſte to meet your deaths, and with a mind
 Haughty, (though from ſmall funerals) deſcend
 To tread upon the ſouls of Roman gods.
 For burials is all this mortal ods ;
 And the Pharfalian fight muſt onely trie
 Who ſhall by Nile, and who by Tyber lie.

But

But seek not thou thy destinie to hear,
 Which fate, though I be silent, will declare :
 A surer prophet shall thy father be
 In Sicilie, although uncertain he
 Whither to call thee, whence to bid thee flee,
 Or in what coast or climate safe to be,
 Fear Europe, Asia, Africk : fates divide
 Your funerals, as they your triumphs did.
 Oh wretched house, to you the world shall yield
 No place more happie than Pharsalia's field.
 Thus having spoke the carkas did remain
 With a sad look, and begg'd for death again,
 But could not die without a magick spell,
 And herbs : nor could the fates restore to hell
 His soul once sent from thence. With that the witch
 Builds up a lofty funeral pile ; to which
 The dead man comes : she laies him on the fires,
 Leaves him, and lets him die, and then retires
 With *Sextus* to his fathers camp : and now
 The welkin gan *Auroras* light to shew :
 But to the camp till *Sextus* take his way,
 The dark charm'd night kept off approaching day.

The end of the sixth Book.

Annotations on the sixth Book.

(a) From their camps by the river *Aspius* both Generals at one time brought forth their armies ; Pompey intending to intercept M. Anthonius, and Cæsar intending to joyn with Anthony. Anthony certified by some Greeks of Pompey's ambushes, kept within his camp, till the next day Cæsar came to him. Pompey then fearing to be enclosed by two armies, departing thence marched to *Asparum* near *Dyrachium*, and there encamped ; thither also marched Cæsar, and encamped not far from him.

(b) Cæsar wanting provision was desirous of Battel : but Pompey better provided of all necessaries purposely delayed it.

(c) Cæsar perceiving that Pompey would not be drawn out to fight, the next day by a great compass, and difficult way went to *Dyrachium* hoping to exclude Pompey
 , thence,

hence, where his corn, and provision lay, which Pompey perceiving, went thither also by a nearer way.

(d) Cæsar (that his own men might with the less danger forrage, & fetch in corn, as also to hinder Pompey from foraging, and to lessen his estimation among foreign nations) kept with garrisons all the tops of the hills, and fortified castles there, and drew strong trenches from castle to castle, so on every side enclosing Pompey. The work extended sixteen miles in compass, being so large, that Pompey within wanted nothing, and Cæsar could not man his works round.

(e) Cæsar's Souldiers wanting victual besieged Pompey abounding with all store of provision. Pompey seeing the strange unheard of food, that Cæsar's souldiers eat while they besieged him, said that he now made war against beasts.

(f) Pompey understanding, by some renegadoes, that Cæsar's cross trench between the two bulwarks toward the sea was not finished, sent a ship manned with archers, and other souldiers to assault the defenders of the work behind. Himself about the end of night came thither also with his forces. Cæsar's cohorts, that watched there near the sea, seeing themselves assaulted both by land and sea, ran away: whom the Pompeyans pursued with a great slaughter, till Marcus Antonius with twelve cohorts coming down the hill made the Pompeyans retreat again.

(g) Cæsar to repair that day's loss assaulted with three and thirty cohorts the castle which Torquatus kept, and beat the Pompeyans from the trench. Which Pompey bearing brought his Legion to their succour. Cæsar's horse-men fearing to be enclosed began first to fly, which the foot seeing, and seeing Pompey there in person, fled also; this victorie if Pompey had pursued, he had utterly overthrown Cæsar.

(h) Pompey the great slain upon the banks of Nile.

(i) Juba King of Mauritania which had slain Curio and his Legions before, in the African war was vanquished by Cæsar, and fearing to fall into Cæsar's hands, he and Petreius flew each other.

(k) For in these two conflicts Cæsar lost nine hundred foot-men, sixty two horse-men, thirty Centurions, ten Tribunes, and thirty two Ensigns of war.

L U C A N S

P H A R S A L I A.

The seventh Book.

The Argument of the seventh Book.

*Great Pompey's flattering dream ; his souldiers all
Eager of battel urge their General ;
Their wish (though rash and fatal) finds defence
In Ciceroes unhappy eloquence.
Against his will Great Pompey's forc'd to yield :
The signal's given : Pharsalia's dreadful field
Is fought : Rome's liberty for ever dies,
And vanquish'd Pompey to Larissa flies.*

SAd Titan later *Thetis* lap forlook
Then nature's law requir'd, and never took
A crotler way, as if born back again
By the sphæres course, would be eclipsed fain,
Attracting clouds, not food t' his flames to yield,
But loth to shine upon Pharsalia's field.

That night, of *Pompey's* happy life the last,
Deceiv'd by flatt'ring sleeps, he dream'd him plac'd
In the Pompeian Theater, among
Rome's people flocking in unnumberd throng ;
Where shouting to the skies he heard them raise
His name ; each room contending in his praise.
Such were the peoples looks, such was their praise,
When in his youth, and first triumphant daies
Pompey but then a Gentleman of Rome
Had quieted the West, and Spain overcome,

Scattering the troupes revolt *Sertorius* led ;
 And sat in Senate as much honoured
 In his pure candid, as triumphal gown.
 Whether the doubtful fancie fearful grown
 Of future fate, run back to former joys ;
 Or prophesying by such sights implies
 Their contrarie, and bodes ensuing wo :
 Or else on thee fortune would thus bestow
 A sight of Rome, that could not otherwise.
 Oh do not wake him from his sleep to rise,
 No trumpet pierce his ear ; the next nights rest
 With the forgoing dayes sad war oppress
 Will nought but sights, but blood & slaughter show.
 Happy were Rome, could she but see (though so)
 Her *Pompey* blest with such a dream as this,
 And happy night ; oh would the deities
 Had given one day, *Pompey*, to Rome, and thee,
 That both assured of your destinie
 Might reap the last fruit of a love so dear.
 Thou goest as if thy Rome should thee inter :
 And she, still mistress of her wish in thee,
 Hopes that the fates lodge not such crueltie,
 As to deprive her of thy honour'd tomb.
 To mourn for thee old man, and young would come ;
 Children untaught would weep : the Matrons all
 With hair (as once at *Brutus* funeral) (they fear
 Loose hung, would beat their breasts, now though
 The swords of the injurious Conquerer,
 Though he himself relate thy death, they'l mourn
 At publick sacrifice, as they adorn
Joves house with laurel ; wretched men, whose mone
 Conceal'd, in sighs must vent it self alone,
 And dares not sound in publick theaters.
 Now had the rising Sun obicur'd the stars,
 When all the Souldiers murmuring up and down
 (The fates now drawing the Worlds ruin on)
 Desire a signal to the fight ; poor men,
 Whose greater part should never see the end
 Of that sad day, about their Generals tent
 (Hasting the hour of their near death) they vent

Their

Their passions, and complaints ; and frantick grown
Their own and publick fate they hasten on.
They call great *Pompey* sluggish, timorous,
Patient of *Cæsar*, and ambitious
Of sovereignty, desirous still to raign
Ore all those Kings, and fearing peace again.
The Kings, and Eastern nations all complain'd
War was prolong'd, and they from home detain'd.
The gods when they our ruin had decreed,
Would make it thus our own erroneous deed.
Ruin we sought, and mortal wars requir'd,
In *Pompey's* camp *Pharsalia* is detir'd.
Nor did this with want *Cicero's* defence
The greatest authour of *Rome's* eloquence ;
In whose gown-rule fierce *Cataline* did fear
The peacefull ax. He now turn'd souldier
From bars and pleadings had been silent long,
And this bad cause thus strengthens with his tongue.

Pompey, for all her gifts Fortune implores
That thou wouldst use her now : thy Senators,
Thy Kings, and all the suppliant world intreat
Thy leave to conquer *Cæsar* : shall he yet
So long a war against mankind maintain ?
Well may the forreign nations now disdain
(Who suddainly were vanquished by thee)
That *Pompey* is so slow in victorie.
Where's now thy spirit, thy confidence of fate ?
Canst thou now doubt the gods (ah most ingrate ?)
Or fear'st thou to commit into their hand
The Senates cause ? thy troupes without command
Their Eagles will advance : 't were shame for thee
To be comell'd to conquer ; if thou be
Our General, and ours the war, to try
The hazard-lies in our authoritie. (throat
Why hold'st thou the worlds sword from *Cæsar's*
They all are drawn almost and tarry not
Thy slow alarms ; make haste, lest thy command
They all forsake : the Senate does demand,
If they thy souldiers, or companions be.
Great *Pompey* sigh'd to see how contrary

The gods were bent, and fortune crost his mind,
If you be all (quoth he) this way inclin'd :
And me a Souldier not a General
The time require : He be no let at all
To late : let fortune all these nations cast
Into one ruin : be this day the last
To the great'st part of men. But witness Rome
Pompey's enforc'd to this sad field to come. (wound;
The wars whole work need not have cost one
But *Cæsar*, without blood subdu'd, and bound
Might have been brought to answer injur'd peace.
What furie's this (O blind in wickedness :)
To conquer without blood in civil war
You are afraid. Masters o'th' land we are :
The seas are wholly ours : the famisht foe
To fetch in corn unripe is forc'd to go ;
And 'tis become his wish by swords to die,
And with his ruin mix our tragedie.
In this some part is finish'd of the war,
That our fresh-water souldiers do not fear
The fight (if that be in true valour done ;)
Into extreamest dangers many run
For fear of future ill : valiant'st is he,
That fears not t' undergo a danger nigh,
Nor to defer it. Would you then commit
Your strength to fortunes hand, and to one fight
The worlds estate desiring all, that I
Should rather fight, than get the victorie ?
The rule of Romes estate thou didst bestow
Fortune, on me : receive it greater now :
Protect it in this wars blind chance : to me
Nor crime, nor honour shall this battel be.
Cæsar thy wicked prayers 'gainst me prevail :
We fight : how dismal to all people shall
This day appear ? how many lands undone
Shall be ? how crimion shall *Enipeus* run
With Roman blood ? would the first pile of all
This mortal war would light (if I could fall
Without the ruin of our side) on me ;
For not more joyfull can the conquest be.

Empty a name shall be to every one
Of hate, or pitie, when this fight is done.
The conquer'd shall endure the worst of wo :
The worst of crimes the conquerour shall do.
With that the reins be to their furie gives,
Selling the fight. So the artless sailer leaves
His helpless bark, when *Corus* blasts are grown
Too strong, to guidance of the winds alone.
A fearful murmuring noise thorough all parts
Arote : and diversly their manly hearts
Beat 'gainst their breasts ; upon the face of some
Appear'd the paleness of a death to come,
And ghastly looks ; that day (they think) fate brings
A lasting state or rule on earthly things :
And doubt what Rome, after this field is fought,
shall be : no man of his own danger thought,
Amaz'd with greater fears. Who, when he sees
All shores oreflown, and th' uncurb'd Ocean rise
Ore mountains tops, the Firmament and Sun
Fall down to earth ; in such confusion
Could fear his own estate ? no private state
Has time to fear, but Rome, and *Pompey's* fate.

Nor did they trust their swords, unless sharp set
On stones : the points of their dull piles they whet :
Each archer tits his bowe with surest strings,
And choicest arrows in his quiver brings ;
Hors-men sharp spurs provide, and strongest reins.
So when earths giants upon *Pulegra's* plains
(If with the acts of gods our humane wars
We may compare) rebell'd : the sword of *Mars*
In *Aetna's* forge, and *Neptune's* three fork'd spear
Were scower'd, and sharpen'd : *Phaebus* arrows there
With *Python* dull'd, made sharp ; the blew-ey'd maid
Upon her shield *Melissa's* hairs display'd :
Jove's lightning then the *Cyclops* mold'd new.
Fortune fore-told the woes that should inue
By many tokens ; for the stormy skie
Withstood their marches into *Theilalie* :
The clouds against their eyes did lightning throw :
Meteors like lamps, like fiery posts in show,

And beams, cloud-breaking *Typhens* did arise,
 And lightnings flashes dimm'd and clos'd their eyes:
 Their helmets plumes were sing'd; their piles did melt;
 Sword-blades dissolv'd run down the hilts they felt;
 Their impious swords with sulphur from the skies
 Did smoke: their Entigns hid with swarms of Bees
 Could scarce be pluckt frō ground: the bearers bow'd
 Themselves to get them up: which seem'd oreflow'd
 With tears from thence ev'n to *Theſſalia*:
 The Bull from th' holy altars runs away,
 And to *Pharſalia* field directly flies,
 Whilst their sad altar wants a sacrifice.

But what night furies, what *Eumenides*,
 What Stygian powers, or gods of wickedneſs,
 What helliſh hrend, *Ceſar*, didſt thou appeaſe
 Preparing for ſuch wicked wars as theſe?
 Whether the gods, or their own fear had wrought
 Theſe wonders, doubtfull 'tis, but many thought
 They ſaw *Olimpus* meet with *I'ndus* hill,
 And *Æmus* fall th' adjoyning valleys fill:
 That in the night *Pharſalia* ſounded loud
 The noiſe of battel: that *Bzbei's* flow'd
 Swiftly with bloud. But moſt admired they
 To ſee each others face ſhew dark; the day
 Grow pale: and night their helmets over-ſpread;
 Their fathers ghosts and all their kinſmen dead
 T' appear before their eyes. But this alone
 Comforted their ſick minds, knowing their own
 Impious intents, brothers to kill and ope
 Their fathers throats, they hence conceived hope,
 Thinking theſe monſters, and portents t' imply
 Th' accompliſhment of their impietic.

No wonder 'tis if men ſo near their end
 Trembled with franctick fear: if fates do lend
 Pretaging minds of future ills to men,
 Romans, that ſojourn'd in *Armenia* then,
 And *Tyrian Gades*, and in what coaſt ſoere,
 Or climate they abode, lamented there
 Blaming their cauſe's grief, and did not know,
 Their loſſes in *Pharſalia's* overthrow.

An Augur sitting on (a) th' Euganean mount,
(If same record a truth) where springs the fount
Of foggy Aponus, where Timavus does
First part, and thence in several channels flows ;
This day (quoth he) the action's in the height,
Pompey, and *Cesar's* impious armies fight ;
Whether *Jove's* thunder, and divining stroke
He had observ'd, or how thick air did choke
The jarring heavens, or on the poles did look,
Or in the firmament had found the light
By the Suns paleness, and stars mournfull light ;
But nature sure did differently display
From other days, the sad Thessalian days
And if all men had skilfull Augurs been,
By all the world Pharsalia had been seen ; (tend,
Greatest of men, whose fates through th' earth ex-
Whom all the gods have leisure to attend ;
These acts of yours to all posteritie
Whether their own great fame shall signifie,
Or that these lines of mine have profited
Your mighty names ; these wars, when they are read,
Shall stir th' affections of the readers mind,
Making his wishes, and vain fears inclin'd
As to a thing to come, not past, and guide
The hearts of all to favour *Pompey's* side.

Pompey descending down the hill displays
His troupes reflecting rising *Phæbus* rays,
Not rashly ore the fields ; in order good
And marshall'd well the hapless armie stood.
The left wing first was *Lentulus* his care
With the first Legion, then the best in war,
And fourth : Thou, stout *Domitius*, lead'st the right,
Valiant, though still unfortunate in fight :
In the main battel with his warlike bands
Brought lately from Cilicia, *Scipio* stands
Well fortifi'd : here under a command,
A General first, in Africks scorched land.
But all along the swift *Enipeus* side
The loote-reind troupes of Pontick horse-men ride :
And mountaniens of Cappadocia ;

Upon the drier fields in rich array
 Do the earths Monarchs, Kings, and Tetrarchs stand,
 And all the states, that Roman swords command.
 Thither from Libya came Numidians,
 Iturras archers, Creet's Cydonians :
 Fierce Gauls there fought against their wonted foe :
 There warlike Spaniards their short shields did show,
 The conquerour of all triumphs now deprive,
 And let no people this sad war survive.
Cæsar that day dislodging to provide
 For corn, was marching out, when he espied
 The foes descending down the champaign field,
 And that so often wisht-for day beheld,
 That on one chance of war should set the main ;
 Sick of delay, and covetous of reign,
 In this small tract of time condemn'd had he
 The civil war as a slow villanie.
 But when fates falling ruin shake he saw,
 And both their fortunes to a trial draw ;
 His wondrous love of sword some languishment
 'Gan feel : his mind, though ever confident
 Of good success, now doubts ; from fear his own,
 As *Pompey* fortunes from presumption,
 Did keep his mind : at last exiling fears
 With confidence he cheers his souldiers .

Brave souldiers, the worlds aw, *Cæsars* estate,
 That day of fight is come, which we from fate
 So oft have begg'd : Oh do not now desire,
 But by your valours fortune aid acquire,
 What *Cæsar* is lies in your hands alone.
 This is the day, which passing *Rubicon*
 Was promis'd me : in hope of which we stirr'd.
 And our forbidden triumphs have deferr'd.
 This is the day that shall restore to you
 Children and wives, and shares of land bestow
 Freed from wars duties : this the day that tries
 (Witness'd by fate) whose cause the juster is.
 This field the conquer'd tide shall guilty make.
 If you with fire and sword have for my sake
 Assaulted Rome, now fight like souldiers,

And

And free your swords from guilt : no hand in wars
Is pure in both sides judgement ; nor for me
Fight you alone, but that your selves may be
Free lords of all the world. I, for mine own
Consent, could live in a plebeian gown,
Or be in any state, so you obtain
A perfect freedom ; by my envie reign.
Nor with much blood shall all the world be bought :
But youths of Greece in schools of wrestling taught,
Bare sluggish spirits that never arms did bear,
And mixt Barbarian troupes are standing there,
That when the armies joyu will nere abide
The trumpets sound, nor shouts of their own side.
In civil war few hands, alas, shall fight :
Most of the blows upon Romes foes shall light.
And rid the world of well-spar'd people : go,
Break through those dastard nations, and overthrow
The world at your first on-set ; make it known
That all those nations, which so oft were shown
In *Pompey's* triumphs, are not worthy prov'd
Of one poor triumph. Are th' Armenians mov'd
Think you, what General shall Rome obtain ?
With least bloods lots would the Barbarians gain
A sov'reigntie for *Pompey* ? they abhor
All Romans, as their lords ; and hate those more
Whom they have known. The trust of my affairs
To friends, whose valour through so many wars
In France I have beheld, does fortune now
Commit : what souldiers sword do not I know ?
And when through th' air a trembling pile is sent,
He truly tell you from what arm it went.
Those signs I see that nere your General fail'd,
Fierce looks, and threatning eyes: you have prevail'd:
He thinks the rivers swell'd with blood I see,
And at your feet the slaught' red bodies lie
Of Kings, and Senatours ; nations to day
Swim in this bloody field. But I delay
My fortunes, in detaining from the field
Your forward spirits : pardon me though I yield
A while to pleasing hope : I nere did see

The gods so liberal, and so speedily :
But one fields distance from our wish are we.
What Kings, and Nations are posselt of now,
When this field's fought, is *Cæsar* to bestow.
O gods, what stars, what influence of the skie
Has given so great a power to Theſſalie ?
This day allot the punishment, or gains
Of all our wars: think upon *Cæſar*'s chains,
His wracks, and gibbets: think you ſee this face,
Theſe quarter'd limbs ſtand in the market place :
Remember *Sylla* in the field of *Marſ*,
For 'gainſt a *Syllane* General are our wars.
My care's for you; this hand ſhall free mine own,
Who ere looks back before the day be won,
Shall ſee me fall on mine own ſword, and die.
You god, whoſe cares are drawn down from the ſkie
By Romes diſſentions, let him Conquerour be,
That to be conquer'd means no cruelty:
And thinks his countrey-men have not in ought
Miſdone, becauſe againſt his ſide they fought.
When *Pompey* in a narrow place had ſhut
Your helpleſs valour up, how did he glut
His ſword with bloud? but this I beg of you
Souldiers, let no man wound a flying foe:
Account him ſtill your countrey-man, that flies.
But while they ſtand in fight, let not your eyes
Be mov'd with pietie, though in that place
Your fathers ſtood, but with your ſwords deface
Their reverend looks. Who ere has ſheath'd his blade
In kinfman's breaſt, or by the wound he made
Has done no wrong to kindred, all as one
Shall I eſteem, kinfman, and foe unknown.
Fill up the trenches, tear the rampiers down,
That in full maniples we may come on:
Spare not your camp; that camp ſhall be your own
From which yon dying armie is come down.
Scarce thus had *Cæſar* ſpoke, when every one
Fell to their charge, and ſtraight their armour don;
A quick preſage of happy war they take;
Of their neglected camp havock they make:

Not

Not rank'd, nor marshall'd by the General
Confus'd they stand, leaving to fortune all.
Had all been *Cæsar's*, had each souldier fought
For Monarchie, and Rome's whole Empire fought,
They could not all with more desire come on.

When *Pompey* saw them march directly down,
That now the war admitted no delay,
But this by heavens appointment was the day.
He stands amaz'd, and cold : the war to fear
'Twas fatal in so great a souldier.
But chearing up his men, his own fears hiding,
On a proud steed through every quarter riding ;
The time your valours wisht for, Souldiers,
Is come, quoth he, the end of civil wars,
This is the sword's last work, the judging hower
Of nations fates : now show your utmost power,
He that would see his houthold gods again,
His countrey, wife, and children, must obtain
All by the sword : the gods have in this fight
Dispos'd them all ; our just cause does invite
To hope; our swords the gods themselves shall guide
Through *Cæsar's* breast, and in his blood provide
Th' establishment of Roman libertie.
Had they to him decreed a Monarchie,
To my old age death might long since have come.
It was no sign the gods were wroth with Rome,
Preserving *Pompey* for her leader now,
And all helps else, that conquest can bestow.
Illustrious men, such as old times did show,
Do willingly these dangers undergo.
Should the *Camilli*, th' ancient *Curii*
Revive, or the devoted *Dicii*,
Here they would stand. Forces we have from th' East
Numberless cities aids : war never prest
So many hands : we use all nations
Of the whole world, people of all the zones,
Of all mankind 'twixt North, and South that dwell
Are here : we may inclose that armie well
With our wide stretch'd-out wings : the victorie
Ask: not all hands : some need but shout, and crie.

Cæsars small strength cannot imploy us all.
 Think that your mothers from the citie wall
 Tearing their hair intreat your valour now,
 Think that the old unarmed Senate bow
 Their honour'd hoary heads before your feet,
 And Rome her self for freedom doth intreat :
 Think that this age, and our posteritie
 Do both intreat : one would in freedom die,
 The other be free-born. And if there be
 After these pledges, a room left for me,
 I with my wife and sons before your feet
 (If th' honour of a General would permit)
 Would fall ; unless you conquer here, your shame
 And *Cæsars* mock is banisht *Jompey's* name.
 I crave in freedom my last age to spend,
 And not be taught to serve to near my end.
 This sad speech fir'd the Roman spirits anew,
 They wish to die, should, what they fear, be true.
 With equal furie then both armies meet ;
 One for ambition, th' other freedom fight.
 These hands shall act, what no succeeding year,
 Nor all man-kind for ever can repair
 Though free from wars : this fight kills men to come,
 And the next age, before they enter womb ;
 All Latian names thence fabulous shall be,
 And men in ruin'd dust shall scarcely see
 The *Gabii*, *Velis*, *Cora*, nor the room
 Where *Alba* stood ; nor fair *Laurentium*,
 A countrey desolate, which none enjoys ;
 But the for'd Consuls in night sacrifice
 Blaming old *Numa's* institution.
 These monuments times ruining hand alone
 Has not defac'd ; vvas civil crimes vve see
 In that so many cities empti'd be.
 To vvhath small number is man-kind reduc'd ?
 We all, vvhom the vvhole earth has twice produc'd,
 Are not enough the tovvns, and fields to till ;
 One tovvn receives us all, and bond-men till
 Th' Italian lands, old houses stand alone
 Rotten, and vwant a man to fall upon :

And

And wanting her old Citizens there slain,
 Rome with the dregs of men is fill'd again.
 This slaughter makes that Rome hereafter free
 From civil war for many years shall be.
 Pharsalia is the cause of all these ill;
 Let *Canne* yield, that our black annals fill;
 And *Allia* damn'd in Roman Calenders,
 Rome has remembered these as her small scars,
 But would forget this day: Oh fatal time!
 Those lives, that fortune had from every clime
 Brought here to perish, might all loss repair
 Man-kind sustains by pestilential air, (rage:
 Sicknes, to ev'ry following earth-quakes, or fires
 Here fortune shows the gift of many an age,
 People, and Captains, robbing us of all,
 In one sad field; to thee, when Rome did fall,
 How great she fell; the more thou didst possess
 Of earth, the shorter was thy happiness.
 All wars before did land on thee bestow;
 To both the poles so far thy conquest go:
 But that a little of the East remain'd,
 Thou all the skie-encompass'd globe hadst gain'd:
 Thine had been night, and day: the stars could shine,
 And planets wander'd on no land but thine.
 But this one day thy fate as far back bears,
 As 'twas advanc'd in all those former years.
 This bloody day is cause that India
 The Roman Faeces cannot keep in awe:
 That Consuls do not with their ploughs design
 Sarmatian vales, nor in their bounds confine
 The Scythian *Dæ*, that still Parthians ov
 For the blood lost in *Crassus* overthrow.
 That libertie nere to return again,
 And rising civil war, her flight has tane
 O're Tygris, and the Rhene: and can be brought
 No more, though with our bloods so often fought:
 Would we had nere that happiness possess'd,
 Which Scythia, and Germanie has blest:
 Would Rome had ever serv'd, since that first light
 When by the augurie of Vultures sight

Romulus fill'd with thieves his wals begun,
Even till *Pharfalia's* wofull field was won.
Brutus we tax; fortune, why did we frame
Our freedoms, laws, or years by *Consuls* name?
Happy *Arabians*, *Medes*, and *Eastern* lands,
That still have liv'd under the *Kings* commands:
We last of all (though now *assham'd* to bow)
A *Monarch's* yoke are forc'd to undergo.
No gods at all have we: when all things move
By chance, we falsly think there is a *Jove*.
Can he down from the starry skie behold
Thessalia's slaughter, and his thunder hold?
Can he with thunder cleave a *tentle's* tree,
Phloe, *Oete*, harmles *Rhodope*?
Must *Cassius* hand rather this tyrant slay?
He at *Thyestes* feast could shut up day,
Involving *Argos* in a sudden night;
And can he lend *Thessalia* his light,
Where brothers fight, and sons 'gainst fathers are?
For mortal men no god at all takes care.
But for this wo revenge we do obtain
As much as fits that earth 'gainst heaven should gain:
This war our *Emperours* does equalize
To gods above, and their souls deities,
Adorns their heads with thunder, rays, and stars:
Rome by mens souls in her gods temples swears.
When both the armies marching on apace,
Near met, stood parted but a little space,
They view'd each others hands, striving to know
Each others face, thinking which way to throw
Their piles, from whence their fates most threatning
What monstrous acts they were about to do: (now
There they their brothers, and their fathers sp'd
Against them stand, yet would not change their tide.
But pietie their breasts amazed held,
And the cold blood in every limb congeal'd:
And every souldier his prepared pile,
And ready stretcht-out arm contain'd a while,
The gods lend thee, O *Cassius*, not death
The common plague, but feeling after breath,

Whose

Whole pile first thrown of all, the fight began,
And Theſſalie with Roman bloud did ſtain.
Oh frantick violence, did *Cæſar* ſtand
Quiet, and was there a more forward (*b*) hand
Shrill cornets then began the air to wound
Th' alarums beat, and all the trumpets ſound :
The noiſe, and ſhouts of ſouldiers pierce the ſkie,
And reach the convex of Olympus high
Above the thundring clouds : the noiſe they make
The Thracian *Ænus* ſounding valleys take :
High Pelion's cavern eccho back the ſound,
Which Pindus, and Pagzan rocks rebound :
Th' Oetzan mountains grone : the ſouldiers fear
Their ſhouts thus eccho'd from all hills to hear.
Numberleſs piles with different minds are thrown ;
Some wiſh to wound ; others to light upon
The ground, and keep their harmleſs hands from ill ;
Chance rules them, and makes guilty whom ſhe will.
But the leaſt part of ſlaughter here was done
With darts, and flying ſteel ; the ſword alone
Was able civil quarrels to decide,
And Roman hands 'gainſt Roman breſts to guide.
Pompey's great armie narrowly diſpos'd
In a thick Phalanx ſtand with bucklers clos'd
For fence ; but wanted room (their ranks thus fill'd)
To throw their piles, their ſwords, or arms to wield.
But *Cæſar's* looſe-rank'd troupſ all nimbly go,
And the thick armed wedges of the foe,
Making their way through men, and ſteel, aſſail,
And through the ſtrongeſt joynted coats of mail
Pierce the ill guarded breſts ; each ſtroke finds out
A breſt, though nere ſo fence'd with arms about.
One armie ſuffers, t'other makes the war :
All cold and guiltleſs *Pompey's* weapons are :
All *Cæſar's* impious ſwords are reeking hot.
But fortune here long doubting waver'd not ;
She ſwiftly bore (ſitting ſo great a day)
A mighty ruin torrent-like away.
When *Pompey's* horſe ore all the fields at large
Had ſpread their wings, the foes in flank to charge,
The

The light-arm'd souldiers scattred all attended,
And 'gainst the foe their milile weapons bended,
With their own weapons ev'ry nation fought,
Yet by all hands the Roman blood is fought;
Arrows, stones, fire, lead-headed darts were thrown,
Which melted in the airs hot motion.

There th' Ituræans, Medes, Arabians shot
Their shafts, good archers all, yet level'd not;
The air before their eyes was onely fought
By their wild aims, yet death frō thence was wrought
But no dire crime could stain the foreign steel:
Nought could work mischief but the Roman pile.
The air was darkned with thick arrows flight,
Which ore the fields oreispread a suddain night.

Then (c) *Cæsar* fearing left his front should yield,
To their assault, obliquely cohorts held,
Which suddenly from the right wing he sent,
Whither the wheeling horse their forces bent.
But *Pompey's* horse unmindfull now of fight
Nor stay'd by shame at all, take speedy flight:
Unhappily (alas) where civil wars
Left to the trust of barbarous souldiers.

As soon as ere some gall'd horse had thrown
Their riders, and their limbs had trampled on,
The horse-men fled, and left the field each one,
On turning reins upon their fellows run.
No fight ensues, but execution hot,
One tide with sword, the other with bare throat
Made war; nor could *Cæsar's* hands suffice
To execute their routed enemies.

Oh would the blood that barbarous breasts did yield,
Could have suffic'd Pharsalia's mortal field,
And that no other blood thy streams might stain:
Let those bones scattered ore the fields remain:
But if thou wouldst with Roman blood be fill'd,
Spare all the nations: Let the Spaniards wild,
Th' Armenians, Syrians, and Cilicians,
Galatians, Gauls, and Cappadocians,
Survive: for when this civil war is done
These people will be Romans every one,

These

These fears once rais'd through every quarter flie
Sent by the fates for *Cæsars* victorie.
Then came the vvar to *Pompey's* Roman power ;
The war, that variously had vvander'd ore
The fields, there stuck, there *Cæsars* fortune stay'd :
No forreign Kings fought there, no barbarous aid
From several nations to that place was brought :
There their own brothers, there their fathers fought:
Mischief, and furie rag'd : there, *Cæsar*, are
Thy crimes ; Oh flie from this sad part of war
My soul, and leave it to eternal night :
Let no succeeding age by what I write
Learn how much ill may be in civil fight.
Oh rather let our tears and sorrows die :
What here thou didst, O Rome conceal'd shall be.

Cæsar th' inciting furie of his men,
And spur to their blind rage, lest his guilt then
Should vvanting be at all, rides through all parts
Adding new furie to their fired hearts : (gore
Viewing their swords, looking whose points vvith
Were lightly stain'd, whose blades were bloud'd ore:
Who falter in their blowes, ho hold their hand,
Who faintly strike, vvho fight as by command,
And vvho vvith greedineis ; vvho changes look
To see a Roman slain ; himself then took
Survey of bodies gasping on the ground,
To let out all the blood cruthing their vvounds ;
As first *Eno* shakes her bloody lance,
And *Mars* incites his vvarlike Thracians,
Or drives vvith furious lashes ore the field
His horses starting at *Minerva's* shield.
Black nights of slaughter, and dire deeds arise ;
Like one great voice the dying souldiers cries,
Clashing of armed breasts falling to ground,
And iwords with swords meeting, & breaking sound.
He vvith fresh iwords his souldiers still supplies,
To strike the faces of their enemies,
Forcing them on, still urging at their back,
And vvith his javelin beating on the slack.
Against the Senate, not plebeian foes,

He guides their hands, & swords, full well he knows
 Where the laws live, where the states blood doth flow
 Where he may conquer Rome, and overthrow
 The worlds last libertie. Together then
 Fall Senatours with Roman Gentlemen.
 Those honour'd names *Metelli*, *Lepidi*,
Corvini, and *Torquati* slaughtred die,
 That oft commanders ore great Kings have been,
 And, except *Pompey*, all the best of men.

In a plebeian helme disguised there
 What weapon noble (*d*) *Brutus* didst thou bear?
 The Senates highest hopes, Romes greatest grace,
 The last of all thy ancient honour'd race?
 Through the arm'd foes rush not too rashly on,
 Nor seek out thy Philippick fate too soon:
 Fate will to thee a Thessalie allot.
 In vain thou aimest there at *Cæsar's* throat:
 He has not yet mounted the top of fate,
 And reacht that height that governs humane state,
 To merit that brave death; no, let him raig,
 That he, as *Brutus* offering, may be slain.

Here all Romes honour dies: here heap'd on high
 The slaughtred Senate with plebeians lie.
 But 'mongst those nobles, that to Styx were sent,
 Warlike *Domitius* (*e*) death was eminent:
 Whom fates had carry'd through all overthrows;
 Nere without him did *Pompey's* fortune lose:
 Vanquish't so oft by *Cæsar*, yet dies now
 With libertie, and gladly falls into
 A thousand wounds; proud that he shall no more
 Be pardon'd now. Him weltring in his gore
Cæsar espy'd, with taunts upbraiding thus,
 Now my successour proud *Domitius*,
 At length thou shalt forsake thy *Pompey's* side,
 And war is made without thee. He reply'd
 With that last breath, which in his dying breast
 Struggled; thou, *Cæsar*, hast not yet possess't
 The dire reward of all thy wickedneis:
 But yet art doubtfull of thy fate; and let's
 Than *Pompey*: under whom secure I go,

And

And a free ghost down to the shades below :
And dying hope that thou subdu'd to day
To us, and him for thy misdeeds shalt pay.
With this last speech away his spirit flies,
And night eternal closes up his eyes.

We cannot in the Worlds sad funeral
Particular tears pay to the death of all,
Nor search each private fate ; whose breast a wound
Receiv'd ; who spurnd mens hearts upon the ground ;
Who through the mouth receiv'd his mortal wound,
And thence breath'd out his soul ; who fell to ground
At the first stroke ; who stood upright, the while
His lopt-off limbs fell down ; who with a pile
Was fast nail'd to the earth ; whose blood spun out,
And sprinkled all his foes arm'd breast about ;
Who kills his brother, and, that then he may
Without shame rise, throws his head away :
Who tears his fathers face, that standers by
Conjecture by his too much cruelty
'Twas not his father, whom he robb'd of life.
No death is worthy of particular grief,
Nor have we time to weep for every wight.
No others loss was like Pharsalia's sight :
Rome thereby so. Idlers, here by kingdoms dies :
There private mens, here nations tragadies :
Here flow'd Assyrian, Grecian, Pontick blood ;
But all these bloods the powerful Roman flood
Drove through the field away. All people there
Are deeper wounded, then one age can bear :
Far more than life, then fastie here is gone :
For all succeeding times we are o'rethrown.
These swords subdue all ages that shall serve.
Alas what could posteritie deserve
To be in thraldom born ? fought we with fear ?
Spar'd we our throats ? the punishment we bear
Of others flight. To us, that since do live,
Fates should give war, if they a tyrant give.

Pompey perceiv'd Romes fate, and gods were gone,
In all this loss not moved for his own
Ill hap. Ascending a small hill to see

The

The slaughters all, that cover'd Thessalie,
Which, while the war endur'd could not be spy'd :
He thence discern'd how many people dy'd,
How many swords reach at his destinie,
In how much blood he falls ; nor wishes he
(As wretches use) all with himself to drown,
And mix the nations ruin with his own :
But for survival of most part of men
He deigns to think the gods even worthie then
Of prayers from him, and makes this to be
His sorrows comfort ; spare, ye gods, quoth he,
To sink all nations : *Pompey* (if you list)
Although the World remain, and Rome subsist,
May be made wretched ; if more wounds on me
You would inflict, a wife and sons have I :
So many pledges have we given to fate.
Is't nought for civil war to ruinate
Me, and my house ? are we a loss so small
Without the world ? why wouldst thou ruin all
Fortune ? now nought is mine. With that he rallies
Through his distressed troops, and on all sides
Sounds a retreat, from death calling them back,
Thinking himself not worth so great a wrack.
Nor lack'd he spirit, their wapons to deie
With throat or breast, but fear'd, if he should die,
No souldier then would lie, but there would fall,
And all the World die with their General,
Or out of *Cæsars* sight a death he sought
In vain : thy head to *Cæsar* must be brought,
Where ere he please to see't. His wives dear sight
Another reason was, that caus'd his flight.
For in her sight the fates his death decree'd.
Then *Pompey* mounted on a gallant steed,
Fled from the field, fearing no swords behind,
But bearing still a fate-unconquer'd mind :
No sighs, nor tears he spent : with majestic
His griet was mixt, such as besitteth thee,
Pompey, in Romes calamitie to shew.
With looks unchang'd didst thou Æmathia view.
That mind, which wars success could nere erect

To pride, wars losses cannot now deject.
Fortun's as far below thy wretched fate,
As she was false to thy triumphant state.
Securely now from Empires burden free
Thou goest; and on thy past prosperitie
Hast time to look: all boundless hopes are gone;
And what thou wert may now be truly known.

Fly this dire battel, and to witneſs call
The gods, that none for thy sake, *Pompey* fall,
That stay behind thee; in *Theſſalia*,
No more then *Egypt*; *Munda*, *Africa*,
The battels greatest part fought not for thee:
Nor shall the honour'd name of *Pompey* be
Wars quarrel now; the foes that still will be
'Might us, are *Cæſar*, and *Rome's* liberty:
And 't will appear more plain after thy fight
The dying Senate for themselves did fight.
Let thy flight comfort thee, thou shalt not see
Those blood-stain'd troupes nor their impiety;
The rivers swell'd with blood look back, and see,
And pitie *Cæſar*: with what heart can he
Revivite *Rome*, made happier by this field?
What banishment in foreign lands can yield
To thee, by thee what ere can be endur'd
Under th' *Egyptian* tyrant, rest assur'd
The gods, and favouring fates, as best, prefer;
'Twere worse for thee to be the conquerer.
Let all the people wail and weep no more,
But drie their tears, and let the World adore
As well thy ruin, as prosperitie.
Look upon Kings with a commanding eye,
Egypt, and *Liby* as Kings, whom thou hast crown'd,
And cities built by thee, and choose a ground
Where thou wilt die. *Larissa* town beheld
(First witness of thy fall) fled from the field.
Thy noble self unconquer'd by the fates.
Whose Citizens all issuing forth the gates
To meet thee (as if Conquerour) they went,
And gifts from love, and sorrow did present;
They ope their temples, and their houses all:

And

And wish themselves partakers of his fall :
Much of his great names left : in his own eye
He seems the least ; nations would help him trie
Once more his fortune, and renew the war.
He cries be faithful to the Conquerer ;
What should the conquer'd do with towns and men ?
Thou *Cæsar*, in thy countreys bowels then
Wert wading through *Pharsalia's* bloody field,
Whilst peoples loves to thee he reconcil'd.
Pompey rides thence : the people sigh, and cry,
And rail against each cruel deity.

The people's favour now is truly prov'd :
Whilst great, thou couldst not know thy self belov'd.

When *Cæsar* saw the field with Roman blood
Was overflow'd enough, he thought it good
His sword from execution to refrain,
And spare poor lives, that would have die'd in vain.
But lest the foes shou'd to their camp in flight
Retire, and rest should banish terror quite ;
He strait det mines to assault their wall,
Whilst fortune's hot, and terror works in all.
Nor does he think that this command appears
Too harsh, to hot, and wearie'd souldiers ;
Small exhortation leads them to the prey..
Our victorie (quoth he) is full to day,
And for our blood nought is remaining now
But the reward ; which 'tis my part to shew,
I cannot say to give, what every man
Shall give himself, behold you tents that stand
Full of all riches ; there gold rak'd in Spain,
There th' Eastern nations treasures remain ;
Pompey, and all those Kings estates do lack
Possessours, souldiers ; run, and overtake
Whom you pursue : and whatsoever to you
Pharsalia gives, take from the conquered now.
This speech of *Cæsars*, and golds impious love
Over the swords the furious souldiers drove,
To tread on Senators, and Captains slain.
What trench, what bulwark could their force sustain?
Seeking the price of all their wars, and sin,

To know for what they have so guiltie bin.

Spoiling the world they found a wealthy mass,
Which for wars future charges gathered was :
But their all-coveting thoughts could not be fill'd
With what Spains mines, and Tagus stre^{ams} could
Or on their sands rich Arimaspians find ; (yield,
Though all the spoils be theirs, yet in their mind
Their mischief at too cheap a sale they vent,
And are bid loss in spoiling of these tents,
When to himself the Conquerer Rome decreed,
And in that hope whole mountains promised ;
Patricians tents impious Plebeians keep,
In Kings pavilions common souldiers sleep ;
On brothers, and on fathers empty beds
The killers lay their partitidal heads ;
But furious dreams disturb their restless rest ;
Thessalia's sight remains in every breast ;
Their horrid guilt still wakes ; the battel stands
In all their thoughts ; they brandish empty hands,
Without their swords : you would have thought the
Had groan'd, & that the guiltie earth did yield (field
Exhaled spirits, that in the earth did move,
And Stygian fears possess the night above.
A sad revenge on them their conquest takes ;
Their sleeps present the furies hissing snakes,
And brands ; their countrey-mens sad ghosts appear :
To each the image of his proper fear :
One sees an old mans visage, one a young,
Another's tortur'd all the evening long
With his slain brothers spirit : their fathers sight
Daunts some : but *Cæsars* soul all ghosts affright.
Orestes so, not purg'd in Scythia,
Th' *Eumenides* affrighting faces saw :
Not more was *Penthen* in *Agaves* fit
Dismay'd, nor she, when she was freed from it.
Him all the swords that dire Pharsalia saw,
And which the Senate in revenge should draw,
Oppress that night, and hellish-monsters scourge.
But that which most his guiltie soul did urge,
Was this, that *Styx*, the fiends, and furies grim

(*Ter.*

(*Pompey* being yet alive) had seized on him.
But having suffred all, when daies clear light
Display'd Pharsalia's slaughter to his sight,
No dismal objects could avert his eies
From thence: the rivers swell'd with blood he sees,
And heaps of bodies equalling high hills,
And carkasses, whence blood and filth distils,
He numbers *Pompey's* people, and that place
Ordains for banquetting, from whence each face
He might discern, and know them as they lie,
Proud that *Æmathia's* earth he cannot see,
Or scarce discern the slaughter-cover'd ground.
In blood his fortune, and his gods he found.
And with that joyful sight to feed his eies,
To the wretch'd souls he funeral fire denies,
Making *Æmathia* noisom to the air.
Carthage, that gave our consuls sepulcher,
And Libyan fire on Cannæ did confer,
Could not teach him his enemies t'inter:
Remembring still (his anger not even then
With slaughter slack'd) they were his countrey-men.
We do not severall fires, or tombs desire;
Do but to all these nations grant one fire;
And let them not on piles distinct be brent.
Or, if thou aim at *Pompey's* punishment,
Pil'd up let Pindus wood, and Ossa be,
That he from sea Pharsalia's fire may see.
This anger boots thee not; for 'tis all one
Whether the fire, or putrification
Dissolve them; all to natures bosom go,
And to themselves their ends the bodies ow.
If now these nations, *Cæsar*, be not burn'd,
They shall, when earth, and seas to flames are turn'd.
One fire shall burn the World, and with the skie
Shall mix these bones; where ere thy soul shall be,
Their souls shall go; in air thou shalt not flie
Higher, nor better in *Avernus* lie.
Death frees from fortune: each receives again
What ever she brought forth: and they obtain
Heavens coverture, that have no urns at all.

Thou

Thou that deny'st these nations funeral,
Why dost thou stie these slaughter smelling fields :
Breath, if thou canst, the air this region yields,
Or drink this water, *Cæsar*, but from thee
The rotting people challenge Theſſalie,
And keep poſſeſſion 'gainſt the conquerer.

To the ſad ſood of this *Æmathan* war,
ſending from far the blouds corruption
The *Thracian* wolves, *Arcadian* lions run :
Bears from their dens, dogs from their kennels come :
And all thoſe ravenous creatures eſſe, on whom
Nature beſtows the ſtrongeſt ſents, full well
The air by carrion putrid d to ſmell.
Hither all birds of prey aſſembled are,
That long hath waited on this civil war :
Birds, that from *Thrace* to *Nile* in winter go,
ſtaid longer then, than they were wont to do :
Nere did moe birds of prey in one air ſtie,
Nor did more vulturs ever cloud the ſkie ;
From every wood came foul : each tree was fill'd
With bloody birds, that crimſon drops diſtill'd.
Down from the air bloud, and corruption rain'd
The conquerors face, and impious Eagles ſtain'd.
Birds from their wearie tallands oft let fall
Gobbets of fleſh ; nor were the people all
Conſumed to, buried in bird, or beaſt,
Which would not on their bowels fully feaſt,
Nor ſuck their marrow all, but lightly caſt ;
The greateſt man of *Roman* fleſh is caſt
Did ain'd away : which by the Sun, and time
Diſſolv'd, is mix'd with *Theſſalian* ſtine.

Unhappy *Theſſalie*, what haſt thou done
To offend the angrie gods, that thee alone
So many deaths, and impious fates ſhould ſtain ?
What age, what lenght of time can purge again
The guilt that thou haſt wrought ? what corn in thee
And grais with blood diſcolour'd ſhall not be ?
What plowſhare, but ſome *Roman* gholt ſhall wound
Before that time new battels on thy ground
Shall be ; and impious civil wars ſhall ſtain

Thy

Thy fields (before this blood be drie) again.
 If all the graves of our dead ancestors
 We should turn up, their tombs that stand, and theirs
 Whose time-consumed urns leave cast abroad
 Th' enclosed dust : moe ashes would be trod,
 And bones by harrows teeth digg'd up, and found
 In the sad furrows of Thessalias ground.
 No Mariners had sailed from thy shore,
 Nor husband-man had plow'd thee any more,
 The Roman peoples grave ; thy ghostly field
 Had no inhabitant for ever till'd :
 No herds of cattel on thy plains had run.
 Nor durst the shepherds feed their flocks upon
 Thy pasture fields, with Roman blood manur'd :
 Nor habitable, nor to be indur'd,
 (As in the torrid, or cold icie zone)
 Shouldst thou have lyen, forsaken, and unknown,
 If thou hadst been not first, but onely seat
 Of wicked war : Oh give us leave to hate
 This guiltie land ; ye gods, why do you stain
 The World, & abiove it so ? the blood in Spain,
 Sicilian seas, *Mutina*, *Leuca* spilt
 Has quite abiolv'd Philippi fields from guilt.

The end of the seventh Book.

Annotations on the seventh Book.

(a) *The same day when this great Pharsalian field was fought, an Augur C. Cornelius being then at Patua, observing his rules of Augury, told unto them that stood by him the very instant when the battel began : and going again to his art, returned as it were inspired, and cries out with a loud voice, Caesar the day is thine.*

(b) *This Crastinus was an old Scullier of Caesars army, and now Emeritus, that is freed from the duties of the war, but for love of Caesar served in this war a voluntary, he desiring to give the onset spake thus to Caesar ; I hope, Caesar, this day so to behave my self, that thou shalt*

shall thank me either alive or dead: he was slain, run through the mouth.

(c) When Cæsar perceived that his horse-men could not withstand the force of Pompey's horse-men and archers, he drew forth 3000 men which for that purpose he had placed in the right wing, they with such furie assaulted Pompey's horse-men, that they all fled: after whose flight all the archers, wanting their defence, were without resistance slain.

(d) Marcus Brutus was there fighting in Plebeian armour, and escaped the knowledge of Cæsar's souldiers. This was that Brutus, that joyning afterward with Cassius, was with him vanquished in the Philippian fields by Octavius and Antonius; after which battel all hope of Roman libertie was for ever lost.

(e) L. Domitius was by the Senates decree to succeed Cæsar in the government of France; In this war taking Pompey's side, he was at Corpinium by his own souldiers brought bound to Cæsar, and by him pardoned: afterward in Massilia he was vanquished by D. Brutus, Cæsar's Lieutenant, and fled.





LUCANS

PHARSALIA.

The eighth Book.

The Argument of the eighth Book.

*Through devious deserts vanquish'd Pompey flies:
And sails to Lesbos; whence with weeping eyes
He takes his wife. In several flying fleets
Sextus, and other Roman Lords he meets.
Deiotarus the Gallogrecian King
Is sent to great Artacides, to bring
To aid of Pompey's side the Parthian bowers.
The Lords consult where to retire, and chuse
Ægypt's base shore. Th' unthankfull King betrays
Old Pompey coming: and before the face
Of Sextus, and Cornelia, ere he lands
By base Achilles, and Septimius kills
Great Pompey dies. By night poor Codrus comes,
And on the shore his half burnt trunk intombs,
Without the head. The author doth inveigh
Gainst treacherous Ægypt, and base Ptolemy.*

ORe woody Tempe, and th' Herculean straits
Following th' Æmouian woods desert re-
treats
(Though far about) great Pompey rode; his
speed
Quite spent past help of spur had lost his speed.
Through devious ways he turns, and leaves behind
No track of his uncertain flight; the wind

Filling the shaken woods with murmuring noises
Made him afraid, and his own followers voices,
That rode behind, and by him. For (although
Fall'n from his height of former fortunes now)
He thinks his bloud set at no vulgar rate :
But as high priz'd (still mindfull of his fate)
By *Cæsar*, as himself for *Cæsar's* head
Would give. But through the deserts as he fled,
His pretence, and majestick face deny'd
A late concealment ; many, as they hy'd
Unto his camp, and had not heard his fall,
Stood in amaze to meet their General :
Wondring at fortunes turns, and scarce is he
Belieft, relating his own miserie.
He grieves that any his low state should see,
And wishes rather in all lands to be
Unknown, and through the world obscurely go.
But fortunes ancient favour brings this wo
His present sinking state more to depress
By honours weight, and former happiness.
Now he perceives he did too early clime,
Blames his triumphant youth in *Sylla's* time.
And grieves to think upon, in these sad days,
His Pontick laurel, or Pyratick bays.
So too long age great'st happiness destroys,
And life surviving Empire ; former joys
Breed grief, unless with them our end be sent,
And timely death ensuing woes prevent.
Let none, but with a mind prepar'd to die,
Dare to adventure on prosperitie.
Now to the shore he came, where *Peneus* ran
Red with *Pharsalia's* slaughter to the main.
There a (a) small bark unfit for seas, and winds,
Scarce fate in shallowest rivers, *Pompey* finds,
And goes aboard. He, with whose navies oars
Even yet *Corcyra* shakes, and *Leucas* shores,
That tam'd *Cicilia*, and *Liburnia*,
Goes fearfull now in a small bark to sea.
To *Lesbos* shore his sails commanded are
By thee, *Cornelia*, conscious of his care,

Where

Where thou then lay'st, far more with sorrow fill'd,
Than if th' hadst been in dire Pharfalia's field.
Thy carefull breast still sad presages shake,
And fears thy restless slumbers still awake.
Each night presents Thessalia ; when night's done,
To th' shore, and sea-ore-hanging rocks begone
With wo, to view the Ocean's face, she hies,
And still all ships, that come, she first espies,
But dares ask nothing of her husbands state.

Lo now a ship that comes : alas, what fate
It brings thou know'st not ; but behold thy fears,
Thy cares whole sum, thy vanquisht Lord appears
Himself the sad relater of wars crime.
Why now lament'st thou not, thus losing time ?
When thou mayst weep, thou fear'st, the ship drawn
She runs, and sees the crime of destinie, (nigh,
Pompey pale-fac'd, his hoary hairs hung down
O'er his sad brow, his garments squallid grown,
Then grief contracts her soul ; a suddain night
Invades her sense, and reaves her eyes of light ;
Her nerve-forfaken joynts all fail ; cold is
Her heart, deceiv'd with hope of death she lies ;
But *Pompey* landed searches the shores side ;
Whom when *Cornelia's* maids now near espy'd,
They durst not on fates crueltie complain,
More than with silent sighs, stiving in vain
To lift their Ladie up ; whom in his arms
Great *Pompey* takes, and with embraces warms
Her key-cold breast. But when the fled bloud nix
Her outward parts, her husbands hand she feels,
And better brooks his viilage ; he forbid
Her yield to fate, and thus her sorrow chid.

Why is thy noble strength of courage broke
(Woman descended from so great a stock)
By the first wound of fate ? thou hast the way
To purchase fame, which never shall decay,
Thy sexes praise springs not from war, or state,
But faithfull love to an unhappy mate.
Advance thy thoughts, and let thy pietie
Contend with fortune : love me now cause I

Am conquer'd, sweet, 'tis more true praise for thee
To love me thus, when all authority,
The sacred Senate, and my Kings are gone.
Begin to love thy *Pompey* now alone.
That grief extreme, thy husband yet alive,
Becomes thee not ; thou should'st that sorrow give
To my last funerals, thou art bereft
Of nothing by this war : thy *Pompey's* left
Alive and safe ; his fortunes onely gone ;
'Tis that thou wail'st, and that thou lov'd'st alone.

Chid by her husband thus, by shames constrain'd
She rose, and utter'd this most sad complaint.
Would I to hated *Cæsar* had been led
A bride, since happy to no husbands bed.
Twice have I hurt the world : my bridal light
Erinyes, and th' unhappy *Crassus's* sprights
Carry'd ; accursed by those ghosts I dare
Th' Assyrian fortune to this civil war
I was the cause that all these nations dy'd,
And all the gods forsook the iuster side.
O greatest Lord, worthy of better fate
Than my sad marriage ; had dire fortunes hate
Such pow'r on thee ? why did I marry thee
To make thee wretched ? take revenge on me,
Which willingly I'll pay ; to make the sea
More passible, Kings faiths more firm to thee.
And all the world more hospitable, drown
Me by the way, Oh would this life had gone
Before to get thee victorie, but now
Dear *Pompey* expiate thine overthrow.
Where ere thou ly'st, O cruel *Julia*,
Reveng'd already in *Pharsalia*,
Come wreak thine anger, let thy strumpets death
Appease thy wrath, and spare thy *Pompey's* breath.
This said, and sinking in his arms, her fall
Again drew tears from the spectators all :
Pompey's great heart relented, and that eye
Wept there, that in *Pharsalia's* field was dry.
The Mitylenians then thus on the shore
Bespoke great *Pompey* ; If for evermore

It shall our honour be to have preserv'd
Thy dearest pledge, if we have so deserv'd ;
To grace the citie of thy servants daign,
And here with us, though but one night, remain ;
Make this a place honour'd for evermore,
A place, that Roman pilgrims may adore.
Our town before all towns thou shouldst approve ;
For all towns else may hope for *Cæsars* love :
We have already trespass'd ; further yet
This is an Isle, and *Cæsar* wants a flit ;
Besides, thy nobles know this place, and here
Will meet : thy fates on this known shore repair :
Take our gods wealth, our temples gold, and bands
Of our young men to serve by sea, or land :
Take thou (though conquer'd) *Lesbos* forces here,
Lest *Cæsar* press them as the Conquerer.
Oh clear this faithfull land of that foul crime,
That thou which lov'dst us in thy prosperous time,
Shouldst fear our faith in thy advertitie.
Glad of their mens so wondrous pietie
For the worlds sake, that some fidelitie
Was left to wretched states, this land (quoth he)
That I of all the world most dear esteem'd
By this great pledge I left with you it seem'd.
She was the hostage that my love was here,
That here my household gods, and countrey were ;
Here was my Rome, fled from the field, before
I came to you, I toucht upon no shore ;
Knowing that *Lesbos* in preserving her
Had purchas'd *Cæsars* ire, I did not fear
To give you cause your pardons all to plead ;
Let it suffice that I your guilt have made :
I must through all the world my fates pursue.
Oh happy *Lesbos*, ever fam'd ; from you
People, and Kings shall learn fidelitie
To us, or faithfull you alone shall be.
Which lands are true, which false I now must try.
Hear O ye gods, if any gods with me
Remain, my last of pray'rs, grant us to find
A land like *Lesbos*, whose still faithfull mind

Dares give safe landing to our conquer'd state,
And parting safe, not fearing *Cæsar's* hate.
His sad companion then aboard he took.
You would have thought all Lesbos had forsook
Their native soil exil'd : so great a crye
Was rais'd, and wofull hands heav'd to the skie
All ore the shore, for *Pempey* least of all,
(Though he deserv'd their sorrow by his fall)
But seeing her depart, whom they had seen
All this war time, as their own citizen,
The people wept ; of her the matrons drier
From tears, could hardly have tane leave, though she
Unto her Lord a Conquerour had gone :
She so had gain'd the love of ev'ry one
By virtuous, courteous carriage, modestie,
Of a chaste look : proud to no companie :
Lowly to all, and such her life was seen
While her lord stood, as he had conquer'd been.

Now *Titan's* orb half drowned in the seas
Gave part to us, part to th' Antipodes :
When care in *Pempey's* restless bosom runs
Sometimes on *Rome's* confederate states and towns,
And Kings uncertain faith ; sometimes upon
The South-scorch'd regions of the torrid zone :
Sometimes, as too sad burdens, he lays by
His wearied cares of future destinie,
Asking the master of each star, and where
He guesses land : what rules heaven gives to steer
His ship at sea : what stars to *Syria* guide :
Which of *Bootes* guides to *Libya's* side
Directs ; to this the master thus replies :
We follow not those stars which through the skies
Do slide, and pass away : unconstant stars
In the unfixt pole deceive the mariners ;
That pole, that never fals, nere drowns in sea
Famous for *Cynosure*, and *Helice*,
Doth guid our ships, when ere that stars got up
Right vertical, just ore the sail-yards top,
Then to the *Bosphorus* we make apace,
And seas, that *Synthia's* crooked shores embrace.

But

But when more low, and nearer to the sea
Artophilax and Cynofura be,
Then to the Syrian ports our course we steer :
Canopus then is elevated there,
Which fears the North, and in the Southern skies
Remains alone. Who thence to th' left hand plies
(Pharos orepast) into the Syrtes fairs.
But whither now shall we direct our sails ?
To whom with doubtfull thoughts *Pompey* replies :
In all the course at sea observe but this,
To keep thy ship still far from *Thessalie*,
And to the heavens, and seas leave *Italie*,
The rest trust to the winds ; I now have tane
My dear left pledge *Cornelia* in again.
I then was certain whither to resort,
But now let fortune find us out a port.
Thus *Pompey* spake ; the master straightway turns
About his sails stretcht out with equal horns,
And to the left hand guides the ship, to plow
Those waves, that 'twixt *Chios*, and *Asia* flow,
To the ships length he turns his sails about.
The sea perceives the change : her waves are cut
By the sharp stem with different motion.
The skilfull Charioter not half so soon
Reins round his horie, and doth with suddain change
About the goal his wheeling chariot range.
Set hid the stars, and land discovered,
When those, that from *Pharsalia's* battel fled,
To *Pompey* came ; and first from *Lesbos* shores
He met his son ; then Kings, and Senatours.
For *Pompey* yet (although at that sad time
Vanquisht and fled) had Kings to wait on him :
Proud scepter'd Kings, that ore the East did reign,
Attended there in banisht *Pompey's* train.
Then *Pompey* King *Deiotarus* commands
To go for aid to farthest Eastern lands.
Most loyal King, since on *Pharsalia's* plains,
This world was lost from Rome, it now remains,
To trie the East, those that by *Tigris* lie,
And by *Euphrates* yet from *Cesar* free.

Grieve not, though to repair my fortunes lost,
 Thou to the Medes, or farthest Scythians go'st,
 Or quite beyond the day, that this world sees.
 Bear my salutes to great *Arſacides* ;
 And if our ancient league remain, which I
 By Latian *Jove*, by his own deitie
 He ſwore : let the Armenian archers ſtrong,
 Their well-bent bowes, and quivers bring along :
 If you, O Parthians, undisquieted
 I ever left when I purſu'd the ſled
 Unquiet Alans to the Caſpian ſtraight,
 And forc'd you not for ſafetie to retreat
 To Babylon : marching ore Cyrus ground,
 And the Chaldean kingdoms utmoſt bound,
 Appearing nearer than the Perſian
 To the Suns riſe, where into th' Ocean
 Nyſas, Hydaſpes, and ſwift Canges fall,
 Suffer'd you onely, when I conquer'd all,
 To go untriumph'd : Parthia's King alone
 Of all th' Eaſts Monarchs, ſcap'd ſubjection.
 Not once alone do you your ſaſtie ow
 To me ; who after *Cræſſus* overthrow,
 Appeas'd the juſt, incens'd wrath of Rome ;
 For all my merits now let Parthia come
 Out of her bounds appointed, and paſs ore
 Greek Zeugma's walls, and the forbidden ſhore.
 Conquer for *Pompey* : Rome will looſe the day
 Gladly. The King refus'd not to obey
 (Though hard were his command) laying aſide
 His kingly robes, and in a ſervants weed
 Attir'd he goes ; in a diſtreſſed time
 'Tis ſafe for Kings like pooreſt men to ſeem.
 Therefore how much lives he, that's truly poor,
 Safer than Kings ! The King took leave at ſhore.
 And by the Icarion rocks great *Pompey* gone
 Leaves Ephelus and ſea-calm Colophon :
 Shaving ſmall Samos foaming rocks he goes
 A gentle gale blows from the ſhore of Cos :
 Gindon, and Phebus-honour'd Rhodes he leaves,
 And ſailing ſtraight in the mid-Ocean ſaves

Telmeſſimus

Telmessus long, and winding circuits. First
Pamphylia greets their eyes ; but *Pompey* durst
Commit his person to no town, but thee
Little Phaselis : thy small companie,
And few inhabitants could not cause fear ;
More in thy ship than in thy wals there were.
But sailing thence again, high Taurus shows
It self ; and Dipsas, that from Taurus flows.

Could *Pompey* think, when erst he clear'd the seas
Of Pirates rage, it purchas'd his own ease ?
He now flies late along Cicilian shores
In a small ship : there many Senatours
Following oretake their flying General
Within the haven of Celendæ small,
Where in and out ships on *Selinus* past.
In full assemblie of the Lords at last
Thus sadly *Pompey* spake ; my Lords whose sight
(As dear companions both in war and flight)
I do esteem my countrey though we stand
On a bare shore, in poor Cicilian land
Attended with no force, advice to take,
And new provision for a war to make,
Yet bring courageous hearts : I lost not all
In Thessalie, nor did my fortune fall
So low, but that this head again may rise.
Could *Marius* after all his miseries
In Libya, rise to a seventh Consulship ?
And me to lightly fall'n will fortune keep ?
A thousand Captains on the Grecian sea,
A thousand ships I have : *Pharsalia*
Has rather scatter'd, than quite overthrown
My strength : but me my actions fame alone
Which all the earth have seen, my name, that now
The whole world loves, shall guard. Consider you
Th' Egyptian, Libyan, Parthian Monarchies,
Both in their strength, and faith, and then advise
Which fittest is to aid *Rome's* labouring state.
But I ; my Lords, will to your ears relate
Freely my secret't cares, and tell the truth
How I incline ; I do suspect the youth

Of Egypt's King ; for true fidelitie
Requires strong years ; I fear the subtletie,
And double heart of Mauritania's King ;
Remembring Carthage whence his race did spring,
He gapes for Italie, and his vain brest
Is much with thought of *Hannibal* possest ;
Whose blood commixt with th' old Numidians
Obliquely *Juba's* pedigree distains.
He swell'd to see *Tarus* a suppliant grown,
And Roman fates inferiour to his own.
Therefore, my Lords, to th' Eastern world let us
Retire ; Euphrates with a spacious
Channael divides the world ; the Caspian straits
On t'other side yield safe, and large retreats ;
Another pole measures th' Assyrian days,
And nights : another colour bear the seas
Sever'd from ours ; their aim is sovereigntie : (high
Their bowes more strong, their steeds more fierce and
Than ours, no boy, nor aged man wants skill,
Or strength to shoot ; deadly their arrows kill.
Their bowes first brook Pellizan spears, and won
Th' Assyrian wall renowned Babylon,
And Median Bactra. Nor so fearfull are
The Parthians of our piles, but that they dare
Come out to war against us, they have try'd
Their shafts sufficiently when *Craffus* dy'd
Nor are their trusty shafts arm'd at the head
With steel alone, but deadly venom'd :
Slight wounds are mortal, and the least blood drawn
Will kill. Oh would on the fierce Parthian
I were not forced to depend ; their fate
Does too too much Rome's fortune emulate :
Too many gods aid them. Ile draw from home
Some other nations of the East to come
To war. But if Barbarians leagues deceive
Our hopes, or elie our scorn'd alliance leave ;
Let fortune then our sad and ship-wrackt state
Beyond the known and traffiqu'd world translate ;
I will not sue to Kings whom I have made ;
But in my death this comfort shall be had

Lying far off, this bodie shall not be
Subject to *Cæsars* rage, nor pietie:
But there revolving my whole lifes past fate
Still honour'd in those parts was *Pompeys* state.
How great has Eastern *Tanais* me seen?
How great beyond *Mæotis* have I been?
Into what lands did my victorious name
More sound, or whence in greater triumph came?
Favour my purpose Rome, what happier
Can the gods grant thee, than in civil war
To use the Parthian arms to overthrow
That land, and mix their ruiū with our wo?
When the fierce Parthians have with *Cæsar* fought,
Crassus revenge, or mine must needs be wrought:
This said, he heard their murmur to condemn
His plot. But *Lentulus* 'mongst all of them
In spirit, and noble grief the forwardst man
Thus (worthie his late Consulship) began.

Has the Pharsalian loss so broke thy mind?
Has one days fate the World so low declin'd?
Does that one battel our whole cause decide,
And no cure left to help our wounded side?
Is no hope left thee, *Pompey*, but to sue
At the proud Parthians feet? would'st thou eschew
All lands, and clims, and thither aim thy flight,
Where cross poles reign, & unknown stars give light,
T'adore the Parthians, and their deities,
Chaldean fires, and barbarous sacrifice?
Why in this war pretend'st thou libertie?
Why is the wretched World deceiv'd by thee,
It thou canst ierve? whose name they trembled at,
As the chief ruler of the Roman fate,
Whom they have seen lead captive Kings before
From wild Hyrcania, and the Indian shore,
Shall they now see cast down, and broke by fate,
Measuring themselves by *Pompey's* begging state,
With Rome, and Italie aspire t'inherit?
Thou canst speak nothing worth thy fate, and spirit:
Their ignorance ith' Roman tongue requires
That thou in tears shouldst utter thy desires.

Wouldst.

Wouldst thou so wound our shame, that not from
But Parthia the revēge of Rome should come? (Rome,
She chose thee General of her civil war.

Why dost thou spread her loss, and wounds so far
As Scythia, and teach Parthia to go

Beyond her bound? Rome shall in her deep wo

This special comfort lose of bringing in

No Kings, but serving her own Citizen.

Canst thou delight from farthest parts to come

Leading fierce nations 'gainst the walls of Rome,

Following those Eagles, that slain *Crassus* lost?

That onely King, that from th' *Æmathian* (1) host

Was absent (fortune did his favour guid)

Will he provoke the Conquerers strong side,

And joyn with vanquisht *Pompey*, think you? no,

We have no cause to trust that nation so,

The people all born in the Northern cold

Are lovers of the war, hardy, and bold;

But in the East, and Southern clims, the heat

Of gentle air makes them effeminate.

Their men soft clothing, and loose garments wear.

Parthians upon the Median fields, and where

A long Sarmatian plains swift Tygris flows,

By libertie of flight can by no foes

Be vanquished; but where the earth does swell,

Ore craggie hils they cannot clime so well;

Nor in dark places can they use the bow;

Nor dare they swim torrents that swiftly flow;

Nor in the field with blood all over died

Dare they the dust, and Summer Sun abide;

No rams, nor engines can the Parthian use;

Nor fill the trenches up: when he pursues,

What ere is arrow proof serves for a wall,

Slight are their wars, their fights like flyings all:

Their stragling fight, apter to lie than stand.

Their arrows venom'd are, nor close at hand

Dare they maintain a fight: far off with bowes

They shoot, and where it lists the wind bestows

Their wounds; but fight of sword does strength re-

All manly nations the sword-fight desire. (quire.

At

At the first onset they'll disarmed be,
And when their quivers are exhaust, must flee;
Their trust in poison is, not in their hands.
Think'st thou them men, *Pompey*, that dare not stand
Without such helps, the hazard of a fight?
Can such base aid be worth so long a fight?
For thee so far from thine own land to die,
And under barbarous earth entomb'd to lie
In a base monument, yet such a one
As will be envy'd, *Crassus* having none?
Thy state is not so pitiful: for death
(Not fear'd by men) ends all: but loss of breath
Under that wicked King *Cornelia* fears not.
The *Venus* of those barbarous courts who hears not?
Which like bruit beasts all wedlocks rites exile,
And with wives numberless all laws defile:
Th' incestuous beds abhorred secrets lie
Ope to a thousand concubines; rais'd high
With wine, and banquetting, the King retains
No lawless lust, though nere so full of stains:
Th' embraces of so many women can
Not all the night tire one insatiate man;
In Kings incestuous beds their sisters lie,
And mothers which should names unstained be,
Oedipus woful tale condemns alone
Theses of a crime, though ignorantly done:
But there how often does the Parthian King
Asiades from such foulincest spring?
What can be wickedness to him, that may
Defile his mother? shall *Cornelia*
Metellus noble progenie be led
The thousand'th wife to a Barbarians bed?
Yet none more often will the tyrant use
Then her: her husbands titles will insuise
A scornful lust: and, which will please him more,
Hee'll know that she was *Crassus* wife before,
And comes, (as fate to her did Parthia ow)
A captive for that former overthrow.
Think on that slaughter: 't will not onely bring
Shame, to have begg'd aid from that fatal King,

But

But to have made a civil war before ;
For what will *Cæsar*, and thy self be more
Accus'd by all, than that, while you two fought
There could for *Crassus* no revenge be wrought ?
'Gainst Parthia all our armies should have gone :
And that no strength might want, from garrison
Our Northern lands should have bee freed each one,
Till treacherous *Susa*, and proud Babylon
Had fall'n for tombs upon our slaughter'd men.
Of Parthian peace, fortune, we beg an end ;
And, if Thessalia end the civil war,
Against the Parthian send thy Conquerer :
Of all the World I should rejoyce alone
At *Cæsar*'s triumphs ore that nation.
When thou the cold Araxis streams hast crost,
Shall not the slaughter'd *Crassus* mourning ghost
Upbraid thee ? thou, whom our unbury'd ghosts
Long since expected with revenging hosts,
Com'st thou to sue for peace : besides thine cies
Sad monuments of Roman tragedies
Shall greet : the walls, on which our Captains heads
Were fixt : where bodies of our souldiers dead
Euphrates swallow'd, and swift Tygris stream
Rowl'd back again to earth. If thou to them
Canst sue, why, *Pompey*, dost thou scorn to pray
To *Cæsar* sitting in Thessalia ?
Look rather upon Romes confederates,
And if thou do suspect the Southern states,
And *Juba*'s falshood, go to *Ptolemy* ;
Ægypt by Libyan quick-sands Westerly
Is guarded : on the East fall Nil's seven foulds,
To th' sea ; a land content with her own goods ;
A land that needs nor rain, nor marchandize,
So much on onely Nilus she relies.
Young *Ptolemy* reigns there, that owes his Crown
To thee, once left to thy tuition.
Fear not the shadow of a name : no hurt
Can be in tender years : in an old court
Let not religion, faith, or trust be sought :
Men us'd to Scepters are asham'd of nought :

The

The mildest government a Kingdom finds (minds.
Under new Kings. This speech quite turn'd their
How are despairing states most free and bold?

Pompey's opinion is by all controll'd.

They leave Cilicia, and to Cyprus move

The course. No land does *Venus* better love

Still mindful of her birth (if we at all

Think gods were born, or had original)

Pompey departing thence his course gan bend

Round all the Cyprian rocks, that Southward tend,

And got into the interposed main;

Nor by the nights weak light could he attain

Mount *Caius*; but with struggling sails, and strength

A lower port of *Agypt* reach'd at length,

Where parted *Nilus* greatest channel flows,

And to the Ocean at *Pelusion* goes.

That time was come, wherein just *Libra* weighs

The hours, and makes the nights equal with dayes:

Then pays the winter nights hours, which the spring

Had tane away. They, hearing that the King

Was at mount *Caius*, thither make repair:

The Sun yet was not down, the wind blew fair.

The scouts along the shore post to the court,

And fill their fearful ears with the report

Of *Pompey's* coming; though their time were small

For counsel, yet the *Agyptian* monsters all

Were met: 'mongst whom *Achorem* began,

Whom age taught modestie, a mild old man,

(Him superstitious *Mompheys*, that observ'd (serv'd

Th' increase of Nile brought forth: while he had

At the gods altars, not one *Apis* liv'd

Five changes of the Moon) his speech reviv'd

The sacred league of *Ptolomy's* dead father,

And *Pompey's* merits; but *Photinus* rather

And counsellor for tyrants, with base breath

Durst thus presume to counsel *Pompey's* death.

Justice and truth have many guiltie made:

Faith suffers, *Ptolomey*, when it would aid

Whom fortune hates; joyn with the gods, and fate,

And flie the wretched, love the fortunate:

Profit

Profit from honesty differs as far
 As does the sea from fire, earth from a star.
 Crowns lose their power, whilst onely good they do,
 Respect of right all strength does overthrow.
 This mischief's freedom, and th' uncurbed sword,
 That does to hated crowns safetie afford.
 No cruel actions, unless throughly done,
 Are done secure; let him from court be gone,
 That would be good; virtue, and sovereigntie
 Do not agree; nothing but fear shall he,
 That is alham'd a tyrant to be deem'd.
 Let *Pompey* rue that he thy years contemn'd,
 Thinking thou couldst not from thy shore drive back
 A conquer'd man: let not a stranger take
 Thy scepter: if thou wouldst resign thy reign,
 Th' hast nearer pledges, give the Crown again
 To thy condemned sister: lets keep free
 Our *Egypt* from the Roman slavery.
 Shall we, that did not in the war adhere
 To *Pompey*, now provoke the Conquerer?
 Vagrant through all the World, hopeleſs of all
 He seeks with what lands ruin he may fall:
 Haunted with civil war-flain ghosts he flies
 Not onely *Caſar*, but the Senates eyes,
 Whoſe greater part feeds fowls in Theſſalie.
 He fears thoſe nations whom he left to die
 Mixt in one bloody field: he fears thoſe Kings,
 Whoſe hapleſs ſtates his fall to ruin brings:
 Now guiltie of the loſs, harbour'd by none,
 To us, whom yet he has not overthrow'n,
 He ſeeks; a greater cauſe, O *Fretum*,
 Have we to accuſe *Pompey*; why would he
 Our quiet land ſtain with the crime of war,
 And made us hated by the Conquerer?
 Why does thy miſerie choſe our land alone
 To bring *Pharſalia's* fortune, and thine own
 Fear'd puniſhment into? we hear a blame
 Already, (and our ſwords muſt purge the ſame)
 In that, becauſe the Senate mov'd by thee
 Gave us a Crown, we wiſht thy victorie.

This

This sword, now drawn by fate, we did provide
To wound not *Pompeys*, but the conquer'd side,
And rather could we wish for *Cæsars* head:
But whither all are carry'd, we are led.
Mak'st thou a doubt of our necessitie
To kill thee now we may? what strength have we
For thee to trust, wretch'd man? thou saw'st our men
Unarm'd, to plow soft mould scarce able, when
Nile ebb'd. Our kingdoms strength 'tis not that we
Try, and confess; canst thou, O *Ptolomy*
Raise *Pompeys* ruin, under which great Rome
It self is fall'n so low? or dar'st thou come
To stir the ashes of *Pharsalia*,
And such a war upon thy kingdom draw?
We to no side, before the battel, cleave;
Shall we now cleave to *Pompeys*, which is left
By the whole World? provoking the known fates,
And feared strength of *Cæsar*, wretched states
Aid they, that did their prosperous times attend.
No faith ere chose a miserable friend.

The mischief pleas'd them all: the young King proud
Of this strange honour: that his men allow'd
Him to command so wonderful a thing,
Chose out *Achilles* for the managing.
Where the false land in Cusian sands does lie
Stretcht out, and fords witness the Syrtes night,
Weapons, and partners of his murderous guilt
He puts in a small boat. Oh gods, durst Nile,
Durst barbarous Memphis, and th' effeminate men
Of soft Canopus harbour such a spleen?
Has civil war deprest the World so low?
Or are the Roman fates dejected so?
Are Pharian swords admitted, and a room
For *Ægypt* left into this war to come?
In this at least ye civil wars be true; (you,
Bring well known hands, keep foreign beasts from
If *Pompeys* far-fam'd name deserve to be
The crime of *Cæsar*, fears not *Ptolomy*
The ruin of that name: or when the skies
Thunders, dar'st thou, effeminate *Ptolomy*,

Insert thy profane hands ? to terrifie
Thee, King, a Romans name enough should be,
Without that worth that did the World control :
Rode thrice in triumph to the Capitol :
That govern'd Kings : that led the Senates war :
And son in law was to the Conquerer.
Why with thy sword our bowels dost thou wound ?
Thou dost not know, proud boy, upon what ground
Thy fortunes stand, thou now canst claim no right
To *Aegypts* Scepter : for in civil fight
Hee's tall'n, that *Aegypts* Crown on thee bestow'd.
Now *Pompey* ship took down her sails, and row'd
Toward the shore. The wicked band drew (b) near
In a small two-oar'd boat ; with feigned cheer
Tell him the Kingdom at his service stands ;
And feigning that the shore for shelves, and sands
Could not approach'd be by ships so great,
Into their little boat they do intreat
He would descend. If by the fates decree,
And everlasting laws of destinie
Pompey condemn'd to that wretched end
Had not been forc'd to shore ; (c) none of his friends
Wanted prelages of the dire event.
For had their faith been pure, if they had meant
Their Scepter-giver truly t'entertain
In Court, th' *Agyptian* King with all his train
And fleet had come. *Pompey* to fate gives way,
And, bid to leave his navie, does obey,
Preferring (d) death before base fear. Into
The enemies boats *Cornelia* fain would go,
Now more impatient to be separate
From her dear lord, because she fears his fate.
Stay wife, and son, and far from shore (quoth he)
Behold my fortune : and in this neck trie
The tyrants faith : but deaf to his commands
Frantick *Cornelia* wrings her wofull hands :
Whither without me go'st thou, cruel man ?
Remov'd from *Thessalie*, must I again
Be left ? still fatal have our partings bin.
In flight thou neededst not to have touch'd in

At Lesbos, but there still have let me be,
If thou intend I nere shall land with thee,
Onely at sea thy sad companion.

Thus all in vain *Cornelia* making mone
Upon the ships fore-deck stood looking ore,
So full of grief, and fear, she could not more
Look after him, nor turn her eies away.
Doubtful of his succels the fleet did stay,
Not fearing swords, nor force, nor treacherie ;
But lest great *Pompey* should submilively
Adore that scepter that himself bestow'd,
Septimius then a Roman souldier bow'd, ✓
Saluting *Pompey* from th' Ægyptian boat,
Who (oh heavens shame) leaving his pile, had got
A barbarous partizan, one of the guard
To Ægypt's King : fierce unrelenting hard,
Bloudy as any beast. Who would not then
Have thought that fortune meant to favour men,
When she had kept this impious sword so far
From Thessalie, and stayd from civil war
This hand ? but she dispos'd the swords (alas)
That civil mischief might in ev'ry place
Be done. A tale the Conquerers to shame
It was, the gods eternal blush, and blame,
A Roman sword should by a King be led,
And the Ægyptian boy reach *Pompey's* head
With his own sword. What fame shall future time
Give thee *Septimius* ? or how stile thy crime,
That *Brutus* act as parricidal blame ?
And now the ending hour of *Pompey* came :
Putting himself into the monsters (e) hands
He went aboard their boat ; the murtherous bands
Straight draw ; great *Pompey* seeing their drawn swords
Covers his face, disdaining to spend words,
Or looks on such a fate, and shut his eies,
Containing his great spirit, lest words might rise,
Or tears, his everlasting fame to taint.
But when *Achilles* murthering weapons point
Had pierc'd his side, scorning the villains pride
No groans he gave : great, like himself he dy'd

With

With unfix'd breast, and thus in secret spake;
 All times that mention of Romes labours make,
 And future ages through the World will see
 This fact, and Ægypt's base disloyaltie.
 Maintain thine honour now; the fates to thee
 Through thy whole life gave long posteritie;
 And the World knows not (unless now they see)
 How *Pompey's* spirit could bear adversitie.
 Blush not that such base hands thy death afford;
 But think, who ever strike, 'tis *Cæsars* sword.
 Though they these limbs all torn and scatter'd leave,
 Yet am I happy, god; no god can reave
 My happincis; my fortunes, and my breath
 Expire at once: nor wretched is my death.
Cornelia, and my son this slaughter see:
 So much more patient let my sorrow be.
 The more *Cornelia*, and my son approve
 My dying constancie, the more they'll love.
 So well could he his dying spirits guid:
 Such strength of mind had *Pompey* when he dy'd.
 But poor *Cornelia*, that had rather die
 Than see that sight, with shriekings fill the skie:
 'Twas wicked I, dear lord, that murder'd thee:
 For whilst at Lesbos thou turn'dst in to,
Cæsar had entred Ægypt's shore; for who
 But he had power that horrid act to do?
 What ere thou art sent from the gods to kill
 Pleasing thine own revenge, or *Cæsars* will;
 Thou know'st not, wretch, where *Pompey's* bowels be:
 Thou strik'st with furie there, where conquer'd he
 Desires thy stroke, now let him suffer more
 Than his own death, and see my head before.
 I am not guiltless from the crime of war,
 The onely wife following my Lord so far,
 Fearless of camps, or seas; and conquer'd too
 I took him in, which Monarchs durst not do.
 Did I for this, husband, deserve to be
 Left safe aboard? false Lord why spar'st thou me?
 Or thought'st thou life (thou dying) fit for me?
 Ile find a death, though not from *Ptolemy*.

Oh failers, let me leap down from the deck,
Or with the twisted shrowds to break my neck:
Or let some worthie friend of *Pompey's* now
Here sheath his weapon, and for *Pompey* do
An act, that hee 'I impute to *Cæsars* hate.
Why do you hinder my desired fate?
Husband, thou liv'st, *Cornelia* has not power
Yet of her self; they hinder my deaths hour
(And there she sounds) to be the Conquerours pray;
The fearful fleet hoist sails, and part away.

But when great *Pompey* fell, that sacred face,
And honour'd visage kept his former grace
Though angrie with the gods; death's utmost hate,
Chang'd not his visage, and majestick state,
As they confess that his rent neck did see.
For stern *Septimius* in that crueltie
Finds out an act more cruel: to uncover
His face, he cuts the cloath, that was cast over,
Invading half-dead *Pompey's* breathing face,
His dying neck across the boards he lays;
Then cuts the nerves, and veins, the twisted bones
He breaks: the art to whip off heads at once
Was not yet found. But when the head was torn
Off from the trunk, 't was by *Achilles* born.
Degenerate Roman, base *Septimius*,
Us'd in an under office, couldst thou thus
Basely cut off great *Pompey's* sacred head
To be (oh shame) by another carried?
Young *Ptolemy* to know great *Pompey's* face, (grace
Those hairs, that Kings have honour'd, whose curl'd
Adorn'd his noble front, strokes with his hands;
Fixt on a pole the head of *Pompey* stands,
Whilst yet his lips with shrobbing murmurs shook,
His eies unlos'd, and lively was his look:
That head that still determin'd war, and peace,
That rul'd the Senate, laws, and iustices;
Romes fortune in that face took greatest pride.
Nor was the wicked tyrant satisfy'd
With sight: but for memorial of the fact,
Dire arts the heads corruption must extract,

The

The brain is taken out, dry'd is the skin,
The noisom moisture purged from within,
Medicines make solid, and preserve the face,

Degenerate issue, last of *Lagar* race,
Whom thy incestuous sister shall depose;
When sacred vaults the Macedon enclose,
When dust of Kings in sumptuous buildings lies,
And the ignoble race of *Ptolemies*
In Pyramids, and rich Mausolean graves
Unjustly rest, must *Pompey* by the waves
An headless trunk against the shore be swept?
Was it too great a trouble to have kept
The carkass whole for *Cesar*? this sad date
Did fortune give to *Pompey's* prosperous states;
By such a death as this to pull him down
From such an height: heaping all plagues in one
Sad day, which he so many years had been
Free from: nor yet had *Pompey* ever seen
Joy mixt with woe: no god his prosperous state
Did ere disturb, none helpt his wretched fate;
But once for all with a dissenting hand
Did fortune pay him; torn upon the sand,
Salt water playing in his wounds, the mock
Of seas he lies, and beat 'gainst every rock:
No figure left of him, 'tis note enough
To know great *Pompey*, that his head is off.

But fates, ere *Cesar* on that shore arrive,
A suddain funeral to *Pompey* give,
Lest he in none, or in a better tomb
Should lie. To th' shore did fearful *Codrus* come
Out of his lurking hole, that was before
Great *Pompey's* questor, and from Cyprus shore
Had follow'd him; he by the shades of night
Durst go (true love had vanquish't terror quite)
To find his slaughter'd Lord, along the sand,
And through the waves, to bring the trunk to land.
Faint light through dusky clouds sad *Cynthia* gave;
But different colour'd from the foamy wave
The trunk appear'd; which *Codrus* catching strait
When the waves ebb'd, but tired with the weight

Expects their flow to help him, and so bore
The trunk to land, and plac'd it on the shore ;
Then falling down,, bathing the wounds in tears,
Thus to the gods he ipeaks, and clouded stars,

Fortune no costly pile with odours fill'd
Thy *Pompey* craves, nor that his hearse may yield
Precious Arabian tunes to fill the air,
Nor that the pious Roman necks should bear
Their countreys fathers forth, nor to adorn
A funeral pomp old triumphs should be born,
No funeral songs, nor that his troups the while
March a dead march about their Generals pile.
Grant *Pompey* but a base plebeian beer.

That his torn limbs may carry to the fire.
Let him not want wood, and a burner, though
But mean, and let it be, Oh gods enough
That with loose hair *Cornelia* does not stand
To take her last embrace, and then command
To fire the pile ; from this last funeral cite
She is away, yet hardly out of sight,
This said, far off a little fire he kenn'd
Burn a neglected herse, watch'd by no friend.
Thither he goes, and taking thence apart
Of fire, and half-burn'd sticks, who ere thou art,
Neglected ghost, dear to no friend, (quoth he)
But happier than great *Pompey*, pardon me ;
(If any knowledge after death remain.)
That by a strangers hand thy hearse sustains
This wrong; I know thou yield'st and canst endure,
For *Pompey's* sake, this loss of sepulture,
And art asham'd of funeral rites, whilest he
Lies an unburied ghost. Then speedily
With his arms full of fire poor *Cadmus* ran
To find the trunk which to the shore again
The waves had beat ; then off the sand he wipes,
And gathering up the ribs of broken ships,
He lays them in a ditch ; on no hew'n trees
Or well built pile the noble bodie lies :
Fire brought, not under-built great *Pompey* takes.
Then sitting by the fire thus *Cadmus* speaks.

Romes greatest Lord, the onely majestic
 Of Italie, it worie this burial be
 Than none at all, than floating on the sea,
 Avert thy *Mines*, and great ghost from me.
 'Tis fortunes iniurie that makes this right,
 Left fish, or fowl, or beast, or *Cesar's* spight
 Might wrong my coarſe, accept this little brand
 Of fire, ſince kindled by a Roman hand.
 If fortune grant recourſe to Italie,
 Not here ſhall theſe ſo ſacred aſhes lie:
 But from my hand *Cornelia* ſhall take,
 And urn thy reliques, untill then wee'll make
 Thy burials marke upon the ſhore, that who
 So ere would pacifie thy ghost, and do
 Full rights of funeral, may find out ſo
 The bodies aſhes, and the ſands may know,
 Whither to bring thy head. Thus having ſpoke,
 He does with fuel the weak flame provoke;
Pompey diſſolv'd, his fat diſtilling ted
 The little fire; and now day promiſed
 By bright *Aurora*, dimm'd the ſtars weak lights.
Coarum abruptly leaves the funeral rites,
 And runs himſelf about the ſhore to hide.

What miſchief fear'ſt thou (fool) for ſuch a deed?
 Which long-tongu'd fame for ever ſhall renown?
Cesar himſelf ſhall praiſe what he hath done
 To *Pompey's* bodie. Go then void of dread:
 Conſeſ the funeral, and require his head.
 An end of dutious works pietie makes.
 The bones half burnt, ſcarce yet diſſolv'd he takes,
 Still full of nerves, and unconſumed marrow;
 Quenching them in ſea-water, in a narrow:
 Piece of the earth together lay them down:
 Then leſt the aſhes ſhould abroad be blown
 By the winds force, he lays a ſtone above;
 And leſt ſome ſailer ſhould that ſtone remove
 To tie his cable, with a coal-burnt ſtaff
 Upon the top he writes this Epitaph.
 Here *Pompey* lies, fortune, this ſtone we call
 His tomb: in which, rather than none at all,

Cæsar would have him lie. Why in a room
So small, rath hand, includ'st thou *Pompey's* tomb,
And shut'st up his great ghost? as far he lies
As the earths farthest shore extended is.
Romes mighty name, and Empires utmost bound
Is *Pompey's* tomb; this mark for shame confound
The shame of heaven; if *Alcides* lie
Over all *Oete*, and all *Nyia* be
Great *Bacchus* monument, why should one stone
In Egypt stand for *Pompey's* tomb alone?
Did no one piece of earth thy name express,
All Egypts land, *Pompey*, thou might'st possess.
Let us be still deceiv'd, and still for fear
Of thee, to tread on Egypts land forbear.
But if that sacred name must grace a stone,
Write his each deed, and glorious action;
The Alpine war of rebell *Lepidus*,
The conquest of revolt *Sertorius*
(The Consul being call'd home:) those triumphs note,
Which he but Gentleman of Rome had got:
Cilician pirats tam'd: traffick made free:
Barbarian Kingdoms conquer'd all that lie
Under the East, and North: with this make known
How still from war he took a peacefull gown.
Contented with three triumphs, he to Rome
His other conquests did forgive; what tomb
Can hold all this? his ashes in this grave
No titles, nor triumphant stories have.
That name, that temples lofty roots, and high
Triumphal arches deckt with victorie
Were wont to bear, now near the lowest stand
A small grave shews, which strangers cannot stand
Upright to read, which (if it be not known)
The Roman travellers pass by unknown.
Egypt, whom civil fate has guilty made
'Twas not in vain the *Sibyls* verse forbade
A Roman Niles Pelutian mouth to touch,
Or once his summer-swelled banks approach.
How small I curse thee for this impious deed?
May Nile run back, and stay at his first head,

May thy unfruitfull fields want winter rain,
And all like *Aethiops* barren sands remain.
We let thy *Isis* in *Romes* temples dwell,
Thy deis'd Dogs, and sorrow-causing bell :
Osiris, whom thou shewest, while thou weep'st,
A man ; our god in dust thou Egypt keep'st.
And thou that gav'st the tyrant temples, Rome,
Hast not yet fetch'd thy *Pompey's* ashes home :
His ghost lies yet exil'd. If *Cæsar's* frowns
That first age fear'd, yet now thy *Pompey's* bones
Bring home, Oh Rome, if yet on that curs'd land
Not ruin'd by the waves, the marks do stand.
Who'l fear that grave? who'l fear to take from thence
Ashes deserving temples? that offence
Injoyn me (Rome) to do, my bosom use :
Oh too too happy I, if Rome would chuse
My hand to open that base sepulcher,
And his dear ashes hither to transfer.
Perchance when Rome from Oracles would crave
An end of dearth, or pestilence to have,
Of too much fire, or earth-quakes, thou to Rome
Shalt by the gods exprest appointment come,
Thy ashes born by the high priest. For who
To scorch'd *Siene* in *Junes* heat can go,
In view of Nile, or *Pharian Thebes* detcrie
Under the showry *Pleiades* still drie ;
What Eastern Merchant trafficking resorts
To the Red sea, or rich Arabian ports,
But at thy graves ever adorned stone,
And ashes (though perchance scatter'd upon
The sands) will stay, thy ghost to pacifie,
Before the *Casian Jove* preferring thee?
This little grave can nothing hurt thy name ;
Thy ghost would be of a far cheaper tame
Shrowded in gold, and temples : fortune now
Bears more divinitie intomb'd so low ;
This sea-beat stone is more majestick far
Than the proud altars of the Conqueror.
Some worship gods dwelling in dusky clay,
That to *Tarpeian Jove* refuse to pray.

Twill

'Twill vantage thee hereafter in thy grave
 No polish'd Marbles lasting works to have.
 This little dust will quickly scatter'd lie :
 The tomb will fall ; proofs of thy death will die :
 And then a happier age will come, when none
 Shall credit give to those that shew the stone :
 As false shall Egypt seem in times to come
 (As Crete of Joves) to boast of Pompey's tomb.

The end of the eighth Book.

Annotations on the eighth Book.

(a) Pompey in his flight from Larissa came all along the Tempe to the shore, and lodged that night in the small cottage of a fisher-man ; about morning he went to sea in a little boat, and sailing along by the shore met with a ship of greater burden, of which one Peticius a Roman was Captain, who knowing Pompey, received him, and transported him to Lesbos, where Cornelia lay. Plutarch. Appian.

(b) When this boat drew near to Pompey, Septimius arose, (who had once served as a Tribune under Pompey) and in the Roman language saluted his General, and welcomed him in the King's name. Achilles complemented with him in the Greek tongue, and desired him to enter into his boat, by reason that the shelves, and sands would not afford a passage to his ship.

(c) Those that attended Pompey, seeing his entertainment not Royal, and Magnificent, but that a few ones in a small boat were sent to meet him, began to suspect the treason, and counselled Pompey to put to sea, and forsake that shore while it yet he was free from danger.

(d) Pompey disdaining to appear fearful, (although he were full of ill presages) came into Achilles his boat as he were invited, and taking his leave of his wife, and son Sextus Pompeius, he repeated these two Iambick verses of Sophocles ;

Ὅστις δὲ πρὸς τύραννον ἰμωρήσεται
 Κεῖνός ἐστι δαίμων, καὶ ἐλεύθερος μόλη.

K 3

These

These were the last words he spake to his friends, and so entered into the boat, where Achilles was.

(c) *When Pompey was now far from his ship, and perceived no courteous entertainement in the boat, he looked upon Septimius, and thus spake; Have not I known thee heretofore my fellow souldier? Septimius disclaiming to answer him at all onely nodded his head to him, and when Pompey was rising out of the boat, Septimius first run him through with his sword.*



LU-

LUCANS

PHARSALIA.

The ninth Book.

The Argument of the ninth Book.

Pompey's departed spirit to heaven ascend,
His wife, and sons lament; Cato commends
His worthy life: checks the Cilicians,
And marching o're the scorching Libyan sands
To Juba's kingdom, with strong patience
Endures the heat, the South-winds violence
And killing serpents venom. Caesar sees
Renowned Troy's desic'd antiquities,
To Egypt comes, and with dissembling breath
Complains, and weeps for noble Pompey's death.

IN Pharian coals his ghost could not remain,
Nor those few ashes his great spirit contain.
Out from the grave he issues, and forsakes
Th' unworthy fire, and half-burnt limbs, and takes
Up to the convex of the skie his flight,
Where with black air the starry poles do meet.
The space betwixt the regions of the Moon,
And earth, half deifi'd souls possess alone,
Whom fiery wrath, in guiltless lives, has taught
To brook the lower part of heaven, and brought

Them to th' eternal sphears, which not they hold,
 That are with incense bury'd, tom'd in gold.
 There filled with true light, with wondring eyes
 The wandring planets, and fixt stars he sees.
 He sees our day involv'd in midst of night,
 And laughs at his torn trunks ridiculous plight.
 Then ore the Æmathan fields, his scatter'd Fleet,
 And bloody *Cæsar's* troups he took his flight:
 And with revenge for these dire facts posselt
Cato's bold heart, and *Brutus* noble breast.
Cato, while chance was (1) doubtfull, and at stake
 Whom civil war Lord of the world would make,
 Then hated *Pompey*, though with *Pompey* he
 (Led by the Senate, and *Rome's* Auspicie)
 Had fought, but when *Pharfalia's* field was try'd,
 He altogether favour'd *Pompey's* side.
 His countrey wanting a protectour then
 He took, and chear'd the trembling hearts of men:
 And putting swords in fearfull hands again
 Made civil wars neither for hope of reign,
 Nor fear of bondage; nought at all in war
 For his own sake did he; his forces are
 Since *Pompey's* death, alone for libertie:
 Which lest the speed of *Cæsar's* victorie
 Should seize upon, being disperst ore
 The coast, he sails unto *Corycæ's* (b) shore,
 And in a thousand ships carries away
 The conquer'd remnant of *Pharfalia*.

Who would have thought so great a fleet had held
 All flying men? that conquer'd ships had fill'd
 The straitned seas? from thence they sail away
 To ghost-fill'd *Tænarus*, and long *Malea*;
 Thence to *Cytherus*: *Boreas* blowing fair
Crete flies: and getting a good sea they clear
 The *Cretan* coast. *Phycæ*: that durst denie
 Their men to land, they sack deservedly.
 And thence along the deep, while fair winds blow;
 Unto thy shore, Oh *Palinurus*, go:
 (For not alone doth our *Italia* sea
 Keep monuments of thee, but *Libya*

Can witness well calm harbours once did please
The Phrygian master) when upon the seas
Deserving ships afar, they 'gan to fear,
Whether the men their foes, or partners were :
Cæsar's known speed gave them just cause to fear,
And still suspect their coming every where.
But those sad ships brought grief, and woes, and cries,
Able to draw soft tears from *Cato's* eyes :
For after that *Cornelia* all in vain
(Left *Pompey's* trunk beat from the shore again
Should float at sea) by prayers had striv'd to draw
From flight her sailors, and her son in law,
When from the shore that little fire desir'd
His most unworthy funeral, she cry'd,
Seem'd I not worthy then, Fortune, to thee
To light my husbands funeral fire, and lie
Stretcht out on his cold limbs, burn his torn hairs,
And gathering his sea-scatter'd limbs, with tears
To bath each wound ? with bones, and ashes hot,
To fill my lay, and in the temples put
The sad remainder of his funeral ?
That fir's no honour to his hearse at all.
Besides perhaps some hands of Egypt now
This loathed office to his ashes do.
Well did the *Craff's* ashes naked lie,
For by the gods far greater cruelty
Is *Pompey* burnt. Still shall my woes appear
In the same shape ? and shall I nere inter
My slaughter'd Lords ? and at full urns lament ?
What need'st thou tomb, or any instrument
Of sorrow, wretch ? doth not thy breast contain
Thy *Pompey*, and his image still remain
Within thee : let those wives, that mean to live
After their lords, urns to their ashes give.
But yet the fire, that lend yon envious light
From Egypt's shore, brings nothing to my sight
Of thee, dear *Pompey* : now the flame is gone,
The vanisht smoke bears to the rising Sun
Pompey aloft : the winds unwillingly
Bear us from thence, yet is no land to me

(Though triumph'd by my Lord as Conquerer)
Nor chariot deckt with laurel haif so dear.
My breast has quite forgot his happiness,
And loves that *Pompey*, whom Niles shores possess,
Fain would I stay under this guilty clime :
The land's ennobled by so great a crime.
I would not leave (believe me) Egypt's shore.
Sextus, try thou the chance of war, and ore
The ipacious world thy fathers colours bear :
This his last will was trusted to thy care,
When me of breath deaths fatal hour shall reave,
To you; my sons, this civil war I leave ;
And let not *Cesar's* race in quiet reign,
Whil'st any of our stock on earth remain.
Sollicite kingdoms, and free pow'rfull towns
By my names fame : these are the factions,
These are the arms I leave ; what *Pompey* ere
Would go to sea, shall find a navie there.
My heirs may stir war in what land they will.
Be but courageous, and remember still
Your fathers lawfull power. Serve under none
But *Cato* (whil'st he fights for Rome) alone.
I have perform'd thy trust, done thy behest
Dear Lord, thy cunning did preveil, and lest
Falie I thoe words of trust should nere deliver,
Deceiv'd I liv'd. Now *Pompey*, wheresoever
Th' art gone, through hell, if any hell there be,
Or empty chaos, I will follow thee :
How long my life's decreed, I do not know,
If long, Ile punish it for lasting so :
For not expiring when it first did see
Thy wounds, with sorrow broken it shall die.
It shall dissolve in tears : no halter, sword,
Or precipice shall death to me afford.
It were a shame for me, now thou art gone,
Not to have power to die with grief alone,
This said, and covering with a vail her head,
Under the hatches she resolv'd to lead
A life in darkness : nearly hugging wo
She feeds on tears, and for her husband now

Embraces grief. The noise of stormy wind,
Nor cries of fearfull sailers move her mind :
Her hope contrary to the sailers is,
Compos'd for death, and wishing storms she lies.

They first arriv'd on Cyprus foamy shore.
From thence a mild East-wind commanding bore
Their ships to *Cato's* Libyan camp ; as still
A doubtfull mind do sad presages fill.
Cneius from shore spying his fathers train,
And brother, running to the sea again,
Where is our father, brother ? I peak (quoth he)
Lives the worlds head, and honour, or are we
Undone, and *Pompey* to the shades below
Has born *Rome's* fate ? he answers, happy thou,
Whom fate into another coast disperit ;
Thou, brother, this dire mischief onely hear'st :
Mine eyes are guilty of a fathers death.
Nor did he lose by *Cæsar's* arms his breath,
Nor of his fall a worthy authour found ;
By the false tyrant of Niles impious ground,
Trusting the gods of hospitalitie,
And his own bountie to old *Ptolomey*,
In recompence of kingdoms given he dy'd.
I saw them wound our noble fathers side ;
And thinking *Egypt's* king durst not have done
So much, I thought *Cæsar* had stood upon
The shore of Nile. But not our fathers wounds,
Nor blood so shed so much my heart confounds,
As that his head, which mounted on a spear
Aloft we saw, they through their cities bear :
Which as they say is kept for *Cæsar's* eye :
The tyrant seeks his guilt to testifie.
For whether Dogs, or Fowls devouring maw
Consum'd his trunk, or that small fire we saw
Dissolv'd it by stealth, I do not know.
What ere injurious fate to that could do,
I did forgive the gods that crime, and wept
For that part onely which the tyrant kept.

When *Cneius* heard these words, his inward wo :
In passionate tears, and sighs he could not shew ;

But

But thus inflam'd with pious rage 'gan speak,
 Launch forth the Fleet, Sailers, with speed, and break
 Through the cross winds a passage with the oar,
 Brave Captains follow me, never before
 Knew civil wars more worthy ends than these,
 T' inter unbury'd *Manes*, and appease
Pompey with slaughter of th' effeminate boy.
 Why should not I th' Egyptian row'rs destroy?
 And from the temples *Alexander* take,
 To drown his hearie in Mareotis lake?
 In Nile *Amasis*, and those Kings with him
 Digg'd up from their Pyramides shall swim.
 All tombs shall rue *Pompey's* no sepulcher:
Isis their goddes now Ile dis-inter,
Osiris linen-cover'd shrine disperse,
 And kill god *Apis* over *Pompey's* hearse.
 Upon a pile of gods Ile burn his head;
 Thus shall the land by me be punished:
 I will not leave a man to till those fields,
 Nor take the profit that Niles flowing yields.
 The gods, and people banished, and gone,
 Thou, father, shalt possesse Egypt alone.
 This said, to launch the Fleet forth he assays,
 But *Cato* stils the young mans wrath with praise.
 Now ore the shore when *Pompey's* death was known,
 The skie was pierc'd with lamentation:
 A grief not seen, nor paralell'd at all,
 That common people mourn a great mans fall.
 But when *Cornelia* quite exhaust with tears
 Was seen to land with torn dishevell'd hairs,
 Their troubled lamentations sounded more.
Cornelia landed on a friendly shore.
 Gath'ring the garments, and triumphal weeds
 Of hapless *Pompey*, that exprest his deeds.
 And ancient trophies, painted robes, and shield,
 That thrice great *Jove* in triumph had beheld,
 Into the funeral fire she threw them all;
 Such was her Lords imagin'd funeral.
 Example from her pietie all take,
 And funeral fires all ore the shores they make
 T' appease

To appease the ghosts slain in Pharsalia.
So when the shepherds of Apulia
Make Winter fires on their bare-eaten ground
To spring their grass again ; a glistening round ;
The Vulturs arms, and high Garganus yields,
And hot Matinus bullock-pasture fields.

But not more pleasing was 't to *Pompey's* spirit
That all the people rail at heaven, and twit
The gods with *Pompey*, than what *Cato* spoke,
Few words, but from a truth-fill'd breast they broke.
A Roman's dead, not like our ancestry
To know the rule of right, but good (quoth he)
In this truth-scorning age ; one powerful grown
Not wronging libertie : the people prone
To serve, he onely private still remain'd ;
He sway'd the Senate, but the Senate reign'd,
Nought claim'd he by the sword, but wish'd what he
Wish'd most, the Senates freedom to denie ;
Great wealth he had, but to the publick hoord
He brought far more than he retain'd ; the sword
He took, but knew the time to lay it down.
Arm'd he lov'd peace, though arms before the gown
He still prefer'd ; and ever pleas'd was he
Entring, or leaving his authoritie.
A chaste unriotted houte and never stain'd
With her Lords fortune, to all lands remain'd
His name renown'd, which much availed Rome.
True libertie long since was gone, when home
Sylla, and *Marim* came : but *Pompey* dead,
Even freedoms shadow is quite vanished.
No Senates face, no colour will remain
Of power ; none now will be asham'd to reign.
Oh happie man, whom death, when conquer'd caught,
And *Aegypts* guilt swords to be wish't for brought.
Perchance thou could'st have liv'd in *Cæsars* state.
To know the way to die is mans best fate,
His next to be compell'd ; and such to me
(If captiv'd now) fortune, let *Juba* be ;
Not to be kept to shew the enemie
I do not beg, so headless kept I be.

More

More honour from these words the noble ghost
 Receiv'd than if the Roman bars should boast
 His praise. Now mutinous the souldiers are,
 Since *Pempey's* death grown wearie of the war ;
 In which broils *Tarke Cato's* tide to quit
 Took up the colours, who prepar'd for flight
 With all his ships was chid by *Cato* so.
 Never reclaim'd Cilician, wouldst thou go
 To thy old theft at sea ? is *Pempey* slain,
 And thou return'd to *Pyracie* again ?
 Then round about he on each man 'gan look
 'Mongst whom one boldly thus to *Cato* spoke
 Not hiding his intent, 't was not the love
 Of civil war, but *Pempey*, first did move
 Our arms, (excuse us *Cato*) we adher'd
 By favour, now he, whom the World preferr'd
 Before her peace, is dead, our cause is gone ;
 Now lets return to our left mansion,
 Our household-gods, and children dear to see.
 For what can civil wars conclusion be,
 If not *Pharsalia's* field, nor *Pempey's* death ?
 Our time of life is spent ; now let us breath
 Our last in peace : let our old age provide
 Our funeral piles, which civil war deny'd
 To greatest Captains. For no barbarous,
 Or cruel yoke will fortune lay on us.
 No Scythian, nor Armenian tyrannie.
 The subjects of *Romes* gown'd state are we.
 He that was second : *Pempey* being alive,
 Is first with us : the highest place we give
 His sacred name ; He whom wars fortunes make,
 Shall be our Lord, no general we'll take.
 Unto the war we followed thee alone ;
 We'll follow fate, *Pempey*, now thou art gone.
 Nor have we cause to hope for good success.
 Since *Cæsars* fortune now doth all possess.
 Th' *Æmathan* strength is by his victorie
 Dispers'd, we loose his mercie ; onely he
 Has power, and will to spare the conquered.
 Our civil war's a crime now *Pempey's* dead,

'T was

'T was dutie while he liv'd, If *Cato*, thou
Wilt serve thy countrey still, lets follow now
Those Eagles, which the Roman Consuls keeps.
Thus having spoke, aboard the ship he leaps
With all his company. Romes fate had gone,
The people bent to slaverie upon
The shore exclaim; But from a sacred breast
Cato to them at last these words exprest.

Fought you, young men, with *Cæsars* armies kopes
(No more true Roman, but Pompeyan troup)
To gain a Lord? since for no Lord you fight,
But live to do your selves, not tyrants right,
Since your spent blouds can no mans rule procure,
But your own safetie, you'll not now endure
The wars; to live in bondage you desire,
And for your slavish necks a yoke require.
Your danger's worthie now, the cause is good:
Pompey perhaps might have abus'd your bloud.
And will you now, when libertie's so nigh,
To aid of Rome your swords, and throats denie?
Of three Lords torture now has left but one.
*Egypt*s base King, and *Parthian* bowes have done
More for the laws than you, (oh shame) go ye
Base men, and scorn the gift of *Ptolemy*;
Who will believe your hands could guiltie be
Of any bloud? he'll rather think that ye
Were the first men that from *Pharsalia* fled.
Go then securely: you have merited
Pardon in *Cæsars* judgement, not subdu'd:
By uedge, or open force. Oh servants lewd,
When your first master's dead, his heir you'll serve.
Why would you not more than your lives deserve,
And pardons? ravish with you for a prey
Mitellus daughter, *Pompeys* wife away,
And his two sons. the gift of *Egypt*s King
Surpays, or could you to the tirant bring
My head no small reward 't would render ye;
Then to good purpose have you follow'd me.
On then, and in our blouds your merit make;
'T is slothful treason a bare sight to take.

This

This speech of *Cato* straight recalls from seas
Their flying ships; as when a swarm of Bees
Their honie combs, and barren wax forsake;
Nor hang in clusters now, but singly take
Their flight i'th air, and tast not (slothful grown)
The bitter Thym: at sound of brais alone
Amaz'd they leave their flight: again approve
Their flow'ry tasks, again their hony love.
Glad is the shepherd on sweet Hybla's hill
To keep the riches of his cottage still.
So *Cato's* speech on their affections wrought,
And them to patience of a war had brought.

And now their restless minds with toil t' inure,
And teach them warlike labours to indure,
With wearie marches first their strength he tries
Along the sands; their second labour is
To scale Cyrenes lofty wals, on whom
Cato no vengeance took, when overcome
(Though they against him shut their gates) to him
Revenge sufficient did their conquest seem.
He thence to Libyan (c) *Jubas* Kingdom goes;
But there the Syrts did nature interpose,
Which *Cato's* dauntless virtue hopes to pass.
These Syrts, when all the Worlds first structure was,
Nature as doubtful left twixt sea, and land;
(For neither sink they quite like seas to stand,
Nor yet like land with shores repel the main,
But doubtfull, and unpassable remain,
A self-spoil'd sea, a water-cover'd land,
Where founding waves let in by sands command.
This part of nature, natures self disclaim'd
As a vain work, and to no purpose fram'd)
Or once the deep-drown'd Syrts were seas intire:
But burning *Titan* thence to feed his fire
Drew up those waves so near the torrid zone;
And now the water holds contention
With *Phæbus* drought: which by continuance spent,
The Syrts will grow a solid continent.
For now their tops but shallow waters hide,
The fading sea decays at every tide.

When

When first the fleet began to launch from shore,
In his own Kingdom did black Auster roar:
Whose blasts the sea from ship invasion keep,
And from the Syrtes far rowl the wavie deep,
Or flat the sea with thrown in heaps of sand.
Now the resistless winds the seas command,
Whose blasts of all spread sails, that fast'ned were
To the main-mast quite robb'd the mariner;
In vain the shrowds to wind so violent
Deny their sails; beyond the ships extent,
Beyond the prow the swelled linen's blown.
But where a man more provident was known,
That did his linen to the sail-yard tie,
He quite dispoil'd of tackling presently
Was overcome. That fleet had far more ease,
Which on the deep was tost with certain seas.
But all those ships, which had cut down their masts
To avoid the furie of strong Austers blasts
(As then the wind against the tide did strive)
Against the wind the conquering tide did drive.
Some ships the sea forsakes, whom straight the sands
Unseen surprise, whose state now doubtful stands:
Part of the ship upon firm ground doth rest,
Part swims in water. Now the sea's oppress
With flats. The sands assault the Ocean.
And though strong Auster drive the waves amain,
They cannot master these high hills of sand.
On th' Oceans back far from all countreys stand
Heaps of drie dust not by the Ocean drown'd.
The wretched sailers, though their ships on ground,
No shores can see. Part of the fleet this shallow
Detains; the greater part the rudders follow,
And safe by flight, by skilful pilots aid
Are to Tritonia's standing pool convey'd.
This pool (they say) that god esteemeth dear,
Whose shrill shell trumpet seas, and shores do hear.
This *Pallas* loves, born of the brain of *Jove*,
Who first on Libya trod. The heat doth prove
This land next heaven) she standing by the tide,
Her face within the quiet water spy'd,

And

And gave her self from the lov'd pool a name
Tritona. Here doth the silent stream
Of dark oblivious *Lethe* gently fall,
That from hells *Lethe* takes original.
The waking dragons charge is near to these,
The once robb'd orchard of th' *Hesperides*,
To rob old times of credit, the desire
Is spite, or truth from Poets to require.
A golden wood there was, whose yellow trees
Laden with wealthie fruit, stood bow'd : of these
A dragon guardian was, which never slept,
And the bright wood a troupe of Virgins kept.
Hither *Alcides* coming, did surprize
The wealth, and burden of those laden trees,
And leaving light their robbed boughs, did bring
Those glittering apples to th' *Argolian King*.
Part of the fleet got off from hence again,
And from the *Syrtes* driven, did remain
Under great *Pompey's* eldest sons command
On this side *Garamantis* in rich land.
But *Cato's* virtue brooking no delay
Through unknown regions led his troupes away,
T' incampa's round the *Syrts* by land, for now
The stormy seas unnavigable grow
In winter time : but storms desired are
To cool the temper of the sweltring air.
They fear no cold in *Libya's* scorched clime,
Nor too much heat, because in winter time.
Entring these barren sands thus *Cato* spake ;
You that have follow'd me, souldiers, and make
Freedom your onely safetie, settle now
Your minds with constancie to undergo
Virtues great work. We march ore barren fields,
Ore Sun-burnt regions, where no fountain yield
Water enough, where *Titan's* heat abounds,
And killing serpents smear the parched grounds.
Hard ways, but whom their falling countries caue
Through paths unknown, and midst of *Libya* draws,
Who makes no vows for their returning home,
But think of going, onely let them come.

T would

'T would deceive no souldier, nor keep close
My fears to draw them on. Let onely those
My followers be, whom dangers do invite,
Who think it brave, and Roman, in my sight
T' indure the worst of ills. He that would have
A surety for his safetie, and fain save
His loved life, let him be gone from me,
And find an easier way to slavery.
Upon the sands whil't I first footing set,
Let me first suffer th' airs annoying heat:
Let serpents poison'd teeth first seize on me,
And in my fate do you your dangers trie.
Let him, that sees me drinking, water crave,
And 'plain of heat, when I a shelter have.
Or when I ride before the foot, straight grow
Wearie, if any by indurance know
Whither I go souldier, or general.
The sands, heat, thirst, and poisonous serpents, all
Are sweet to virtue: hard things patience loves,
And sweetest still, when dearest, goodne's proves,
These Libyan dangers onely justifie
The flight of men, thus their hot spirits he
With labours love, and virtue striv'd to fire;
Marching ore deserts never to retire
Secure he goes to Libya, gracing there
With his great name a little sepulcher.

If th' old account we follow, Libya is
The Worlds third part: following the winds, & skies
A part of Europe. For not distant more
Then Sythian Tanais is Nilus shore
From Western Gades, where Europe Africk flies,
And makes the Ocean room: but greater is
Asia than both. For as they both send forth
Libya from South, and Europe from the North
The Western wind: the Eastern wind alone
From Asia blows. That part that 's fertile known
Of Libya, West-ward lies, but moisture lacks:
The North-wind drie with us, there stormy, takes
His flight but seldom thither. The rich soil
No wealthie growing minerals do spoil:

The

The earth corrupts into no brass, nor gold,
 But keeps her natural, and perfect mold,
 The Mauritanian men are rich alone
 In Citron wood, of which no use was known
 To them of old, contented with the shade.
 Our axes first did that strange wood invade;
 From far we fetch our tables, as our meat.
 But in those parts about the Syrts, whose heat
 Is violent, and scorching *Sol* too near,
 Nor corn can grow, no vines can prosper there,
 Nor trees deep rooting take; the sandy ground
 Wants vital temper, and no care is found
 Of *Jove* in that at all, the barren land
 Through every season doth unchanged stand
 By nature's negligence. Yet this dull earth
 Unto a few small herbs affords a birth,
 Which are the hardy Nasamonians fare.
 Near the sea coast they bleakly seated are, (taint.
 Whom barbarous Syrts with the Worlds loss main-
 Forsoil they still upon the sand remain.
 And though no merchant trade with them, yet gold
 They have, and still by ship-wrack traffick hold
 With all the World. This way did virtue bear
Cato along, the Souldiers could not fear
 A storm by land, or think of blust'ring wind,
 But there (alas) the Ocean dangers find.
 For more on land than sea the South-winds rore
 About the Syrts, and hurt the land much more.
 No rocks, nor mountains stand opposed there
 To break his force, and turn him into air?
 No well-grown oaks, no wood opposed stands;
 The ground lies open all, free all the sands
 To *Aeolus* rage, which violently strong
 Hurries through th' air a sandy cloud along.
 Their greatest part of land the winds do bear
 Into the air, which hangs not fixed there.
 His house, and land the Nasamonian sees
 Flie in the wind, their little cottages
 Blown ore their heads into the air as high
 As from a fire the smoak, and sparkles flie.

The mounted dust like smoak obscures the skie,
And then more strong than usual did the blast
Assault our men ; no souldier could stand fast ;
No, nor the ground on which they stood, could stay.
'T would shake the earth, and bear that land away.
If Libya hollow were, or harder mould
The Southern winds in caverns to infold ;
But since compos'd of loose, and sieving sands
Resisting not, it bides ; the lowest stands
Because the highest yields, helmets of men,
Their shields, and piles the wind with furie then
Bereit them of, and through the welkin tost.
That in some forrein far-removed coast
Perchance by men was deem'd a prodigie,
And nations fear'd arms falling from the skie,
Thinking those weapons rest from men, did fall
Down from the gods. So once I think that all
Our sacred shields to holy *Numa* were,
Which now our choise Patrician shoulders bear.
The Southern wind, or Northern robb'd of yore
Some forrein people, that those bucklers wore.
The land thus plagu'd with wind, the souldiers all
Down to the ground, their cloaths fast girded, fall,
Hold fast the earth, yet sure they scarcely lay
By weight, nor strength from being blown away.
Mountains of dust the South-winds furious hand
Rowls ore their heads ; drowned in heaps of sand
The souldiers scarce can stir. Some though upright
With rising earth are overwhelmed quite ;
And, though the earth remove, want motion.
Vast stones of ruin'd wals from far are blown,
And (strange to tell) in some far region fall,
Their ruins see, that see no house at all.
No paths, no difference now of ways are known :
Their course is guided by the star alone
Like navigators ; nor all stars to us
In that Horizon are conspicuous,
For to earths face (there bowed) many be
Obscur'd from sight. But when the air was free
From the winds rage, dissolv'd again by heat,

And

And scorching day ; their body flow'd with sweat,
 Their mouths with thirst were parch'd : a little stream
 They spy'd, which from a muddy fountain came ;
 From whence with much adoë a souldier got
 His helmet full of water, and straight brought
 The same to *Cato*, their drie throats were all
 With dust besmeared, and the General
 Himself was envy'd for that little draught.
 Base souldier, answers he, in thy poor thought
 Seem'd I alone to worthlets ? none but I
 Tender, and weak in all this company ?
 This punishment thou more deserv'st than I
 To drink thy self while all the armies drie.
 Then stirr'd with wrath he struck the helmet down,
 The water spilt suffic'd them every one,
 And now to *Libya's* onely temple plac'd
 In *Garamantis* rude they came at last.
Jupiter Ammon is adored there,
 Not arm'd with thunder like our *Jupiter*,
 But crooked horns. To whom the *Libyans* build
 No sumptuous Fane, no orient jewels fill'd
 The house with lustre. Though the *Indians*,
 The *Aethiopes*, and rich *Arabians*
Jupiter Ammons name do all adore,
 And no god else, yet still that god is poor.
 No wealth corrupts his Fane, a god of th' old
 Pureness, his temple guards from *Roman* gold.
 That place of all the Countrey onely green
 Shews a gods presence. All that lies between
Leptis, and *Berinicis* is drie sand,
 And barren dust ; no part of all the land,
 But *Ammons* seat bears trees. The cause of it
 A neighbouring fountain is, whose waters knit
 The moistned earth, and make fertilitye.
 But when the Sun at noon is mounted high,
 Those trees no shadow can diffuse at all : (small
 Their boughs scarce hide their trunks. No shade of
 The Sun-beams make, since perpendicular.
 It is perceiv'd this is the region where
 The Summer Tropick this the Zodiack.

The signs oblickly rise not, but direct:
 Nor more direct the Bull than Scorpio,
 Moist Capricornus than hot Cancer go:
 Nor Gemini than Sagitarius,
 Nor Leo than oppos'd Aquarius,
 Virgo than Pifces, Libra's motion
 Than Aries: But whom the torrid zone
 Divides from us, those people ever see (be,
 The shadows South-ward, which here North-ward
 You slowly seeing Cynosure, suppose
 Her undrench'd car into the Ocean goes.
 And that no Northern sign from seas is free.
 You stand far distant from each axel-tree;
 Your signs in midst of heaven converted be.

The Eastern people standing at the door
 The oracles of horned *Jove* implore,
 Gave place to *Cato*; whom his soldiers plie,
 That of that Libyan far-fam'd deitie
 His future fates event he would be taught.
 Him *Lalagenus* most of all beought;
 Chance, and the fortune of our way (quoth he)
 Lend us the mouth of that great deitie,
 And his sure counsels: we may now implore
 His powerful guidance through this war, and ore
 The dangerous Syrtes. For to whom should I
 Believe the gods would trulier certifie
 Their secret will, than *Cato's* holy breast,
 Whose life to heavenly laws was still address,
 And follow'd god? behold we now have here
 A freedom given to talk with *Jupiter*,
Cato, enquire of wicked *Cæsar's* fate,
 And know what shall be *Rome's* ensuing state,
 Whether this civil vvar be made in vain,
 Or shall our laws, and liberties maintain,
 Let *Annons* sacred voice thy breast inspire.
 Thou lover of strict virtue, now desire
 To know vwhat virtue is; seek from above
 Approvement of the truth: He call of *Jove*,
 Whom in his secret breast he carried ever,
 These temple-worthie speeches did deliver:

What,

What, *Labiennus*, should I seek to know ?
 If I had rather die in arms, then bow
 Unto a Lord ? if life be nought at all ?
 No difference betwixt long life and small ?
 If any force can hurt men virtuous ?
 If fortune lose, when virtue doth oppose,
 Her threats ; if good desires be happiness,
 And virtue grow not greater by success ?
 Thus much we know, nor deeper can the skill
 Of *Ammon* teach. The gods are with us still ;
 And, though their oracles should silent be,
 Nought can we do without the gods decree ;
 Nor needs he voices ; what was fit to know
 The great Creator at our births did shew.
 Nor did he chuse their barren sands to shew
 (Hiding it here) his truth but to a few.
 Is there a seat of gold, save earth, and sea,
 Air, heaven, and virtue ? why for gods should we
 Seek further ? what ere moves, what ere is seen
 Is *Jove*. For oracles let doubtful men
 Fearful of future chances troubled be :
 Sure death, not oracles ascertain me.
 The coward and the valiant man must fall ;
 This is enough for *Jove* to speak to all :
 Then marching thence, the temples faith he saves,
 And to the temple untry'd *Ammon* leaves.
 Himself afoot before his weary'd bands
 Marches with pile in hand, and not commands,
 But shews them how to labour : never sits
 In coach, or chariot : sleeps the least a nights :
 Last tastes the water. When a fountain's sound,
 He stays afoot till all the souldiers round,
 And every cullion drink. If fame be due
 To truest goodness, if you simply view
 Virtue without success, what ere we call
 In greatest Romans great ; was fortune all.
 Who could deserve in prosperous war such fame ?
 Or by the nations blood so great a name ?
 Rather had I this virtuous triumph win
 In Libya's desert sands, than thrice be seen

In *Pompey's* laurell'd chariot, or to lead
Jugurtha captive. Here behold indeed
Rome, thy true father, by whose sacred name
(Worthy thy temples) it shall never shame
People to swear; whom, if thou ere art free,
Thou shalt hereafter make a deity.
Now to a torrid clime they came, more hot
Than which, the gods for men created not.
Few waters here are seen; but in the sands
One largely flowing fountain onely stands,
But full of serpents, as it could contain.
There on the banks hot killing Aëps remain,
And *Dipsases* in midst of water drie.
When *Cato* saw his men for thirst would die
Fearing those waters; thus he spake to them.
Fear not to drink, souldiers, this wholion stream,
Be not adrighted with vain shews of death.
The snakes bite deadly, fatal are their teeth,
When their dire venom mixes with our blood,
The waters safe. Then of the doubtfull flood
He drinks himself, there onely the first draught
Of all the Libyan waters *Cato* sought.

Why Libya's air should be infected so
With mortal plagues, what hurtfull secrets grow
Mixt with the noxious soil by nature's hand,
Our care, not labour cannot understand:
But that the world is the true cause deceiv'd,
In stead of that a common tale receiv'd,
In Libya's farthest part, whose scorched ground
The Ocean warm'd by setting *Sol* doth bound
Medusa's countrey lay, whose barren fields
No trees do cloath, whose soil no herbage yields:
Chang'd by her look all stones, and rocks they grow.
Here nurtiall nature first those plagues did know;
First from *Medusa's* jaws those serpents grown
Hiss'd with forked tongues, and hanging down
Like womans hair, upon her back, gave strokes
Unto her pleated neck. In stead of locks
Upon her horrid front did serpents hiss;
Her comb, comb'd poyson down, no part but this

Safe to be seen about *Medusa* was.
 For who ere fear'd the monsters mouth, and face ?
 Whom, that had view'd her with an eye direct,
 Did she ere suffer sense of death t' enect ?
 She hastned doubting fate, preventing dread ;
 Their bodies dy'd before their souls were fled ?
 Inclosed souls with bodies turn'd to stone.
 The furies hairs could madneis work alone ;
Cerberus hissing *Orpheus* musick still'd ;
Alcides saw that *Hydra*, which he kill'd ;
 But this strange monster even her father, who
 Is the seas second god, her mother too
Cetus, and *Gorgon* sisters feared, she
 Could strike a nunnefs through the sea, and skie :
 And harden all the world into a stone.
 Birds in their flight have fall'n congealed down,
 Running wild beasts to rocks converted were ;
 And all the neighb'ring *Aethiopians* there
 To marble statues, not a creature brooks
 The sight of her : t' avoid the *Gorgon*'s looks
 Her snakes themselves backward themselves invert.
 She near *Alcides* pillars could convert
Titanian Atlas to an hill, and those
 Giants with serpents feet, that durst oppose
 The gods themselves, those wars in *Phlegra* field
 Her face could end, but shew'd in *Pallas* shield.
 Thither the son of showr-rap'd *Danæ*
 Born on th' *Arcadian* wings of *Mercurie*
 Inventer of the harp, and wrestling game,
 Flying through th' air with borrow'd Harp came,
 Harp, whom monsters blood before did stain,
 When he, that kept *Joves* loved cow was slain.
 Aid to her winged brother *Pallas* gave,
 Conditioning the *Gorgon*'s head to have.
 She bids him flie to *Liba*'s Eastern bound
 His face averted on the *Gorgon*'s ground,
 In his left hand a shield of shining brats,
 Wherein to see the stone transforming face
 Of stern *Medusa*, *Pallas* bad him keep ;
 Then lay'd *Medusa* in an endless sleep,

But yet not all ; part of her snaky hair
Defends her head : some snakes still waking are ;
Some o'er the face, and sleeping eye-lids glide.
Minerva doth th' averted *Perseus* guide,
And with a trembling hand directs the stroke,
Of his Cyl'lenian Harp, which quite broke
Her large snake-cover'd neck. How strange a look
Had *Gorgon's* head cut off by *Perseus* stroke,
And trowning blade ? what poyson did arise
In her black mouth ? what death shot from her eyes ?
Which not *Minerva* durst to look upon ;
And *Perseus*, sure, had been congeal'd to stone,
Had not *Minerva* hid that dismal face
With thiose snake hairs. Now *Perseus* flies apace
To heaven with *Gorgon's* head ; but in his mind
Considering how the nearest way to find,
Over the midst of Europe means to flie ;
But *Pallas* straight forbids that injurie
To Europe's fruitfull fields, and bids him spare
The people there, for who can in the air
Refrain to gaze, when such a bird he spies.
Perseus converts his course, and Westward flies
Ore desert Libya, whose unfruitful seat
Untill'd lies ore to nought but *Phæbus* heat ;
Who runs his burning course straight ore their heads.
No land than this a larger shadow spreads (cause
Gainst heaven, nor more the Moons eclipse doth
When straying not in latitude, she draws
Neither to North nor South, but still is found
In signs direct. Yet this unfruitful ground
Barren in all that's good, a seed could yield
From venom, which *M. Ixion's* head distill'd.
From those dire drops mixt with the putrid earth
So's aiding heat did give new monsters birth.

First from that dust so mixt with poyson bred
Rose the sleep-causing Asp with swelling head,
Made of the thickest drop of *Gorgon's* gore,
Which in no serpent is compacted more,
She wanting heat seeks not a colder clime,
Content to live in her own Libya's clime,

But Oh how shameless is our thirst of gain ?
 Those Libyan deaths are carried ore the main,
 And Aips at Rome are sold as merchandise.
 In fealy folds the great *Hemorrhas* lies,
 Whose bite from all parts draws the nowing bloud.
Chersifer then that both in land and floud
 Of doubtfull *Syrtes* lives ; *Chelyari* too ;
 That make a reeking slime where ere they go.
 The *Cenchris* creeping in a tract direct,
 Whose speckled bellie with more spots is deckt,
 Than ere the various Theban marble takes.
 Sand-colour'd *Ammodytes*, th' horned snakes,
 That creep in winding tracks ; the *Scytale* ;
 No snake in winter casts her skin but she ;
 The double-head ; *Dipsas*, that thirsty makes ;
 The water-spilling Newt, the dark-like snakes
 The *Parcas*, whose way his tale doth guide ;
 The greedy *Piclor* too distending wide
 His venom-foaming mouth ; the *Seps*, whose bite
 Consumes the bones, dissolves the bodie quite.
 The *Batiliak*, whose hiss all snakes doth tear,
 (Hurtfull before the venom touch) who far
 All vulgar serpents from his sight commands,
 Reigning alone upon the empti'd sands.
 You dragons too, glistering in golden pride,
 Who hurtless wander through all lands besides ;
 Hot *Africk* mortal makes ; aloft you rise
 Through the air on wings, and follow speedily
 The herds ; your strokes the mightiest buls destroy,
 Great Elephants not scape you : all you kill,
 Nor need you poysons help to work your will.

This thirsty way among these venom'd snakes
Cato amidst his hardy souldiers takes :
 Where many losses of his men he found,
 And deaths unusual from a little wound.
 A troden *Dipsas* turning back his head
 Did bite young *Aulus* Ensign-bearer, bred
 Of *Tyrrhene* race : no grief, nor pain ensu'd :
 His wound no pitie found, no danger shew'd,
 But in (alas) did fiery venom deep

Into his marrow, and scorch'd entrails creep.
Which quite drunk up all moisture, that should flow
Into his vital parts : his palat now
And tongue is scorch'd, and dry ; no sweat could go
To his tir'd joynts, from eyes no tears could flow.
His place, nor his sad General's command
Could stay this thirsty man ; out of his hand
He throws his Eagle ; water runs to have,
Which the dry venom in his heart did crave.
Though he in midst of Tanais did lie,
Padus, or Rodanus, he would be dry,
Or drink the streams, where ever Nilus flows.
The soil ads to his drought, the worm doth loose
Her venoms fame, help'd by so hot a land.
He digs, and seeks each vein in all the sand.
Now to the Syrtes he goes, and in his mouth
Salt water takes, which could not quench his drought,
Although it pleas'd. He did not know what kind,
Of death he dy'd, nor his disease could find,
But thinks it thirst ; and now full fain he would
Rip open all his veins, and drink his bloud.
Care commands them (loath his men should stay
To know what thirst was) straight to march away.
But a more wofull death before his eye
Appear'd ; a Sepi on poor *Sabellus* thigh
Hung by the teeth, which he straight with his hand
Cast off, and with his pile nail'd to the sands ;
A little snake, but none more full than he
Of horrid death, the flesh falls off, that night
The wound did grow, the bones are bared round,
Without the bodie naked shews the wound,
His thanks fall off, matter each member fils,
His knees are bar'd, his groin black filth distils,
And ev'ry muscle, of his thighs dissolves :
The skin, that all his natural parts involves,
Breaking lets fall his bowels, nor doth all
That should remain of a dead bodie, fall.
The cruel venom, eating all the parts,
All to a little poysonous filth converts.
The poyson breaks his nerves, his ribs doth part,

Opens his hollow breast, there shews his heart,
 His vitals all, yea all that man composes
 And his whole nature this foul death discloses ;
 His head, neck, shoulders, and strong arms do flow
 In venomous filth, not sooner melts the snow
 By hot South-winds, nor wax against the Sun.
 This is but small I speak ; burnt bodies run
 Melted by fire in filth, but what fire ere
 Dissolv'd the bones ? no bones of his appear.
 Following their putrid juice, they leave no sign
 Of this swift death, the palms onely thine
 Of all the Libyan snakes ; the foul take they,
 But thou alone the carcase tak'st away.

But lo a death quite contrary to it ;
Muscar Nasilium an hot Prester bite.
 Whose face, and cheeks a suddain fire did roste :
 His flesh and skin was stretch'd, his shape was lost.
 His swelling bodie is distended far
 Past humane growth, and undistinguish'd are
 His limbs ; all parts the poyson doth confound,
 And he lies hid, in his own bodie drown'd :
 Nor can his armour keep his swoln growth in.
 Not more doth boyling water rise within
 A brazen caldron, nor are sails more swell'd
 By Western winds. No limb he now can wield,
 A globe deform'd he is, an heap confus'd.
 Which ravening beasts did fear, which birds refus'd :
 To which his friends durst do no obsequie,
 Nor touch, but from the growing carcase flee.

But yet these snakes present more horrid sights,
 A fierce *Hamorbus* noble *Tullus* bites,
 A brave yong man, that study'd *Cato's* worth.
 And as in pouncing of a picture, forth
 Through ev'ry hole the pressed saffron goes,
 So from his every part red poyson flows
 For bloud ; his tears were bloud : from every pore,
 Where nature vented moisture heretofore,
 His mouth, his nose, flows bloud : his sweat is red :
 His running veins all parts be bloudied.
 And his whole bodie's but one wound become.

An Asps sharp bite did *Leontes* heart benum ;
 No pain he felt, surpris'd with suddain sleep
 Hedy'd, descending to the Stygian deep.
 Not hale to suddain do those poysons kill
 Which dire Sabzan for everers distill
 From on the sally seeming Sabine tree.

On an old stump a dart-like snake did lie,
 Which, as from thence her self she nimbly threw,
 Through *Pentus* head, and wounded temples flew.
 'Twas not the poyson wrought his fate, the blow
 It self brought death. To her compared slow
 Flie stones from slings, and not so swift as the
 From Parthian bowes do winged arrows flee.

What help'd it wretched *Murru* that he did
 Kill a fierce Basilisk ? the poyson slid
 Along his spear, and fastned on his hand,
 Which he cut off, and then did safely stand
 With that hands loss, viewing securely there
 The sad example of his death so near.
 Who would have thought the knotty Scorpion had
 Such power in killing, or a sting so bad ?
 Her straight stroke won, when she *Orian* flew,
 A trophæe, which the constellations shew.

Who, small *Solpuga*, from thy hole would flee ?
 Yet the three Sisters give their power to thee.

So that no rest they found by night, nor day ;
 They fear'd the ground it self on which they lay.
 For neither heaps of leaves, nor reeds they found
 To make them beds ; but on the naked ground
 Expos'd their bodies, whose warm vapours steam
 By night attracted the cold snakes to them.
 Whole harmless jaws, whilst night astringent cold
 The poyson freez'd, unhurt their bosoms hold.
 Nor by the guidance of the stars their way
 Can they discern, but oft complaining say,
 Restore, Oh gods, to us those wars again,
 From which we fled : Restore *Pharsalia's* plain.
 Why should we die, whose lives devoted were,
 And sworn to war, the death of cowards here ?
 The *Dipsases* on *Cesar's* partie are,

And horned snakes help end our civil war.
Oh let us go where the hot zone doth lie.
'Twould ease our griev'd hearts, that to the skie
We might ascribe our deaths. In nought do we
Accuse thee, Africa, or nature thee.
For thou this monster-bearing countrey tane
From mens plantation, didst for snakes ordain.
This land all barren, where no corn could thrive;
Thou mad'st, that men might from these serpents live.
But we are come into their dwellings here.
Take punishment on us, thou god, who ere
Hating our journey, didst the world divide,
Placing the doubtfull Syrtes on one side,
The torrid zone on t'other, death's sad seat
Plac'd in the midst. To thy moist hid retreat
Our civil war dares go; to the worlds end
Our ways, through natures secrets prying, tend.

Worse things, perchance, must be indur'd than this.
The pole declines, the setting Sun doth his
Drench'd in the sea. No land doth further lie
This way; then *Jula's* wofull monarchie
Known but by fame, we shall perchance again
Wish for this serpents land; the air doth contain
Some comfort yet: some things are living here.
Alas, we wish not for our countrey dear,
Europe, nor Asia, different Suns which see:
Under what pole, Oh Africk, left we thee?
'Twas winter at Cyrene when we lay:
Is the year's course chang'd in so small a way?
The South is at our backs: to th'adverse pole
Our journey tends; about the world we rowl.
We are, perchance, Antipodes to Rome.
Let this our comfort be, Let *Casir* come,
Oh let our foes pursue where we have fled.
Thus they in sad complaints unburdened
Their loaded patience. *Cato's* virtue keeps
Them proof 'gainst any labour, who still sleeps
Upon the naked sands, and every hower,
Present at every fate, tempts fortunes power,
Comes at all calls; his presence doth bestow

Far more than health, a strength to undergo
 Even death it self. Whil'st *Cato's* standing by
 They are alham'd impatiently to die.
 What power ore him had any miserie?
 Whose preience grief in others breasts subdu'd,
 And what small power can be in sorrow, shew'd.

Some ease at last, did tired fortune give
 To their long sufferings, there a nation live
 Marmarian (*d*) *Pisyllis*, from serpents biting free.
 They arm'd with powerfull incantations be.
 Their bloud's secure, and, though they did not charm,
 By touch of poyson cannot suffer harm.
 The places nature this did justly give,
 That serpent-free they might with serpents live.
 'Twas well, that in this poysonous air they breath;
 For peace is made betwixt themselves, and death.
 Of their own broods such certain proofs have all,
 That when to ground a new-born child doth fall,
 Fearing strange *Venus* hath their beds defil'd,
 By deadly *Asps* they trie the doubted child.
 As th' Eagle when her Eagles are disclos'd.
 Lays them against the rising sun expos'd;
 Those that with steady eye can view his beams,
 And boldly gaze, those onely she esteems,
 The other scorns: the *Pisyls* so count it there
 Their nations pledge, if infants do not fear
 The serpents touch, or freely play with snakes.
 They not content with their own safetie, take
 For strangers care; and following th' armie then
 Against those serpents aided *Cato's* men.
 For when the camp was pitch'd, those sands, that lay
 Within the compass of the trenches, they
 Did purge with shake-expelling charms throughout,
 And medicinable fires made round about.
 There Wallwort cracks, and Fennel gum doth frie,
 Thin *Tamarisk*, *Thessalian Centory*,
 Strong *Panace*, Arabian Pepperwort,
 Sicilian *Thapses* burn'd with Sulphurwort.
 Larche trees, and Southernwood, which serpents
 dread,

And horns of stags far off from Africk bred.
So night was safe. If stung by day they were,
That magick nations miracles appear ;
For 'gainst the Pyls the taken venom strives ;
Marks to the wounded place their spittle gives ;
Whose force the poyson in the wound doth stay.
Then with a foaming tongue dire charms they say
In ceaseless murmurs. For no time to breath
The danger gives. Approching speedy death
Admits no silence. Oft hath poyson tane
In th' inmost parts been charm'd away again.
But, when call'd out by their commanding tongue,
If any poyson dare to tarry long,
Then falling down they lick the pallid wound,
And with a gentle bite squeezing it round
Suck with their mouth the poyson out, and it
Extracted from the icy-cold bodie spit.
And in their mouths tasting the poyson well
What serpent deepest bite the Pyls can tell.
Now ore the fields encourag'd by their aid
The Roman souldiers wander'd less afraid.
Thus *Cato* treading sands of Libya

The Moon twice waining, and twice waxing saw.

Now more and more the sands to harden 'gan,
And Africks thicken'd ground grew glebe again.
Trees here, and there began to extend their shade :
And cottages of reeds and sedges made.

How great an hope of better ground had they,
When first they saw fierce Lions cross their way ?
Leptis was near 'st, which quiet harb'our lent.
There winter free from heat, and storms they spent.

Now *Cesar* with *Pharalia's* slaughter cloy'd
Leaving all other cares, his thought imploy'd
In the pursuit of *Pompey*, and was brought
(When he his steps by land had vainly sought)
By fumes report to sea, and pass'd ore
The Thracian straits, and that fove-famed shore,
Where once fair *Herces* wofull turret stood ;
Where *Hell's* tragedie new-nam'd the fount.
No arms of sea-bounds with a stream so small

Asia from Europe, though Propontis fall
Narrow into the Euxine sea, and from
Purple Chalcedon part Byzantium.
Thence goes to see renown'd Sigæan sands,
The stream of Simois, and Rhætæan land.
Fam'd for the Grecian worthies tomb, where lie
Great ghosts so much in debt to Poetrie.
Sack'd Troy's yet honour'd name he goes about,
To find th' old wall of great *Apollo* out.
Now fruitless trees, old oaks with putrity'd,
And rotten roots the Trojan houses hide,
And temples of their gods, all Troy's orespred
With bushes thick, her ruins ruin'd.
He sees the bridal grove, *Anchises* lodg'd,
Hesioides rock, the cave where *Paris* judg'd,
Where nymph *Oenone* play'd, the place to sam'd
For *Ganymedes* rape, each stone is nam'd.
A little gliding stream, which *Xanthus* was,
Unknown he past, and in the lofty grass
Securely trod; a Phrygian straight forb'd
Him tread on *Hector's* dust: with ruins hid
The stone retain'd no sacred memorie.
Jove's Hercian altar seest thou not, quoth he?
Oh great, and sacred work of Poetic,
That freest from fate, and giv'st eternitie
To mortal wights! but, *Cæsar*, envie not
Their living names, if Roman muses ought
May promise thee, while *Homer's* honoured,
By future times shall thou, and I be read;
No age shall us with dark oblivion stain,
But our *Pharsalia* ever shall remain.

Then *Cæsar* pleas'd with sight of these so prais'd
Antiquities, a green turf-altar rais'd,
And by the frank-incense-fed fire prepar'd
These orizons not vain; you gods, that guard
These *Heres* dust, and in *Troy's* ruins reign:
Aeneas household gods, that still maintain
In *Alba*, and *Lavinia* your shrines,
Upon whose altars fire yet Trojan shines;
Thou sacred temple clos'd *Palladium*,

That

That in the sight of man didst never come ;
The greatest heir of all *Iulus* race
Here in your former seat implores your grace,
And pious incense on your altars lays ;
Prosper my course, and thankfull Rome shall raise
Troy's wals again, your people Ile restore,
And build a Roman Troy. This said, to shore
He hasts, takes shipping, and to *Corvus* lends
His full-spread sails with haste to make amends
For these delays, and with a prosperous wind
Leaves wealthy *Atia*, and fair *Rhodes* behind.
The west-wind blowing still, the seventh night
Discovers Egypt's shore by Phasian light.
But ere they reach the harbour, day appears,
And dims the nightly fires, when *Cæsar* hears
Strange tumults on the shore, noises of men,
And doubtfull murmurings, and fearing then
To trust himself at land, stays in his Fleet ;
Whom straight *Achilla* lanches forth to meet
Bringing his Kings dire gift great *Pompey's* head
With an Egyptian mantle covered ;
And thus his crime with impious words to grace.

Lord of the world, greatest of Roman race,
And now secure (which yet thou dost not know)
In *Pompey's* death, my King doth here bestow
What onely wanted in *Pharsalia's* field,
And what thy wars, and travels end will yield.
We in thy absence finish'd civil war.
For *Pompey* here desiring to repair
Thessalia's ruins, by our sword lies slain.
By this great pledge, *Cæsar*, we seek to gain
Thy love, and in his blood our league to make.
Here without blood-shed Egypt's kingdom take,
Take all *Niles* fertile regions, and receive
What ever thou for *Pompey's* head wouldst give :
Think him a friend worthy thine arms to have,
To whom the fates such power ore *Pompey* gave.
Nor think his merit cheap, since brought to pass
With ease slaughter, his old friend he was,
And to his banish'd father did restore

The

The Crown of Ægypt. But why speak I more?
Find thou a name for this great work of his,
Or ask the World; if villany it is,
The more thou ow'st to him, that from thee took
This act of villany. Thus having spoke
Straight he uncovers, and presents the head,
Whose scarce-known looks pale death had altered.

Cæsar at his first gift would not refuse,
Nor turn his eyes away, but fixtly views
Till he perceiv'd 't was true, and plainly saw
'T was safe to be a pious father in law;
Then shed forc'd tears, and from a joyful breast
Drew sighs, and groans as thinking tears would best
Conceal his inward joy: so quite o'rethrows
The tyrants merit, and doth rather chose
To weep, than ow to him for *Pompey's* head.
He that on slaughter'd Senators could tread,
And see the blood-stain'd fields of *Thessalie*
Dry-ey'd, 'o thee alone durst not denie
The tribute of his eyes. Strange turn of fate,
Weep'st thou for him, whom thou with impious hate
Cæsar, so long pursu'd'st? could not the love
Of Daughter, Nephew, nor alliance move?
Think'st thou among those people, that bewail
Great *Pompey's* death, these tears can ought avail?
Perchance thou envy'st *Ptolemy's* dire fact,
And griev'st that any had the power to act
This but thy self, that the revenge of war
Was lost, and taken from the conquerer.
What cause so ever did thy sorrow move,
It was far distant from a pious love.
Was this the cause that thy pursuit did draw
O're land, and sea to save thy son in law?
'T was well, sad fortune took the doom from thee,
And spar'd so far a Roman modestie,
And not to suffer thee, false man, to give
Pardon to him, or pitie him alive,
Yet to deceive the World, and gain belief
Thou add'st a language to thy fained grief.

Thy bloudie present from our presence bear,

For

For worse from *Cæſar*, than ſlain *Pompey* here
 Your wickedneſs deſerves; the onely meed
 Of civil war to ſpare the conquered
 We loſe by this, and did not *Ptolemy*
 His ſiſter hate, I could with eaſe repay
 This gift of his, and for ſo black a deed
 Return his ſiſter *Cleopatras* head.
 Why wag'd he ſecret war, or why durſt he
 Thus thruſt his ſword into our work? did we
 By our *Pharſalian* victorie afford
 Your King this power, or licence *Ægypt's* ſword?
 I brook'd not *Pompey* to bear ſhare with me
 In rule of Rome, and ſhall I *Ptolemy*?
 All nations joyned in our war in vain,
 If any other power on earth remain
 But *Cæſar* now; if any land ſerve two.
 We were determin'd from your ſhore to go,
 But ſome forbid us, leſt we ſhould ſeem more
 To fear then hate dire *Ægypt's* bloody ſhore.
 And do not think you have deceiv'd me:
 To us was meant ſuch hoſpitalitie.
 And 't was our fortune in *Theſſalia's* war,
 That frees this head. With greater danger far
 Than could be fear'd, we fought. I fear'd the doom
 Of baniſhment, the threats of wrathful Rome,
 And *Pompey's* force: but had I fled, I ſee
 My puniſhment had come from *Ptolemy*,
 We ſpare his age, and pardon his foul fact;
 For let your King for ſuch a deed expect
 No more than pardon. But do you inter
 This worthy's head: not that the earth may bear,
 And hide your guilt; bring fumes, and odours ſtore
 To appeaſe his head, and gather from the ſhore
 His ſcatter'd limbs, compoſe them in one tomb.
 Let his dear ghhoſt perceive that *Cæſar's* come,
 And hear my pious grief. Whiſt he prefers
 All deſperate hazards before me, and dares
 Rather to truſt his life with *Ptolemy*,
 The people all have loſt a joyful day,
 The World our peace: the gods my prayer deny'd
 That

That laying these victorious arms aside
 I might embrace thee, Pompey, and request
 Our former life, and love, and think me blest
 After this war thy equal still to be.
 Then had my faithful love perswaded thee
 Though conjuer'd to excute the gods, and make
 Thee Rome to pardon me. Though thus he spake,
 He found no partners in his grief; the rest
 Beleft not his, and their own tears suppress,
 And durst (oh happie freedom) with drie eye,
 Though Cæsar wept, behold this Tragedie.

The end of the ninth Book.

Annotations on the ninth Book.

(a) Whilest the event of the civil war was yet doubtful, and both the Generals were possessed of their full strengths, Cato was fearful of both their intents, and hated them both; as fearing that the Conquerour would captive his country; but after the battail of Pharsilia was fought, and Cæsar had conquered, he was then wholly of Pompey's side, desiring to uphold the party vanquished.

(b) Pompey the great, pursuing Cæsar into Thessalia, he left Cato with a great strength to guard Dyrrachium, who hearing the overthrow, and flight of Pompey, marched away to take shipping at Corcyra, and follow Pompey to join his strength with him.

(c) Cato at Cyrene hearing that Lucius Scipio the father in law of Pompey the great, was joyned in Africa with Juba King of Mauritania, and that Attius Varus whom Pompey had deputed his Lieutenant in Africa, was there also, marched over land thither, in which march being thirty days upon those desert sands, and with admirable patience, and magnanimity enduring the journey; forsaking his horse alwayes, and marching afoot in the head of his army, to teach his souldiers, rather than command them to endure hardnes; he arrived at last at Juba's court; where, though the souldiers with one voice elected him General, he refused the charge, and chose ra-

ther to serve under Scipio, then command himself in chief.

(d) These Pſylli are a people inhabiting theſe parts of Africa fortified by nature with an increaſible privilege againſt the ſtrength of poiſon, and ſuſtain no harm by the biting of ſerpents. The ſerpents (ſaith Plinie) are afraid of them, and when others are bitten, theſe Pſylli by ſucking the wounds, and muttering ſome charms do eaſily cure them. They have a cuſtom (as Writers report) when their children are born, if the father ſuſpect his wives chſtitie, he expoſes the infant to all kind of ſerpents; if begotten by a ſtranger, the child dieth, but if lawfully begotten, the privilege of his father ſhall protect him againſt the venom.



L U C A N S

P H A R S A L I A.

The tenth Book.

The Argument of the tenth Book.

Cæsar in Ægypt Carl's walk, and fies
 Their temples, tents, and fund antiquities.
 Before his fief fair Cleopatra kneels,
 Whom to her brother king he reconiles.
 With sumptuous feasts this peace they celebrate,
 To Cæsar's ear Achoreus doth relate
 Niles elts, and flows, and long concealed spring.
 Within the palace Cæsar, and the King
 By stern Achilles are besieg'd by night.
 Cæsar to Pharos takes a secret flight;
 There from his ship he leaps into the waves,
 And his endanger'd life by swimming saves.

WHEN Cæsar first, posselt of Pompey's
 head,
 Arrived there, and those dire sands
 did tread:
 His fortune strove with guiltie Æ-
 gypts fate,

Whether that Rome that land should captivate;
 Or Ægypt's sword take from the World the head
 Both of the Conquerer, and the conquered.
 Pompey, thy ghost prevails, thy *Mans* free
 Cæsar from death, lest Nile should aiter thee
 Be by the Romans lov'd. He goes from thence
 To Alexandria arm'd with confidence

In this dire mischief's pledge, following along
 His fates. But perceiving that the throng
 Of people stirr'd that in Ægypt he
 Bore th' Ensigns up of Rome's authoritie,
 He finds their wavering faiths, perceiving plain
 That for his sake great Pompey was not slain;
 Then with a look still hiding fear goes he
 The stately temple of th' old god to see,
 Which speaks the ancient Macedonian greatness.
 But there delighted with no objects sweetnes,
 Not with their gold, nor gods majestic drest,
 Nor lofty citie walls, with greedines
 Into the burying vault goes *Cæsar* down.
 Their Macedonian *Philip's* mad brain'd son
 The prosperous thief lies buried: whom just fate
 Slew in the Worlds revenge: vaults consecrate (just
 Contain those limbs, which through the world 'twere
 To cast abroad: but fortune spar'd his dust,
 And to that Kingdoms end his fate remain'd.
 If ere the World her freedom had attain'd,
 He for a mock had been reserv'd, whose birth
 Brought such a dire example to the earth,
 So many lands to be possess'd by one,
 Scorning the narrow bounds of Macedon,
 And Athens, which his father had subdu'd:
 Through Asian lands, with human slaughter strew'd,
 Led by too forward rates he rushes on,
 Driving his sword through every nation:
 Rivers unknown, Euphrates he detains
 With Persians blood, Ganges with Indians:
 Th' earths fatal mischief, lightning dire, that rent
 All people, and a star malevolent
 To nations. To invade the South-east sea
 He built a fleet. Not barren Libya,
 Water nor heat, nor Ammons desert sands
 Could stop his course. Upon the Western lands
 (Following the Worlds devertex) he meant to tread;
 To compass both the poles, and drink Niles head;
 But death did meet his course; that check alone
 Could nature give this Kings ambition:

Who

Who to his grave the Worlds sole Empire bore,
With the same envie, that 't was got before;
And wanting heirs left all he did obtain
To be devide'd by the sword again.
But fear'd in Parthia; and his Babylon
He dy'd, Oh that ne, that Eastern nation
Then trembled at the Macedonian spear
Far more, than now the Roman pile they fear.
Though all the North, the West, and South be ours,
In th' East the Parthian King contemns our powrs.
That, which to *Crassus* prov'd a fatal place,
A secure province to small *Pella* was.

Now the young King come from Pelusium
Had pacifi'd the peoples wrath: in whom
As hostage of his peace, in *Aegypts* court
Cæsar was safe; when lo from Phasos port,
Bribing the keeper to unchain the same,
In a small galley *Cleopatra* came
Unknown to *Cæsar* entering the house;
The stain of *Aegypt*, *Romes* pernicious
Facies, un-haste to it dies disgrace,
As much as *Helen's* bewitching face
Fatal to *Troy*, and her own Greeks did prove,
As much *Romes* broils did *Cleopatra* move.
Our Capital she with her Sistrum fear'd,
With *Aegypts* base effeminate rout prepar'd
To seize *Romes* Eagles, and a triumph get
Or a captiv'd *Cæsar*: when at *Leucas* fleet
It doubtful stood, whether the World that day
A Woman, and not Roman should obey.
Her prides first spring that impious night had been,
That with our chiefs mixt that incestuous queen.
Who would not pardon *Antonius* mad love,
When *Cæsars* flinty breast desires could move
In midst of war, when heat of fight rag'd most,
And in a court haunted by *Pompey's* ghost?
Embrew'd with blood from dire *Pharissias* field
Could he unto adulterous *Venus* yield?
And mix with warlike cares (oh shameless head)
A bastard issue, and unlawfull bed;

Forgetting *Pompey*, to beget a brother
 To thee, fair *Julia*, on a strumpet mother :
 Smiting the forces of his scattered foes
 To joyn in Africk, basely he bestows
 Time in *Agyptian* love, a conquerer
 Not for himself, but to bestow on her ;
 Whom, trusting to her beautie, without tears,
 Though gesture sad, with loote, as if rent hairs,
 Drest in a beauntious, and becoming wo
 Did *Chopatra* meet, bespeaking so :
 If, mightie *Cesar*, nobleness there be,
Agyptian *Lagus* royal issue I,
 Depos'd and banisht from my fathers state,
 If thy great hand restore my former fate,
 Kneel at thy feet a queen ; unto our nation
 Thou dost appear a gracious constellation.
 I am not the first woman that hath sway'd
 The Pharian Scepter : *Agypt* has obey'd
 A queen ; not sex excepted : I desire
 Thee read the will of my deceased Sire,
 Who left me there a partner to enjoy
 My brothers Crown, and marriage bed. The boy
 (I know) would love his sister were he free :
 But all his power, will, and affections be
 Under *Plotinus* girdle ; to obtain
 The Crown I beg not, *Cesar*, from this stain
 Free thou our house : command the King to be
 A King, and free from servants tyrannic.
 Shall slaves so proud of *Pompey's* slaughter be,
 Threatning the same (which fates avert) to thee :
Cesar, 't is shame enough to th' earth, and thee
 His death *Plotinus* gift, and guilt should be.

Her suit in *Cesar's* ears had found small grace,
 But beautie pleads, and that incestuous face
 Prevails ; the pleasures of a wanton bed
 Corrupt the Judge. The King had purchased
 His peace with weightie sums of gold ; which done,
 With sumptuous feast this glad accord they crown.
 Her riot forth in highest pomp (not yet
 Transferr'd to Rome) did *Chopatra* set.

The

The house excell'd those temples, which men build
In wicked times, the high-arch'd roofs were fill'd
With wealth : high tressels golden tables bore :
Nor did carv'd marble onely cover o're
The house ; alone th' unmixt Achates stood,
And pillars of red marble : their feet trod
On pavements of rich Onyx : pillars there
Not coverd with Ægyptian Eben were ;
Eben was timber there, and that rich wood
Not to adorn, but prop the palace stood.
The rooms with Ivory glister'd, and each door
In layd with Indian shells, embelish't o're
With choicest Emeraulds : the beds all shone
With richest gems, and yellow Jasper stone.
Coverlids rich, some purple dy'd in grain,
Whose tincture was not from one Caldron tane,
Part wove of glittering gold, part scarlet die,
As is th' Ægyptian use of Tapestry :
The servitours stood by, and waiting pages,
Some different in complexions, some in ages ;
Some of black Libyan hue, some golden hairs,
That *Cæsar* yields in all his German wars
He nere had seen so bright a yellow hair :
Some stiff curl'd locks on Sun burnt fore-heads wear.
Besides th' unhappy strength-robb'd company,
The Eunuch'd youths : near these were standing by
Youths of a stronger age, yet those so young
Scarce any down darkning their cheeks was sprung.
Down sat the Princes, and the higher power
Cæsar ; her hurtful face all painted o're
Sat *Cleopatra*, not content alone
To enjoy her brothers bed, nor Ægypt's crown :
Laden with pearls : the rich seas spoiled store
On her red hair, and weary'd neck she wore.
Her snow breasts their whiteness did display
Through the thin Sidonian tutenay
Wrought, and extended by the curious hand
Of Ægypt's work-men. Citron tables stand
On Ivory tressels, such as *Cæsars* eyes
Saw not, when he King *Juba* did surprize.

O blind ambitious madness to declare
Your wealth to him, that makes a civil war,
And tempt an armed guest ! For though that he
Sought not for wealth by wars impietie,
And the Worlds wrack ; suppose our chiefs of old
Were there, compos'd of that poor ages mould,
Fabritius, *Curia* grave, or that plain man
That Consul from th' Etrurian plows was tane,
Were sitting at those tables, home to Rome
With such a triumph he would wish to come.

In golden plate they fill their feasting boords
With what the air, the earth, or Nile affords,
What luxurie with vain ambition had
Sought through the World, and not as hunger bade,
Beasts, fowls, the gods of Ægypt are devour'd :
From cristall Ewers is Niles water powr'd
Upon their hands : studded with gems that shine
Their bowls contain no Marcotick wine,
But strong, and sparkling wines of Meroc,
To whom full years give full maturitie.
With fragrant Nard, and never-fading rose
Their heads are crown'd : their hair anointed flows
With sweetest Cinnamon, that has not spent
His savour in the air, nor lost his sent
In forreign climes : and fresh Amomum brought
From harvests near at hand, there *Cesar*'s taught
The riches of the spoiled World to take ;
And is asham'd that he a war did make
With his poor son in law, desiring now
Some quarrel would twixt him and Ægypt grow.
When wine, & cates had tir'd their gluttied pleasure,
Cesar begins with long discourse to measure
The hours of night, bespeaking gently thus
The linnen-vested grave *Achilles* :
Old man devoted to religion,
And, (which thine age confirms) despis'd by none
Of all the gods, to longing ears relate
Ægypt's original, her site, and state,
Worship of gods, and what doth ere remain
In your old temples character'd, explain.

The

The gods, that would be known, to us unfold,
If your forefathers their religion told

Iⁿ Athenian *Plato* once, when had you ere
A guest more worthie, or more fit to hear?
Rumour of *Pompey* drew our march thus far,
And fame of you, for still in midst of war
I leisure had of heaven, and gods to hear,
And the stars course: nor shall *Enloux* year
Excel my Consulship. But though so much
My virtue be, my love of truth be such,
There's nought I more desire to know at all
Than Niles hid head, and strange original
So many years unknown: grant but to me
A certain hope the head of Nile to see,
He leave off civil war. *Cæsar* had done,
When thus divine *Akoreus* begun:

Let it be lawfull *Cæsar*, to unfold
Our great forefathers secrets hid of old
From the lay people. Let who ere suppose
It piety to keep these wonders close:
I think the gods are pleas'd to be made known;
And have their sacred laws to people shewn:
Planets, which cross, & slack the tenth spheres course,
Had from the Worlds first law their different powrs.
The Sun divides the years, makes nights, and days,
Dimbs other stars with his reiplendent rays.
And their wild courses moderates; the tides
Of *Thetis Phæbe's* growth, and waning guids.
Saturn cold ice, and frozen zons obtains;
Mars ore the winds, and winged lightning raings:
Quiet well-temper'd air doth *Jove* possess;
The seeds of all things *Venus* cherishes;
Cyllerius rules ore waters which are great;
He when he enters, where the dog-stars heat,
And burning fires display'd, there where the sign
Of *Cancer* hot doth with the Lion joyn,
And where the Zodiack holds his *Capricorn*,
And *Cancer*, under which Niles head is born:
Ore which when *Mercurius* proud fires do stand,
And in a line direct, (as by command

Of Phœbe the obeying Ocean grows)
 So from his open'd fountain Nilus flows;
 Nor ebs again till night have from the Sun
 Those hours recover'd, which the summer won.

Vain was the old opinion, that Niles flow
 Was caus'd, or help'd by *Æthiopian* in w.
 For on those hills cold *Boreas* never blows.
 As there the natives Sun-burnt visage flows,
 And moist hot Southern winds. Besides the head
 Of every stream, that from thaw'd ice is bred,
 Swells then, when first the spring dissolves the snows.
 But Nile before the dog-days never flows,
 Nor is confin'd within his banks again
 Till the Autumnal *Æquinoctian*:
 Thence 't is he knows no laws of other streams,
 Nor swells in Winter, when *Sols* scorching beams
 Are far remote, his waters want their end:
 But Nile comes forth in summer time to lend
 A cooler temper to the sweltring air
 Unto the torrid zone, lest fire impair
 The earth, unto her succour Nilus draws,
 And swells against the Lions burning jaws.
 And when hot *Cancer* his *Siene* burns,
 Under her aid implored Nilus turns:
 Nor till the Sun to Autumn do descend,
 And that hot *Meroë* her shades extend,
 Doth he restore again the drowned field.
 Who can the causes of this flowing yield?
 Even so our mother nature hath decreed
 That Nile should flow, and so the World hath need.

As vainly doth antiquity declare
 The West-winds cause of these increases are,
 Which keep their seasons strictly, and long stay,
 And bear within the air continu'd away.
 These from the Western parts all clouds exile
 Beyond the South, and hang them over Nile;
 Or else their blasts the rivers current meet,
 And will not let it to the Ocean get;
 Prevented so from falling to the main
 The stream swells back, and overflows the plain.

Some

Some through the caverns of earths hollow womb:
In secret channels think these waters come
Attracted to th' Equator from the cold
North clime, when *Sol* his *Meroe* doth hold,
The scorched earth attracting water, thither
Ganges, and *Padus* now unite together:
Vesting all rivers at one fountain so
Within one channel *Nilus* cannot go.

From th' Ocean swelling, which begins about
All lands, some think, increased Nile breaks out;
The waters loose, ere they so far have ran,
Their saltness quite. Besides the Ocean
Is the stars food, we think, which *Phæbus* draws,
When he possesseth fiery *Cancer's* claws.
More than the air digests attracted so
Falls back by night, and causes *Nilus* flow.

I think if I may judge so great a case,
Some waters since the great creation was,
In after ages from some earthly vein
Have broke: some others god did then ordain
When he created all the world, whose tides
By certain laws the great Creatour guides.

Cæsar's desire to know our *Nilus* spring
Possess th' Egyptian, Persian, Grecian King;
No age, but it riv'd to future time to teach
This skill: none yet his hidden nature reach.
Philip's great son, *Momphus* most honour'd King
Sent to th' earths utmost bounds to find Nile's spring
Choice Ethiops; they trod the sun-burnt ground
Of the hot zone, and there warm *Nilus* found.
The farthest West our great *Scythia's* law,
Whilst captive Kings did his proud chariot draw:
Yet there your *Rhodanus*, and *Padus* lay'd
Before our Nile's hid fountain, he deserv'd.
The mad *Cambises* to the Eastern lands,
And long-liv'd people came. His ramant bands
Quite spent, and with each other's slaughter'd
Return'd, thou, Nile, yet undiscovered.
No tale dares mention thine original
Th' a thought, where-ever seen. No land at all

Can boast that Nile is hers. Yet Ile reveal,
As far as that same god, that doth conceal
Thy spring, inspires me. From th' Antartick pole
Under hot Cancer do thy surges rowl
Directly North, winding to East and West,
Sometimes th' Arabians, sometimes Libyans blest
With fruitfulness thou mak'st, the Seres spie
Thee first, and seek thee too, thy channel by
The Æthiopians, as a stranger flows :
And the World knows not to what land it owes
Thy sacred head, which nature hid from all,
Left any land should see thee, Nilus, small.
She turn'd away thy spring, and did desire
No land shall know it, but all lands admire.
Thou in the summer Solstice art oreflow'n
Bringing with thee a Winter of thine own,
When Winter is not ours : nature alone
Suffers thy streams to both the poles to run.
Not there thy mouth, not here thy spring is found.
Thy parted channel doth incompass round
Meroë fruitful to black husband-men,
And rich in Eben wood: whose leaves, though green,
Can with no shade assuage the summers heat,
Under the Lion so directly set.
From thence thy current with no waters loſt
Ore the hot zone, and barren deserts goes,
Sometimes collected in one channel going,
Sometimes dispers'd and yielding banks oreflowing.
His parted arms again collected slide
In one slow stream, where *Phila* doth divide
Arabia from Ægypt. Ore the sand,
Where the red-sea by one small neck of land
From ours is kept, thou, Nile, dost gently flow.
Oh who would think thou ere so rough couldst grow
That sees thee gentle here, but when thy way
Steep Cataracts, and craggie rocks would stay.
Thy never curbed waves with scorn despise
Those pettie lets, and foaming lave the skies :
Thy waters sound, with noise the neighbouring hills
Thy conquering stream with froath grown hoary fills.
Hence

Hence he with furie first assaults that Ile,
Which our fore-fathers did *Abatos* stile,
And those near rocks, which they were pleas'd to call
The rivers veins, because they first of all
His swelling growth did show. Hence nature did
His stragling waves within high mountains hide,
Which part thee, Nile, from Africk; betwixt those
As in a vale thy pent up water flows.
At *Memphis* first thou runn'st in fields, and plains,
Where thy proud stream all banks, & bounds diuidains.
Thus they secue, as if in peace, a part
Of night discours'd. But base *Photinus* heart
Once stain'd with sacred blood, could nere be free
From horrid thoughts; since *Pompey's* murder he
Counts nought a crime; great *Pompey's* *Manes* bide
Within his breast, and vengeful furies guide
His thoughts to monsters new, hoping to stain
Bate hands with *Cæsars* blood, which fates ordain
Great Senators shall shed. Fate to a slave
That day almost the Senates vengeance gave,
The mulct of civil war. Oh gods defend,
Let none that live in *Brutus* absence end.
Shall th' execution of Romes tyrant be
Base *Ægypt's* crime, and that example die?
Bold man, he makes attempt against fates course,
Nor at cloie murder aims, by open force
A most unconquer'd Captain he assaults;
So much are minds embolden'd by their faults.
He durst the death of *Cæsar* now command,
As *Pompey's* once, and by a faithful hand
To stern *Achillas* this dire message send,
Who shar'd with him in murder'd *Pompey's* end,
Whom the weak King against himself, and all
Trusts with a strength, his forces general.
Thou on thy downy bed securely inort,
Whil'st *Cleopatra* hath surpriz'd the court.
Pharos is not betray'd, but given away.
Hast thou (though all alone) this match to stay.
Th' incestuous sister shall her brother wed,
Cæsar already has injoy'd her bed:

'Twixt those two husbands Egypt is her own,
And Rome her hire for prostitution.
Have *Cleopatra's* forceries beguil'd
Old *Cæsar's* breast, and shall we trust a child?
Who, if on night incestuously imbrac'd
The beastly pleasures of her bed he tast
Cloth'd with the name of marriage, 'twixt each kin
He gives my head, and thine, the gibbet is
Our fortune, if he find his sister sweet.
Hope we no aid from any tide to meet:
The King her husband, her adulter
Cæsar; and we (I grant) both guilty are
In *Cleopatra's* sight, where 't will appear
Crime great enough that we are chaste from her.
Now by that crime, which we together did,
And lost; and by the league we ratify'd
In *Pompey's* blood, I pray be speedy here,
Fill on the suddain all with war, and fear:
Let blood break off the marriage night, and kill
Our cruel Queen, whose arms foe're she fill
In bad to night. Nor fear we *Cæsar's* fate:
That which advanc'd him to this height of state,
The fall of *Pompey* was our glorie too;
Behold the shore, and learn what we can do,
Our mischief's hope: behold the bloody'd wave,
And in the dust great *Pompey's* little grave
Scarce covering all his limbs; He, whom we fear,
Was but his peer. But we ignoble are
In blood: all one: we stir no forreign state,
Nor King to aid, but our own prosperous fate
To mischief bring; and still into our hands
Fortune delivers them; see ready stands
Another nobler Sacrifice than he;
The second blood appeases *Italie*.
The blood of *Cæsar* will those stains remove,
Which *Pompey's* murder stuck, and make Rome love
Those hands she once thought guilty. Fear not then
His fame, and strength, he's but a private man
His armie absent. This one night shall end
The civil war, and to whole nations send

A sacrifice t' appease their ghosts below,
And pay the world that head, which fates do owe.
Go confidently then 'gainst *Cæsar's* throat :
For *Ptolemy* let Egypt's souldiers do't,
The Romans for themselves. But stay not thou,
He's high with wine, and fit for *Venus* now.
Do but attempt, the gods on thee bestow
Th' effect of *Brutus*, and grave *Caio's* vow.
Achillas prone to follow such advise
Draws out his armie straight in secret wise,
Without loud signals giv'n, or trumpets noise
Their armed strength he suddenly employs.
The greatest part were Roman souldiers there,
But so degenerate ; and (*b*) chang'd they were
With forreign discipline ; that void of shame
Under a barbarous slaves command they came,
Who would disdain to serve proud Egypt's King.
No faith, nor pietie those hirelings bring
That follow camps : where greatest pay is had,
There's greatest right ; for money they invade,
Not for their own iust quarrel, *Cæsar's* throat
Oh wickedness, within what land has not
Our Empire wretched fate found civil war ?
Those troupes remov'd from *Theissalie* so far
Rage Roman-like here upon *Nilus* shore.
What durst the house of *Loys* venture more :
Had they receiv'd great *Pompey* ? but each hand
Performs that office, which the gods command :
Each Roman hands help to this war must lend,
The gods were so dispos'd *Rome's* state to rend.
Nor now doth *Cæsar's*, or great *Pompey's* love
Divide the people, or their factions move.
This civil war *Achillas* undertakes,
A barbarous slave a Roman faction makes.
And had not fates protect'd *Cæsar's* blood,
This side had won, in time both ready stood ;
The Court in feasting drown'd did open lie
To any treason ; and then easily
Might they have tane at table *Cæsar's* head,
His blood amidst the feasting goblets shed.

But in the night tumultuous war they fear,
Pronisuous slaughter rul'd by chance, lest there
Their King might fall ; so confident they are
Of their own strength, they hasten not, but spare
So great an actions opportunite.
Slaves think deferring *Cæsar*'s death to be
A reparable loss. Till day break light
His execution is put off. One night
To *Cæsar*'s life *Phetius* power could give,
And till *Setis* grant him leave to live.

Now on mount *Catias* *Lucifer* appear'd ;
And with hot day though infant *Ægypt* cheer'd ;
When from the wall they view'd those troups afar
March on well rack'd, and marshall'd for a war,
Not in loose maniles, but ready all
To stand, or give a charge. The citie wall
Cæsar distrusts, and shuts the palace too,
So poor a siege enforc'd to undergo
Nor all the house can his small strength maintain,
One little part great *Cæsar* can contain :
Whil'st his great thoughts both fear, and anger bear,
He fears assaults, and yet disdains to fear,
So in small traps a noble Lion caught
Rages, and bites his scorn'd goal with wrath ;
So would fierce *Fulcan* rage, could any stop
Sicilian *Ætna*'s fierie caverns top.
He that in dire *Pharissian* fields of late
In a bad cause presum'd on prosperous fate,
And feared not the *Senates* hoast, nor all
The Roman lords, nor *Pompey* General,
Fear'd a slaves war ; he here assaulted took
A house, whom *Scythians* bold durst nere provoke,
Th' *Alani* fierce, nor *Mauritanians* hot,
Which fast-bound strangers barbarously shot.
He whom the Roman world could not suffice,
Nor all that twixt the *Gades* and *India* lies,
Like a weak boy seeks lurking holes alone.
Or woman in a late surprized town :
Nor hopes for safetie but in keeping close
And through each room with steps uncertain goes,

But

But not without the King ; him he retains
About his person still : his life he means
Shall the revenge, and expiation be
Of his own fate ; thy head, O *Ptolemy*,
He means to throw for want of darts, or fire
Against thy servants, as *Medea* dire,
When her pursuing Sires revenge she fled,
Stood arm'd against her little brothers head
To stay her Sire. But desperate fate so nigh
Enforced *Cæsar* terms of peace to trie.
A courtier from the absent King is sent
To check his men, and know this wars intent,
But there the law of Nations could obtain
No power ; the Kings Embassadour is slain
Treating of peace, to adde one horrid crime
O monstrous *Ægypt*, to thy impious clime.
Impious *Pharnaces* *Portus* Thessalie,
Nor Spain, nor *Jubaes* far-spread monarchie,
Nor barbarous *Syriz* durst attempt to do,
What here effeminate *Ægypt* reaches to
The war on every side grows dangerous,
And showers of falling darts even shake the house.
No batt'ing ram had they to force the wall,
Nor any engine fit for war at all :
Nor us'd they fire : the skillets people run
Through the vast palace scatter'd up, and down,
And use their joyned strength no where at all :
The fates forbid, and fortune's *Cæsars* wall.

But where the gorgeous palace proudly stands
Into the sea, from ships the Naval bands.
Assault the house ; but *Cæsar* every where
Is for defence at hand, and weapons here,
There wild-fire uses. Though beneg'd he be,
Doth the beligers work (such strength had he
Of constant spirit) wild fire-balls he threw
Among the joyned ships ; nor slowly fiew
The flame on pitchy throwds, and bords that drop
With melted wax : at once the sail-yards top,
And lowest hatches burn. An half burnt boat
Here drowns in seas, their foes and weapons float,

Nor ore the ships alone do flames prevail ;
 But all the houses near the shore atail :
 The South-winds feed the flame, and drive it on
 Along the houses with such motion,
 As through the Welsh fiery meteors run,
 That wanting fuel fed on air alone.

This fire a while the courts besieging stay'd,
 And drew the people to the cities aid.

Cæsar that time would not in sleep bestow,
 Who well could use occasions, and knew how
 In war to take the greatest benefit

Of suddain chances, ships his men by night,
 Surprizes *Pharos* : *Pharos* heretofore

An Island was, when prophet *Proteus* wore
 That crown : but joyn'd to *Alexandria* now.

Two helps on *Cæsar* doth that fort bestow :
 Commands the sea, the foes incursions stay'd,

And made a passage safe for *Cæsars* aid.

He now intends no longer to deier

Photenus (c) death, though not enough severe.

Not fire, nor beast, nor gibbets reave his breath,

Slain with a sword he dies great *Pompey's* death.

Arsinoe (d) from court escaped goes

By *Ganymedes* help to *Cæsars* foes,

The crown (as *Lagus* daughter) to obtain,

By whose iust sword was stern *Achilles* slain.

Another to thy ghost is sacrific'd,

Pompey, but fortune is not yet fustic'd :

Fare be it, gods, that these two deaths should be

His full revenge ; the fall of *Ptolomey*,

And *Ægypt's* ruin not enough is thought :

Nor ere can his revenge be fully wrought,

Till *Cæsar* by the Senates swords be slain.

But though the author's dead, these broils remain ;

For *Ganymedes* now commander mov'd

A second war, which full of danger prov'd,

So great the peril was that day alone

Might *Cæsars* name to future times renown.

While *Cæsar* strives pent up so closely there

To ship his men from thence, a suddain rear

Of war did his intended passage meet :
Before his face the foes well-rigged fleet ;
Behind, their foot from shore against him fight :
No way of safety's left, valour, nor flight,
Nor scarce doth hope of noble death remain.
No heaps of bodies, no whole armies slain
Are now requir'd to conquer *Cæsar* there :
A little blood will serve. Whether to fear
Or wish for death he knows not. In this same
Sad strait, he thinks of noble *Scæva*'s fame,
Who at *Dyrrachium*, when his works were down,
Besieged all *Pompey*'s strength himself alone.

Th' example rais'd his thoughts, resolv'd to do
What *Scæva* did ; but straight a scorn to ow
His valour to examples, checks again (strain.
That high resolve : great thoughts, great thoughts re-
Yet thus at last ; *Scæva* was mine, 't was I
Nurtur'd that spirit : if like him I die,
I do not imitate, but *Cæsar*'s feat
Rather confirms that *Scæva*'s act was great.
In this resolve had *Cæsar* charg'd them all
Himself alone, and so a glorious fall
(Slain by a thousand hands at once) had met,
Or else enobled by a death so great
Those thousand hands ; but fortune was afraid
To venture *Cæsar* further than her aid
Could lend a famous rescue, and endear
The danger to him : she discovers near
Ships of his own ; thither when *Cæsar* makes,
He finds no safetie there, but straight forsakes
Those ships again, and leaps into the main.
The trembling billows fear'd to entertain
So great a pledge of fortune, one to whom
Fate ow'd so many victories to come ;
And *Jare* (whilest he on *Cæsar*'s danger looks)
Suspects the truth of th' adamantin books.
Who could have thought, but that the gods above
Had now begun to favour Rome, and love
Her liberty again ? and that the fate
Of *Pompey*'s sons, of *Cato*, and the state

Gainst *Cæsars* fortune had prevailed now?
 Why do the powers Celestial labour so
 To be unjust again? again take care
 To save that life they had expos'd so far
 That now the danger even in *Cæsars* eye,
 Might clear their doom of partialitie?
 But he must live until his fall may prove
Brutus and *Cassius* were more just than *Jove*.
 Now all alone on seas doth *Cæsar* float;
 Himself the Oars, the Pilot, and the Boat;
 Yet could not all these offices employ
 One mans whole strength, for his left hand on high
 Raised, holds up his papers, and preserves
 The fame of his past deeds, his right hand serves
 To cut the waves, and guard his life alone
 'Gainst th' Oceans perils, and all darts, which throw
 From every side do darken all the skie,
 And make a cloud, though heaven it self deny,
 Two hundred paces thus alone he swam
 Till to the bodie of his Fleet he came,
 His ore-joy'd Souldiers shouting to the skies
 Take sure presage of future Victories.

The end of the tenth Book.

Annotations on the tenth Book.

(a) *Cambyſes the ſon of Cyrus, and King of Perſia, added to his Monarchy the Kingdom of Egypt; he intended a farther war againſt the Ethiopians, which are called Mærobii by reaſon of the extraordinary length of their natural lives. But by reaſon of the tediousneſſ of the march, and want of proviſion, there was in his armie a great famine, that they killed by lot every tenth Souldier, and fed upon them.*

(b) *Achillas coming to aſſault Cæſar, had an Army of twenty thouſand; there were many of them Roman ſouldiers, which had ſerved before under Gabinus, but had changed their manner of life, and corrupted with the riot of Egypt, had quite forgotten the Roman diſcipline.*

(c) *Pho-*

(c) Photinus the Kings tutor remaining with Cæsar, sent secret encouragements to Achilles to go forward with his siege, which being discovered by interception of his messengers, he was slain by Cæsar.

(d) Ganymedes an Eunuch, and tutor to Arsinoe the younger sister of the King of Egypt, assaulted Achilles by treacherie, and slew him, and being himself made General of the armie, he continued the siege against Cæsar.

F I N I S.

